

Australian

PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAG

JANUARY 1985

**HORSE
RACING:
THE SPORT
OF CRIMS**

**SEVEN PAGES OF
PROVOCATIVE
POLAROIDS!**

**HEAVY METAL:
THE SOUND
OF VIOLENCE**

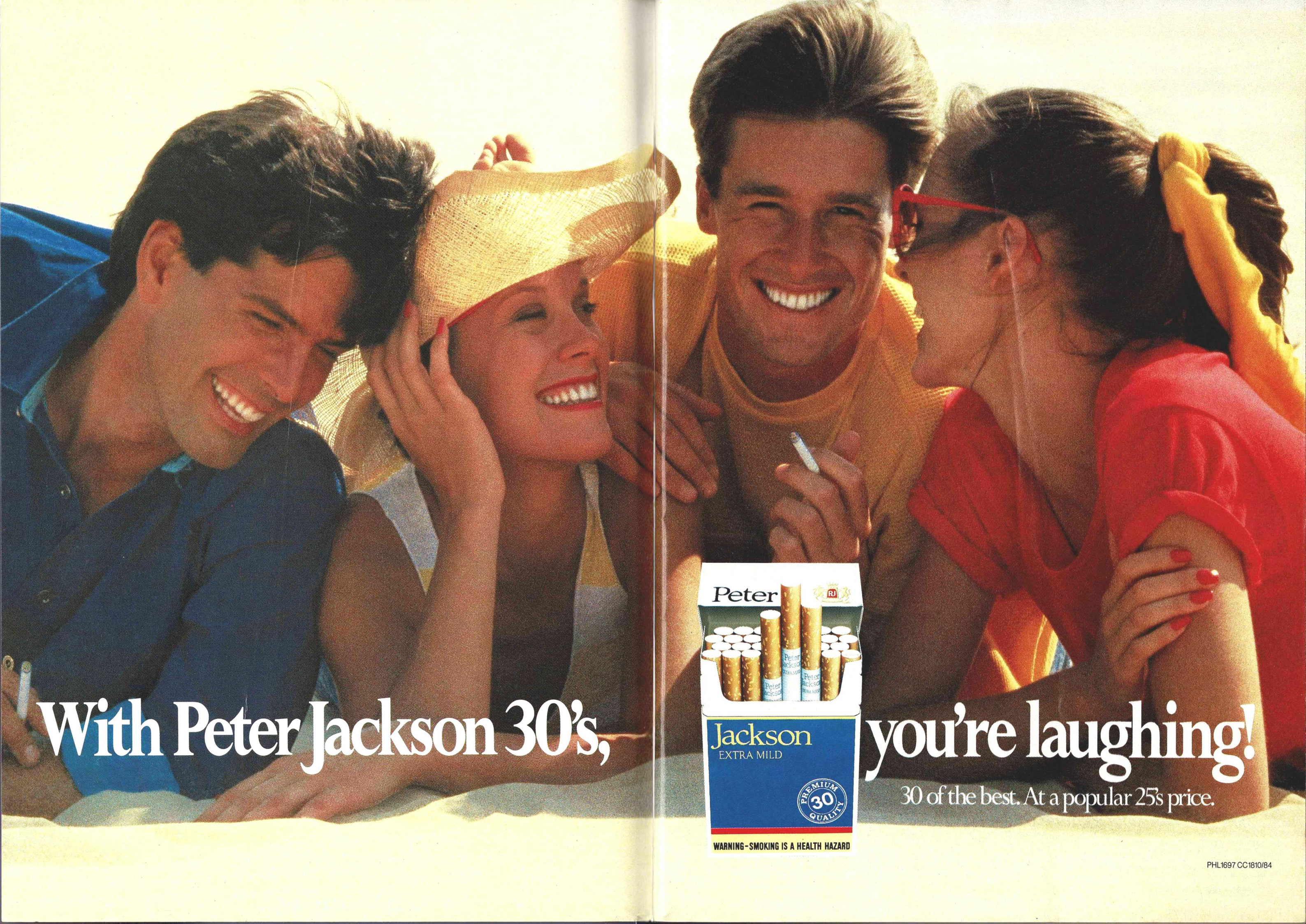
**MARTIAL ARTS:
SURVIVAL ON
THE STREETS**

**THE BOB
BOTTOM
TAPES:
AUSTRALIA'S
TOP CRIME
INVESTIGATOR
SPEAKS
OUT**

**MEET THE
FITTEST
MAN IN
AUSTRALIA**

**WIN A CELLAR
FULL OF WINE!**





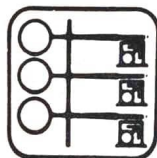
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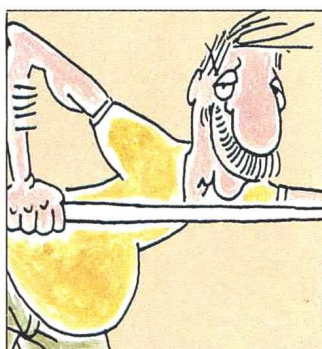


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CONTENTS		PAGE
COVER	April Parnell	Photo by Warwick Gibson
HOUSECALL	Introduction	4
FEEDBACK	Opinion	6
FORUM	Correspondence	9
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Opinion	Peter McDonald 19
SOUNDS	Reviews	Edited by Jeremy Cook 20
FILM	Reviews	Edited by C.J. Mackay 22
SEX	Opinion	Kevin Sanders 24
SPORT	Opinion	Nat Young 26
VIDEO	Reviews	Edited by Denis Whitburn 28
LIQUOR	Service	Richard Beckett 30
WINNING	Opinion	Michael Korda 32
THE SPORT OF CRIMS	Article	David Hickie 34
PUPPY LOVE/ANGELA	Pictorial	Photos by Carl Wachter 42
NO HOLDS BARRED	Article	Neil Jameson 52
THE ORDINARY BLOKE	Cartoons	Brian Kogler/C.J. Mackay 57
THE PRINCE OF PAIN	Profile	Greg Hunter 60
IMAGINATION/APRIL	Pictorial	Photos by Warwick Gibson 65
HEAVY METAL	Article	Eddie Davis 73
POLAROID PLEASURES	Portfolio	Photos by Graeme Davey 87
CONNED	Fiction	Roger Raftery 94
WINNING WAYS/LINDA	Pictorial	Photos by Bob Guccione 104
LOLA: THE LADY IS A VAMP	Motoring	Peter McKay 114
BOB BOTTOM	Interview	David Hickie 120
CAN YOU SAY GOODBYE?	Quiz	129
WIN A CELLAR FULL OF WINE	Competition	132
PEOPLE	Profiles	138
PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL	Pictorial	140
IN DEFENCE OF GAMBLING	Advise and Dissent	Dr Geoffrey Caldwell 148
LOOSE ENDS	Service	Edited by C.J. Mackay 150



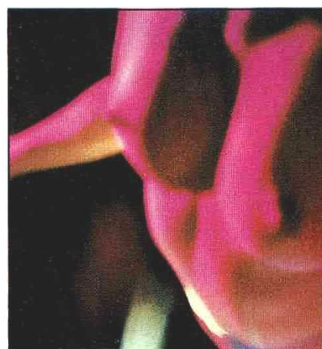
The Sport of Crims



The Ordinary Bloke

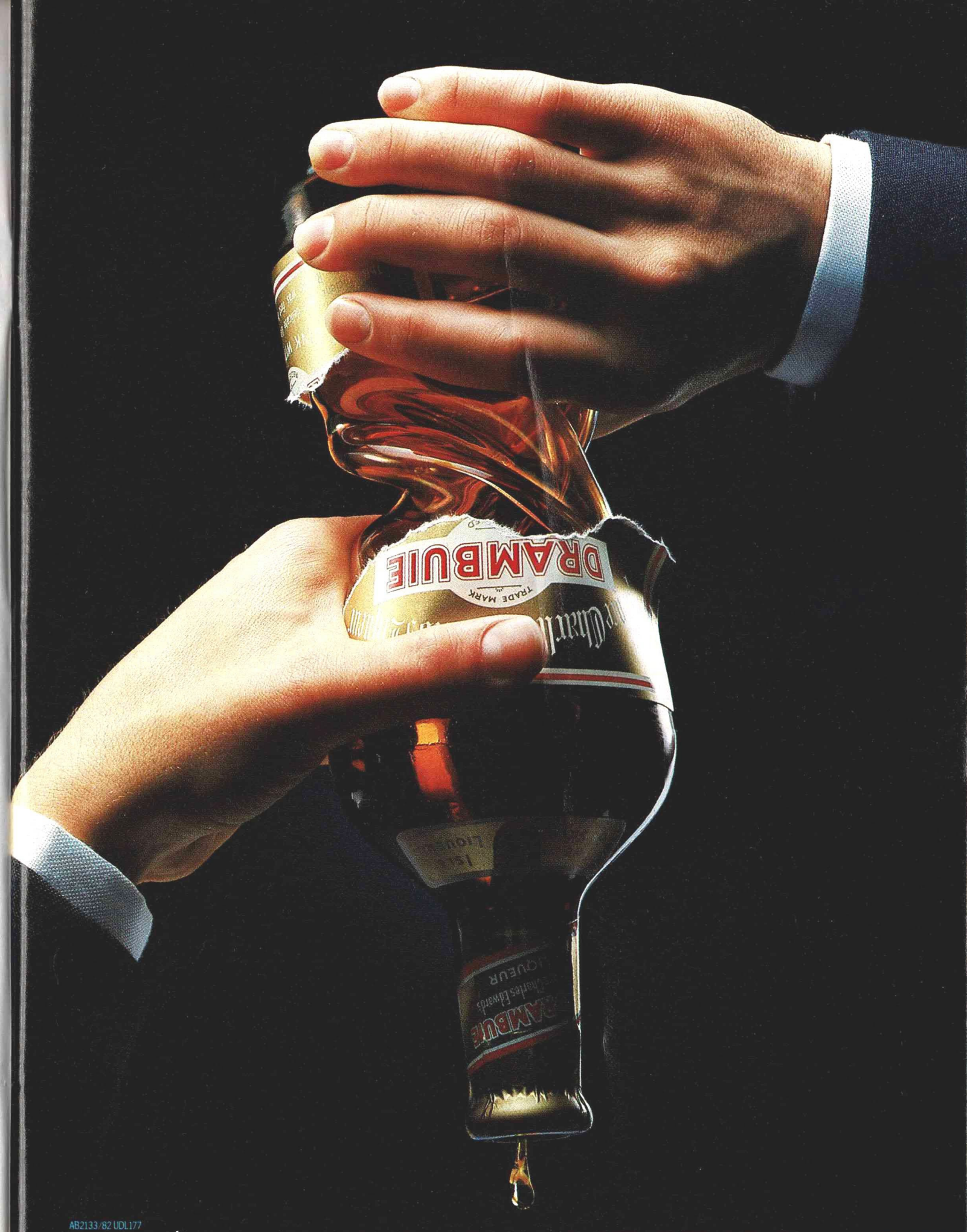


Heavy Metal



Polaroid Pleasures

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'I said bring out the Drambuie!'

Australian PENTHOUSE

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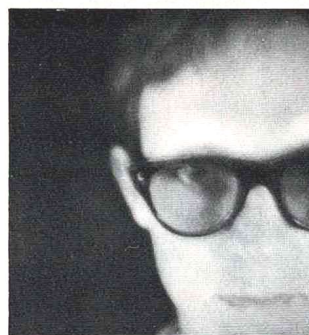
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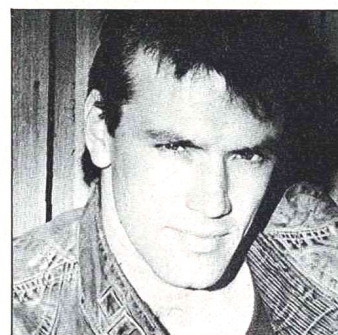
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GRAHAM MONRO



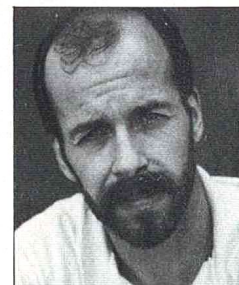
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TIM BAUER



NEIL JAMESON



TANDY ROWLEY

HOUSECALL

THE SPORT OF CRIMS

Australia's racing industry has become a playground for organised crime. For a rich slice of a cake worth billions of dollars annually, the fixers will stop at nothing in their attempts to eliminate chance from race results. David Hickie reveals the extent of criminal activity on Australian racetracks, documenting bribery, the use of drugs, money laundering, the collusion of influential figures in the industry and the apparent reluctance of some authorities to investigate their activities. Hickie's story, accompanied by Tandy Rowley's photograph, begins on page 34.

NO HOLDS BARRED

In an increasingly lawless and violent society, more and more people are deciding not to become victims of crime. The result is a boom in martial arts training in Australia. Neil Jameson reports that some fighting techniques are markedly more effective than others in real-life situations when he takes an in-depth look at the non-classical methods developed by Wal Misingham. Australia's leading proponent of the no-holds-barred school of martial arts. Graham Monro shot the photo for No Holds Barred, which starts on page 52.

THE PRINCE OF PAIN

George Daldry could be the fittest man in Australia. It is possible that there is someone out there who is more fanatical about the pursuit of physical fitness than Daldry, but the man has become a legend in Australian sporting circles. Senior Editor Greg Hunter profiled the Prince Of Pain in his natural habitat, while Tim Bauer shot the accompanying photos on page 60.

HEAVY METAL

Heavy Metal music is invariably deafeningly loud, trashy and all-offensive... the most damned music in the history of rock and roll. "And this," says rock writer Eddie Davis, "is its crowning glory." Davis peels back the layers of superficial gimmickry — the Nazi regalia, the satanic overtones and the sado-masochistic references — to place an inquiring finger on the pulse of modern music's noisiest and most enduring phenomenon. Heavy Metal in words and pictures starts on page 78.

BOB BOTTOM INTERVIEW

Bob Bottom, Australia's leading investigative crime journalist, and the man who sparked a national furore by releasing tapes of telephone conversations to *The National Times* and the *Age* newspaper, has waged a relentless one-man crusade against organised crime for two decades. David Hickie's conversation with Bottom covers the gamut of development in crime in contemporary Australia, and provides some insights into the character of a remarkably courageous individual. The Bottom interview begins on page 120.

POLAROID PLEASURES

"Polaroid is a dream come true," says photographer Graeme Davey, who went off with a collection of the latest Polaroid cameras and film to capture on film his concept of erotica. Impressed by the brand's ability to instantly capture the perfect moment, Davey returned with a remarkable portfolio of erotic photography. Turn to page 87 to see the spectacular results of his mission. 



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Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

The perfect Pet

What have you guys at *Penthouse* done to me? I've just purchased your October issue and suddenly my life will never be the same again. Turn to page 71 of that issue and peruse the most perfectly proportioned girl you're ever likely to see.

Your pictorial of Tracee Edwards proves Australia has the best looking girls in the world. How about her phone number, or at least another glimpse of the perfect Pet? Tracee gets my vote for Pet Of The Year. — Gordon Foster, West Ryde, NSW

Get Fred

Fred Baker strikes again! This so-called travel expert seems to thrive on misleading the travelling public. I refer to your "Travel" article in October *Australian Penthouse*. On two points he is totally incorrect. He states that it is cheaper to fly to Los Angeles with Air New Zealand via Auckland, Nadi and Honolulu than by going via Auckland and Honolulu. Not so. The fare is the same whichever Air New Zealand flight you take. It just so happens that twice a week their flights make an additional call at Nadi.

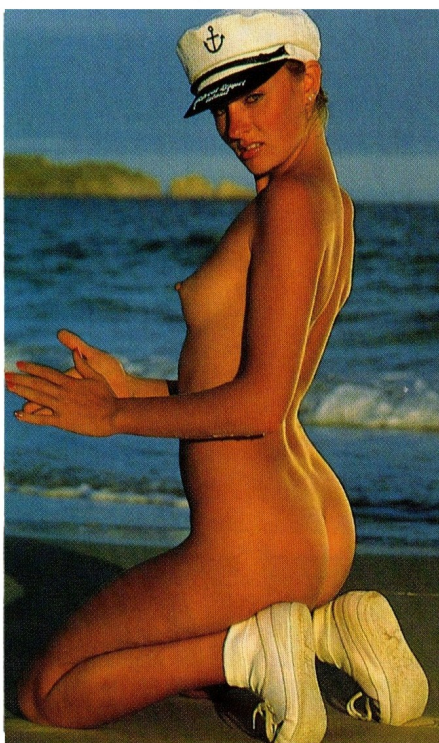
He also says beware of "K" class, stating that you could get anything from a sparrow fart departure time to a seat in the dunny. Again, not so. To give an example, "K" class until recently was the code give to all flights operated by PSA (a US domestic airline). I'm sure PSA management in the United States would be interested in Mr Baker's comments. He even stated in another publication that the cheapest fare to the United States was with Air Pacific via Auckland, Nadi and Honolulu. Even the most junior travel consultant can tell you that Air Pacific don't fly between Sydney and Auckland.

The travel industry is complicated enough, Mr Baker, without you misleading the public with false information. May I suggest you stick to describing the delights of travelling up the Amazon, and leave airfares to the experts. — Neil J. Wood, Director, Trans World Travel

Strikebreakers

Greg Hunter's article on Neil Ellery and the shearers' dispute in September *Australian Penthouse* exposed the violence which is currently undermining the foundations of the union movement.

As the overseer of a wide comb team, I've had first-hand experience of the tactics instigated by the NSW branch of the



Tracee Edwards... the perfect Pet

AWU. In my opinion the union appears to be martyring itself for some obscure and soon-to-be-forgotten cause. Ernie Ecob and Fred McInerney in particular seem intent on making work in the sheds a misery.

Shearers of Australia, wake up! Discard your AWU tickets, with all their financial burdens and stigmas, and join the SFA (Shearing Federation of Australia). — Name and address withheld, NSW

I refer to the article Strikebreaker in September *Penthouse*. The story was heavily slanted on the side of the wide comb shearers and the author has portrayed Neil Ellery almost as a persecuted prophet. We are aware that legally Ellery was not breaking the law by using wide combs. Morally, the damage he has done to the industry, union shearers and the lifestyle of countless country towns is incalculable.

It is true that the toughness of the shearers is legendary throughout Australia. He has to be to resist the considerable pressures aimed at destroying his conditions, wages and way of life. Only the introduction of scabs by the employers has ever caused the shearing industry to erupt. No other industry has developed out of the hardship, sacrifices and mistreatment by employers to the extent of the price paid

by early shearers. Their vulnerability, due to their scattered teams and long distances between sheds and towns, was exploited to the utmost by the early graziers.

The author states: "Neil Ellery is an articulate and insightful individual — something of a rarity in the shearing industry." It is clear he has interviewed few of the shearers who responsibly handle the running of their various committees and the actions of their members in a quiet and courageous manner. It is no credit to obtain notoriety by being a prize "mouth", as Neil Ellery has done in Mr Hunter's article.

The wide comb is the lever used by the strikebreakers in an attempt to destroy hard-won conditions and wages, but more importantly to try and destroy the unity and mateship forged in the strike camps by the forerunners of the present-day shearers. The article has not highlighted the plight of many staunch union shearers standing up against overwhelming numbers of strikebreakers at various sheds; it also failed to record the views of many graziers, who must view with dismay the lawless situation prevailing in their country towns. Throughout the story Neil Ellery insists that "he has never broken the conditions of the award", but he was actually shearing on a Sunday, February 12, 1984, which is in itself an act of scabbery, a breach of the award and therefore a breach of the law.

In 1956, I worked side-by-side with the Shearing Contractors' Association, who insisted on paying the "old rates", and therefore their sheds were not affected. I have the utmost respect for the Shearing Contractors Association I worked with, and feel that the remarks attributed to Mr Ivan Letchford, stating that the shearers have "no more brains than the sheep they shear" and that union reps who are prepared to drive hundreds of miles to get to a meeting are "red raggies who won't compromise" must have been made with emotion and undue stress, as Ivan Letchford admits the strikebreakers have also deprived him and his members of considerable sheds.

The pastoral industry in general has no future with the Ellerys, the Whites and the Coxes. They are the liquidators. The empire builders are the shearers of today, who like the earlier shearers must again close ranks to overcome the shattering effect of the wide comb debacle on their organisation. — Miss Necia Holloway, Hurstville, NSW

SHARE THE SECRET

What's the secret of the growing popularity of Guinness? Is it the rich, dark, satisfying taste? Next time round, ask for a Guinness yourself and share in the secret.





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PENTHOUSE FORUM

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Personal service

I am a 32-year-old male. I am also a double amputee. Six years ago my legs were crushed in an auto accident. Up until then my sex life was pretty average, I guess, with no really outstanding highs or lows that would give me a reason to write to you people. After the operation on my legs and months recuperating in the hospital, my social life cooled down. In any case, I was more concerned with getting my life started again than I was with going out with girls.

Recently, I started working as an employment counsellor in a private agency. My boss was very understanding about my situation and kept the work load from getting too demanding. Our agency provides personal service, but I was surprised to see how far some clients expect the service to go.

One afternoon I buzzed the front office and asked for the next client. A tall luscious blonde wearing a skimpy skirt and holding what appeared to be a resume came in. I motioned her to sit in the chair across from me. She said her name was Pat.

I don't have a lot of mobility, so my writing table is constructed to enable me to slide my chair all the way in under the edge. I began writing all me new client's pertinent personal information, when I got the sensation that my chair was rocking. Then I thought I sensed something climbing up my leg stump. It felt like a hand, so I glanced quickly at mine and found that they were resting on the desk. Then my eyes met Pat's. I've never seen such a look — if ever eyes have said, "I want you," hers did. My hand moved down to discover her bare foot moving in to knead my groin. She pressed harder and worked me tenderly. My cock now straining against my pants, I grabbed it and started to unzip.

Four thin wall-dividers separated us from the rest of the office. I prayed to God that those thin walls would muffle any noises. I grabbed my chair and swung it away from the desk. As I did, she came over to my side in time to meet my cock springing straight out of my shorts. She got down on her knees, and I adjusted my posture in the chair so she could get a better grip on my dick. Her pink-nailed fingers grabbed the base and forced the skin covering the head. I threw my head back as she nestled her lips over my shaft.

She took me deep into her mouth, and

I leaned back farther in the chair so she could get more of my cock buried in her throat. My stumps started waving in the air, slipping my pants all the way off the ends, while she massaged and licked each leg back and forth.

By this point I was slouched in my chair, and her tits were hanging within grasping distance. I grabbed a handful of one and massaged it while my other hand loosened my balls from my underwear.

They were soon hard up against the cock's roots and her lips touched them as she deep-throated me. I felt the come rising in me, but as much as I wanted to hold out it was too much. I almost yelled, "Fucking great!" as I came deep into her throat. She licked off the last little bit seeping out, using her fingers to squeeze out the "tube."

She gave me a tissue from her purse, and I cleaned off my dick while she put her shoes on. Before I knew it she was out the door, leaving me with her resume.

That night I went home and whacked off three times thinking about her.

Now she drops in once or twice a month at safe times, and we always go through the same ritual. There's never a word from her. Sometimes we do more foreplay or she jacks me off. Soon as I can I'm going to invite her home and show her what a legless wonder I really am. — *Name and address withheld*

The right squeeze

I would like to tell you about an incredible woman I've just run across! Ever since I met her, my sex life has never been quite the same.

Last year, I went to the Philippines on a business trip for my company. My hosts, eager to please me in order to win a contract, were very accommodating. A few days before I was to depart, they set me up with a beautiful woman named Estrella, which means "star" in Spanish.

As it turned out, she was one hot number! To begin with, most Filipino women are small, but Estrella was very tall. She was built like Wonderwoman: long gracious legs, long jet-black hair, a nice curvy bottom, and big pointy tits with large nipples!

We didn't waste any time — she told me to shower up while she prepared herself. When I had finished, I lay down on the bed in her elegant bedroom. When she came in, I nearly creamed myself! There was something special about her.

Estrella lay down beside me, and, as we kissed, I felt her hands fondling my balls. She seemed to be searching for something as she felt around. When I asked her what she was doing, she just said, "Never mind, just relax and enjoy yourself."

Estrella started to suck my cock voraciously — and I mean SUCK! It seemed as if she was going to suck me dry! As she did this she squeezed certain parts of my sack and balls. She knew exactly what she was doing, because just when I felt I was going to come, she'd squeeze something and I'd pump four or five times without ejaculating and lose some of my erection. Then, seconds later, she'd suck my cock back to life and continue as before. Talk about ups and downs! What she was doing was very different from the well-known "squeeze" technique. She continued her manoeuvres for about an hour and told me that it was to build up my supply of come. When I ejaculated, she promised, it would be a sensational experience.

Her pussy was just begging to be eaten, so I went down on her. There wasn't much pubic hair to tickle my nose, and I stuck my tongue between her slit and licked around her clit. I was very surprised to see her clit enlarge — to about twice the size of clits I've ever seen elsewhere! Unlike most women, her clit was not overly sensitive, and I was able to suck on it, which really delighted Estrella. In a few minutes, I could feel her body stiffen. Then, she started to shake violently as she achieved her first orgasm. I continued to munch on her mound for the next hour, bringing her off twice more.

She reached over and squirted a scented, flavored oil into her pussy. When I asked about it, she said, "Wait and see." My cock slid right in, and damn, it was the hottest cunt I've ever been in! I pushed my cock in as far as it would go, pressing her down into the mattress. I could feel her vagina muscles really tighten up. She looked into my eyes and gave me a devilish smile. But she didn't stop there — she was really squeezing hard now and had my cock in a vice-like grip! I'd never experienced anything like it. My cock was on fire!

I tried to withdraw, but couldn't. She began to rhythmically stroke my cock with her vagina muscle, making her stomach undulate like a belly dancer's. It felt so strange, yet so wonderful. I could feel

FORUM

myself starting to tense up. But she knew what was going on: she reached down and grabbed my balls and squeezed again that certain part, which deterred my urge to come. She continued doing this for the longest time. More than a few times I was right on the verge of exploding!

Finally, Estrella said, "Okay, you can do it now!" Once more, I mustered all my energy and started pounding into her. Just as I was about to come, she squeezed my balls, and I shot my massive load into her hole. Quickly she pulled out my spurting cock, and I hosed her down, splattering her face, neck and tits with thick white come. I squirted at least twice my usual volume of semen, which surprised me. When my cock stopped throbbing, there was a pool of come flooding around her belly button. My head was spinning and I could literally see stars!

Now I know how she got her nickname. Estrella told me that she was trained since childhood in the art of pleasing a man, and that she came from a long line of professional consorts, with techniques and secrets passed on from mother to daughter. She has a secretary to handle her appointments and, from what I hear, charges a small fortune for her services.

I've balled quite a number of women since then, but they haven't even come close to her. Just thinking of her while I jerk off makes my orgasm that much grander. And needless to say, my hosts did get their contract! — *Name and address withheld*

Same time next year

Sometimes travel has its rewards. Last

month I was on holidays with my lover, Belinda. One late afternoon near sundown we were at our favorite creek, talking and dangling our feet in the water. The crowds thinned, and we discovered that we were alone.

I was sitting behind Belinda, and she leaned back as I caressed her shoulders. My hand slid inside her blouse to fondle one of her soft breasts. Her wispy bra easily slid down to her waist, and her small nipple hardened as I squeezed it.

We kept talking, and I moved to her other breast. Her nipples are very sensitive; she always loves it when I play with them. Belinda's head lay back on my shoulder, and I kept rubbing and squeezing while she murmured her pleasure.

My hands slid lower, popped the snap on her shorts, and moved inside. The soft hair that surrounds her wet, juicy cunt tickled my probing fingers. Belinda opened her legs as I slid a finger inside her. Leisurely, I finger-fucked her. Time seemed to stop. She pressed her legs together to mould my hand to her mound, and I changed my probing rhythm to a soft yet firm rubbing.

Her legs raised out of the water, and she tensed up. Breathing rapidly, she moaned, "So good, baby, you make me feel so good." Her moans built up to a long deep sigh as she came, squeezing her legs to hold me inside her.

We cuddled while she relaxed. Slowly, she turned her head to me and whispered, "More." There were some trees with a soft bed of leaves nearby. We stood and moved to the nearby grove and removed our clothes. My hard cock was throbbing in anticipation. She pulled me down on top of her, leading me to her willing snatch.

Rocking slowly, she squeezed my cock with her tight love-muscle. She arched her hips and gripped me hard as she ground hard on my bone. I started to thrust rapidly while she held me tight. "I want you in my mouth, honey," she pleaded. I moaned in anticipation and withdrew my slippery cock.

Her hair caressed my belly, thighs, and cock as she teased me. Blowing her cool breath on my hot prick, she flicked her tongue gently around its head. I begged her to finish me off.

Belinda fondled my balls and held my cock straight up as she opened and lowered her mouth around my glistening shaft. Her technique was even better than I remembered. I screeched as load after load flooded her mouth.

She climbed up to kiss me and I tasted my own come. A twig cracked, startling us, and we glanced over and saw another couple watching us. We had no idea how long they'd been there.

It was time to leave and we slowly got up and dressed, giving the voyeurs a long time to watch us. Back at the motel we fucked the night away. The next morning we flew home to our respective spouses, already hungry for our next time together.

— *Name and address withheld*

Heat relief

One hot day I decided to get some relief from the heat by lying on my bed with no clothes on. Forgetting about my new neighbor, I opened all the windows and sprawled out on the bed to let the cool breeze caress my body. After reading a few pages of a dull book, I dropped off to sleep.

After my short nap, I awoke and looked

out the window. To my surprise the woman next door was looking out of her window with a pair of binoculars. Feeling aroused by this, I decided to give her something to look at. I picked up my *Penthouse* and read a few Forum stories. It did not take long for my cock to reach its full height.

I stood in front of the window and stretched to give her a clear view of my hot meat. When I did this I noticed her hand was on her crotch, working frantically. I then turned around and bent over to pick up my stubbies, giving her a view of my freckle. Then I left the room.

When my wife came home from work, I was so excited that I decided to give her supper in bed — in front of the open windows. I did not tell her our new neighbor may be watching us, because my wife is very timid and would not fuck me if she knew someone was watching. The lady was back at her window, with her binoculars in one hand and her pussy in the other. Not being able to take any more of this excitement, I entered my wife's juicy box. As we fucked, I looked over at our peeping Tina. She had her head tilted back, and her fingers buried deep inside herself.

About an hour after my wife went back to work, I heard a knock at the door. There stood my new neighbor, even better looking up close than she was from my window. She had blonde hair and shapely tanned legs. She was still in her bikini and carrying half a dozen beers. She said that she wanted to get acquainted.

I learned that she was 22, single, new in town, and her name was Julie. After we drank a few beers and made small talk, Julie commented on our hot weather and wanted to know what we did around here to cool off. I told her I like to lie naked on my bed. The ice was broken.

Her face became flushed and her legs separated to give me a better look at her bikini-covered snatch. Realising my opportunity I told her in great detail how wonderful and relaxing it was to lie around in the nude. With the memory still fresh in her mind of my show a couple of hours earlier, she started to get horny. Her legs parted more, revealing the outline of her pussy. She squirmed in her chair and commented on how warm it was getting. Noticing her condition I decided to tell her that I saw her watching me as I played with my cock and fucked my wife. She confessed that she could not help but watch and that it made her box hot. Soon her hand went behind her back and undid her top, exposing her firm tits and erect nipples. She asked if we could go to my room and cool off.

As I led her to the bedroom, she was pulling at my shorts. She sat me on the bed and teased me with her hard nipples as she removed my shorts. It was not long before she was deep-throating me and licking my balls. She then stood and removed her bottoms. As they hit the floor

I pulled her tanned body to me so I could explore her nicely trimmed twat with my tongue. While my tongue parted her pussy lips, she pushed me back on to the bed and sat on my face. As I ate her succulent slit, she turned around to assume a sixty-nine position. I licked and sucked her clit until I felt her body tense. She started moaning, begging me to bury my tongue in her hole and taste her juices. By then I was ready to shoot my hot load. I ran my tongue around her exposed box, which made her scream with delight. She turned to face me and started lowering her cooze on to my thick cock for a ride I will never forget.

She had the hottest and tightest hole I have ever felt wrapped around my shaft. As I filled her tight cunt, she told me how much she needed a hard dick. She begged me to fuck her little pussy. As she spoke she reached back between my legs and grabbed my balls. All of this was too much for me to handle. I shot my come into her inviting gash. After a few more hard and deep thrusts from me, Julie exploded into orgasm. After a short rest to cool ourselves, I was back between her thighs.

As our lovemaking came to an end, she asked if my wife knew she was watching us. I told her no, because my wife would not approve. She said she was interested in making it with both my wife and me. I will work on getting my wife to agree to a threesome, but until then our neighbor will

remain a secret. And my wife and I will be making love more often with the windows open — for Julie's satisfaction and mine. — *Name and address withheld*

Ring my bell

My girlfriend Sheila and I were together at a local bar last Thursday when she decided to go home alone. I was sorry to see her go, because I love to party with her and was looking forward to one of our good screws.

We've had a few problems lately, but we seem to be reviving things between the sheets. Like the night before — we both had really loosened up and done something new. We masturbated in front of each other, and it was a tremendous turn-on. The scene just kind of developed while I was burying my face in Sheila's gash. She was very hot, and her fingers moved in to take the place of my mouth. The next thing I knew she was totally lost in self-satisfaction. I just sat between her legs, watching her fingers dance over places only she knew needed touching. She brought herself to a beautiful orgasm with all her familiar gasps, moans, and little yelps.

When she calmed down and caught her breath, she said it was my turn. I was on her in a second, ready to fuck, but she stopped me and said she wanted to watch me jack off on her. I grabbed some lotion off the bedside table, greased up, and knelt

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across her stomach, looking down past my dick and right into her eyes. She couldn't wait for my come to start splashing. Her verbal urges and body squirming under me drove me to immediate orgasm: I shot white gobs of come across her breasts, shoulders and open mouth.

These were my thoughts as I watched Sheila leave the bar.

I went home about an hour later and was sound asleep when about 3am Sheila called to say she was horny and couldn't sleep. We bantered back and forth about who was going to get up and go and visit the other one, when the talk started getting steamy. Sheila said she loved the sight of me stroking myself over her face. Well, this statement produced an instant hard-on for me, and I told her about it. Then she said her hand was on her pussy just like the night before. And we were off to the races, urging each other on. I told her to think of my fingers in her pussy, and that quickened her raspy breathing. She wanted to know how my hand felt inside her pussy. She said that I should replace my fingers with my dick and then told me to pull out to shoot my come into her mouth. Even though we were miles apart it felt as if she was in bed with me. Two minutes later Sheila was gasping in my ear, and I had a belly covered with my own come.

Of course I wanted to hold her then and couldn't but the feelings were great. We may never duplicate this experience, but it has sure given us a new feeling for each other.

So friends, if things are lagging a bit with your lover, try a little variation. Something new can renew! — *Name and address withheld*

Afternoon delight

I knew when I met her that I was in trouble. We met at a party where we were both with our spouses. It was her beautiful eyes, warm smile, and beauty that drew me closer to her. She felt drawn too and it was not long before we were dancing. The music soon slowed, and we danced closer and closer to each other. She felt my dick getting hard and pressed her pelvis against it. Things could have really got out of hand if our respective partners hadn't been close at hand. She asked me to call her next week at work and gave me her phone number.

We met at a restaurant on the bay, across from the yacht club. She was prettier than I had realised and was dressed like a fox. Our attraction was intense, and after a few drinks we were looking for a more private place to explore each other's feelings. I started talking about a sailing experience of mine, when she said, "Let's go to my boat!"

Everyone must have known what we were up to — me dressed in a business

suit, she in a nice dress, heading down the gangway toward her boat, in the middle of the late afternoon. Once inside, she locked the door, then turned, and melted into my arms. My hand went for her tit, her hand for my dick. It didn't take long for me to get her blouse off. Her breasts were beautiful — nice and firm, with taut nipples begging to be sucked. My hand found her wet crotch soaked through her panties. They came off quickly. Her cunt was light brown in color, and I could see her clit just waiting for my attention.

I wanted to dive my tongue into her pussy, but she wanted my clothes off, pronto! My dick sprang loose when she pulled my shorts off. She put one hand on my shaft, and the other under my balls, and her mouth over the head of my proud cock. She really knew what she was doing. She gave me one of the best blowjobs I'd ever had. I kept on coming and she kept on taking it all.

We went forward to the big bunk over the sail locker, and it was my turn to make her happy. I began by kissing her all over: starting from her lips, to her ears and neck, to her breasts, stomach, and then the insides of her thighs. By the time I reached her pussy, her cunt was wetter than I could believe, and my tongue traced its way around her lips and then to her clit. She came almost before my tongue's third stroke and squeezed my head between her thighs. She told me in a husky voice that she wanted my cock buried deep inside her.

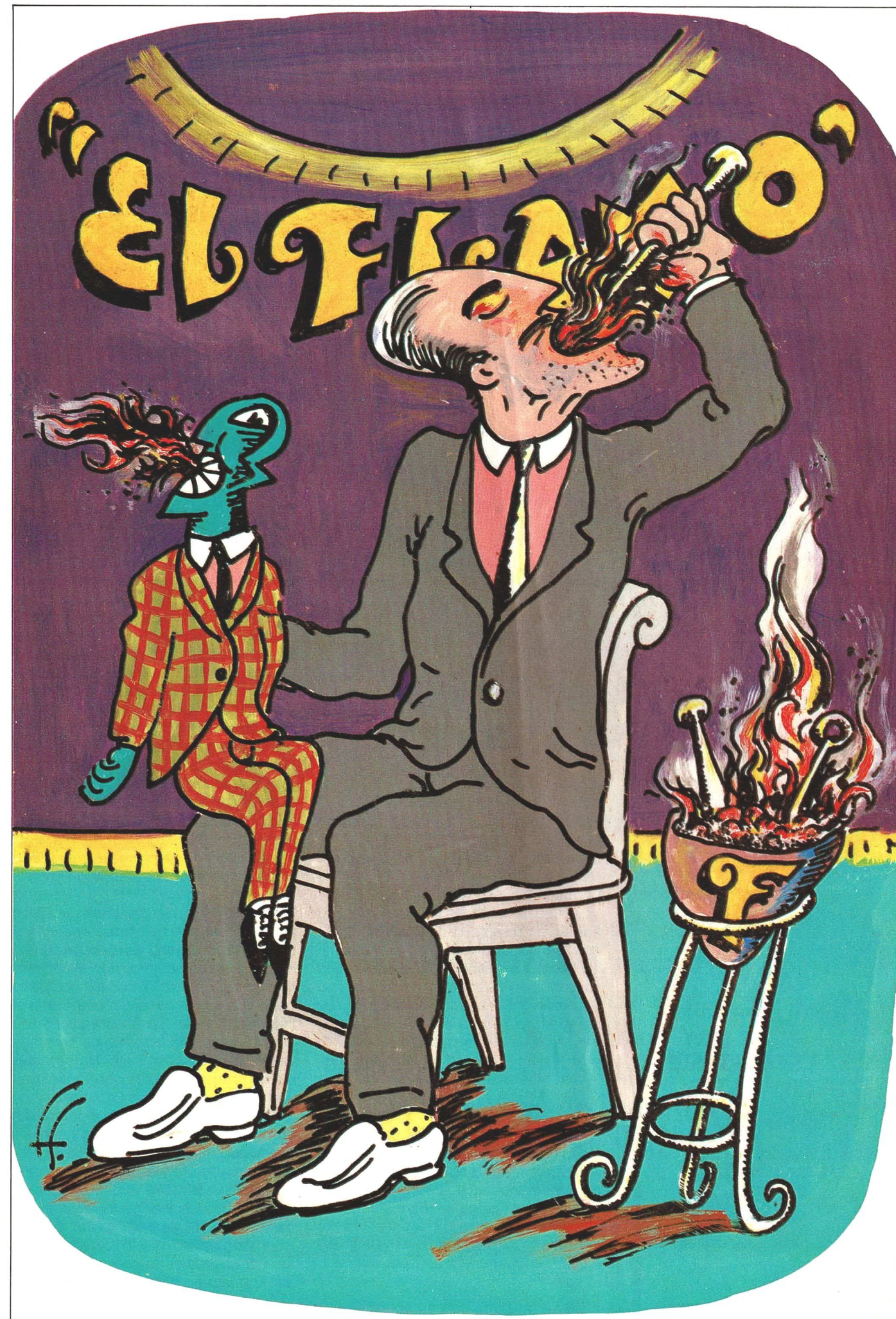
We made love all afternoon — with my dick sliding in and out of her beautiful pussy, with our mouths enjoying the fruits of each other's lovemaking.

That afternoon was many years ago. She has moved to another city with her husband. However, we have kept in close contact and each time she is in town, we take the opportunity to bring each other happiness. — *Name and address withheld*

Only following orders

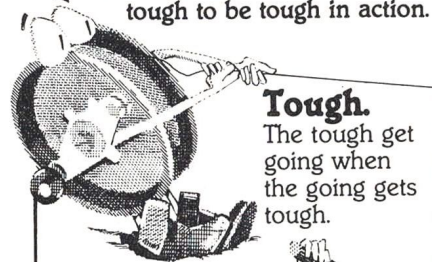
Mistress Dina opened her front door and told me to enter. I kissed her hand, told her she was beautiful, and thanked her for allowing me to serve her. She smiled, called me a nice boy, and told me to strip. While removing my clothes I wondered why I was stripping in the entry hall, but, knowing my place, said nothing. Handing me a pair of crotchless panties and a dog collar, Mistress Dina told me to dress. With a smile she snapped a leash on my collar and led me into her living room. Sitting on the couch, smiling pleasantly, was another woman. Turning red, I looked down and tried to regain my composure.

Mistress Dina lifted my face and said, "Stu, this is Mistress Liza; she will be joining us tonight." Kneeling at her feet and kissing her extended hand, I said I was honored. Mistress Liza laughed and said I was a darling boy. Mistress Dina sat on the couch and said that I could start playing with my



AUSSIE SURVIVAL TEST

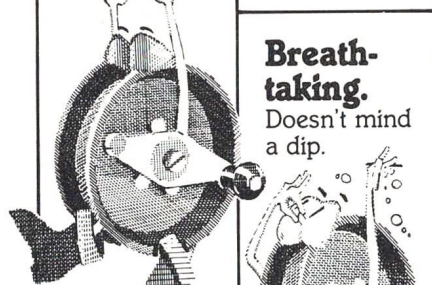
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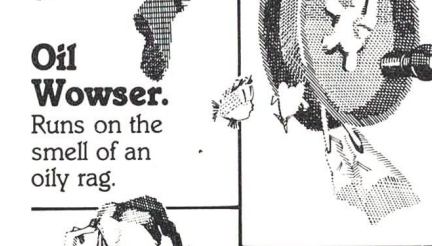
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cock. As my two Mistresses watched and talked, Mistress Liza would occasionally reach out and fondle my balls; they seemed to hold a special interest for her. After watching me for about ten minutes, Mistress Dina said I should help them out of their clothes.

Picking up my leash, Mistress Liza smiled at Mistress Dina and commanded me to lick and kiss her feet. After I did a thorough job on her feet, she pulled up on the leash, making me kiss my way up her silky legs. While I worshipped Mistress Liza, she hinted at what would happen if I didn't do a good job. I did my best, hoping it was good enough. When I got to her pubic hairs, Mistress Liza lay back on the couch and said I could start sucking her. Licking her was nice, when her pussy juices began running down her crack into my mouth. I felt honored and proud of myself. When she began to come, she pulled my face up to her pussy and started yelling, "Harder slave. Lick harder." Holding my face tight against her pussy she thrust her hips up and down, covering my face with her fragrant juices. As her spasms subsided, she lowered her thrusts and then pushed me away, telling me to lie on the floor.

Mistress Dina sat on my face and said, "Start licking, puppy, and do a good job." As I started to whirl my tongue around Mistress Dina's pussy and nibble her clit she grabbed my legs, pulling my knees apart and towards her chest. Mistress Liza began alternately stroking my cock, squeezing my balls and spanking my buttocks. After I licked Mistress Dina to orgasm, she rolled off my face and moved down to help Mistress Liza. She started stroking my cock while Mistress Liza used one hand to play with my nuts and the other to tickle the head of my cock. Mistress Liza replied, "Yes. Let's make this cock squirt."

Mistress Dina started stroking faster and harder and said, "Come slave, come now." And I did, shooting hot thick jets into my Mistress's waiting hand. She continued squeezing my balls, milking every last drop out of me. With her hand full of come, she asked if I would like a little snack. I begged her, "Don't make me eat it, please." With a smile, she squeezed my nuts and said, "What, little boy? I didn't hear you."

"Oh, Mistress, please let me eat my come," I begged.

With that, she poured my come down my throat and made me lick her hand. She squeezed again and I remembered to thank her. She said that someday, if I was lucky, I might get to eat my come out of her pussy, and wouldn't I like that? I said, "Thank you, Mistress, I would like that very much." — Name and address withheld

Sexual experimentation

I was one of those wonderful days when

everything was going my way. I was looking forward to going home and getting a good workout with my weights and then jumping into a relaxing hot tub. However, my luck was even better than I could have imagined. Before starting closing procedure in the lab where I am employed, I decided to flirt with Annie, one of the loveliest and most elegant ladies in the place. She has short, shaggy, light brown hair, a very innocent looking face, supple 36C breasts, and a gorgeously shaped arse that makes my pupils expand when I glance at her. She's of average height and dresses in a very business-like manner.

As I talked with her on this particular day, I caught her eyes devouring the anatomy between my legs. I wasn't sure what she had in mind: did I have a stain there or what? She had seemed to be offended by the dirty jokes and comments with sexual overtones I'd made in the past. Nonetheless, she was now staring at my crotch. Being a slow mover, I had to build up enough nerve to ask her out for a drink after work. When I finally managed to blurt out the question she said, as I expected, "Forget it." She also reminded me that she had a huge boyfriend who might disapprove of my asking her out. I had forgotten about him — 28-year-old beauties just don't seem to exist in the single world.

Following this rejection, I went back to close the lab for the day. As I was getting ready to leave, I saw a shadow at the bottom of the door and Annie walked through. She said she had changed her mind about a few things in the last couple of minutes and that she would like to apologise for turning me down so rapidly. I graciously accepted her apology, then noticed she was wearing a trench coat (trench coats turn me on). At this point I made admiring remarks about her legs, just to see how far I could get. Unlike before, she responded with a simple "thank you."

She put her purse and briefcase down and held both of my hands. I pulled her close and kissed her as sweetly and as long as I possibly could. When we recovered, she said, "Wow, that was pretty good. Are you as good with other parts of the female body?" When she said this, I got an instant erection. I asked her if she wanted to discuss this in more comfortable surroundings. To my surprise, she refused and wanted to get it on right there.

It looked like I wasn't going to have much of a choice with such a powerful woman, so I kissed her again, this time using my tongue to explore the inner excitement of her mouth. But this did very little to convince her. I took off her trench coat and caressed every part of her that I could reach from behind. A soft moan came from her Ferrari-red lips as she turned around and unsnapped my jeans. I led her over to the nearest lab bench in the room and tried to get her dress off. "Tried" is the key

word here; the removal was not working out very well. In desperation I merely lifted her dress as high as I could.

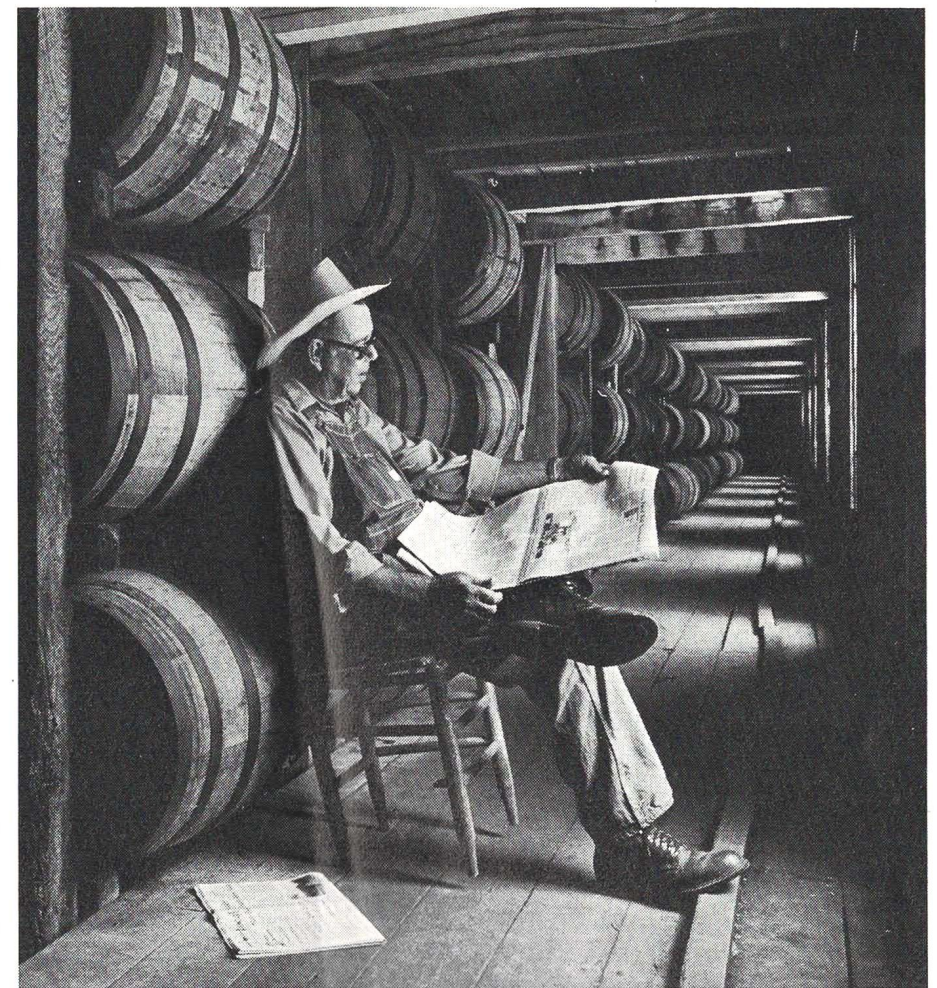
By now I was getting so excited I wasn't sure I could hold my load for very long. She helped me pull down her pantihose and yank off her shoes — causing her dress to fall back down. The situation was getting extremely frustrating. Only my inbred politeness was keeping me from tearing everything off her. I lifted her dress again, and there it was: one of the juiciest pussies ever to exist since Jezebel. I couldn't look at it without trembling.

She had seated herself on the bench. From that position I grabbed her from the back of her knees and lifted the upper part of her legs into the air. She fell back slightly but braced herself with her hands on the lab bench.

Although I didn't have my jeans totally on, I still had on my lab coat. She somehow got hold of it and pulled me closer. She told me she wanted my meat and reached for my cock. I spread her thighs to an acute angle and plugged my thirsty mouth into her wet crotch. Her snatch was so sweet I thought I was in Darrel Lea Wonderland. The real excitement was that this was happening on my own lab bench where I never discovered anything worth publishing. When I came up for air about 10 minutes later, I happened to look at her watch. According to the time, the cleaner was just about to interrupt my conversation with this heavenly wet surface. I asked her if we could continue this in the spa at my place. She agreed, instantly comprehending the circumstances. Luckily, the cleaner was on his way — we had made a catastrophic mess. Before we left the lab I noticed she took something from my bench and put it in her purse. I assumed it was the stopcock grease — that little devil.

Half an hour later we were sitting in three or four feet of water in my hexagonal tub. Fortunately the water wasn't as hot as it usually was, making our activities much easier to deal with and enjoy. My mouth was all over her while she just lay back and let me have my fill of her succulent skin. I especially liked and spent a lot of time in the small space between her tits. Perhaps a bit more time than I should have — because when I backed off for air, I noticed the spot of skin was getting slightly darker each time. I hadn't done this since high school, and it felt so good I nearly came. Recalling that hickies might be altogether more painful and less aesthetic than they had been in years past, I worked my way down her stomach close to her perfectly groomed bush. My goodness, that bush looked good.

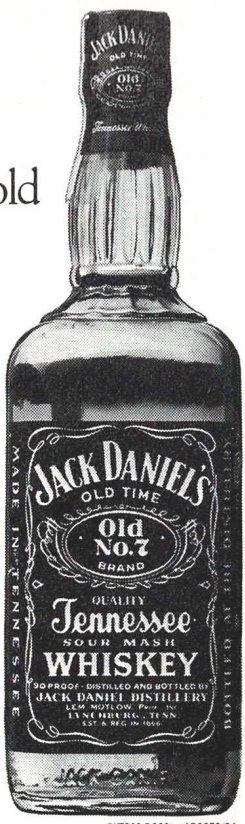
If the water hadn't already been bubbling, I might have thought it had been set to boil from the heat I generated when I got a good look at her pussy fur. As I kissed her, getting closer and closer to it, she asked if I would do her a favor. She



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wanted me to suck her little man in the boat under the water. I told her not to expect much, because I might have trouble holding my breath that long. She begged me to try it anyway. I did, and the task turned out to be much more difficult than expected. The hot chlorinated water kept flowing into my mouth as I made attempts to please Miss Annie. I finally decided that I wasn't getting much out of this, and in any case it didn't seem to have the desired effect she had anticipated. To redeem myself, I stuck the middle finger of my right hand up her and my thumb into her pubic hair and squeezed. My left hand was busy toying with her clit while the rest of me was just trying to regain my normal breathing pattern. Then, for the first time since we'd been in the water, she started twittering out little chirps of pleasure, which I thought only large birds made. That sound made me feel like a king and I was consequently overwhelmed with joy and dumped my cargo.

Following our introductory orgasms, she suggested we have some fun on the daybed in the room. I was still holding her like a six-pack of stubbies and still enjoying our adventure in the hot waters, so I didn't agree immediately. I said I had a small favor of my own, and without waiting for a response I just grabbed her by the ankles

and used the buoyant force of the water to help me support her and raise her firm behind out of the tub. I slowly worked my hands down to her cheeks while she held on to the side of the tub. I brought my face closer to my goal and lovingly licked her labia majora with slow even strokes. She wiggled her tail with each stroke and let out soft and easy purrs. After about a dozen or so licks, I tried to drown myself in her pussy. I love eating out so this was a very special treat for me; if it never happened again, I would be crushed. From all that stimulation, she was brought to climax and her love honey spilled into my mouth.

I decided to give her clit a break and started licking the insides of her thighs and then the backs of her knees. I made a monumental effort to do this slowly but the water all over us seemed to speed everything up. Soon I was licking her legs lower and lower until I was licking the bottom of her left foot — which turned out to be not such a good idea. She was very ticklish in that area and she kicked me in the face! She didn't do it on purpose, it was just a reaction, but as a result, my lip burst open and started bleeding. To my amazement, this was turning her on like a bitch on heat. I don't know exactly why but I was suddenly enraged. I yanked her up out of the water and laid her face down on the bed. I started kissing her gorgeous behind like I had always dreamed of doing.

My sore tongue was all over her

delicious piece. I sucked on her until my lips hurt from the suction. I enjoyed myself thoroughly and was soon hard enough to introduce my meat properly. She kept her legs about shoulder width and I straddled her tender bum. As I was doing all of this, blood from my lip got all over the white sheet, her back, her arse, and my face. She went wild when she looked back and saw the blood. I couldn't calm her down despite the best of my humble attempts. But did I really want to calm her down?

Anyway, I had read once in *Penthouse* that I should try putting pressure on the space of skin between the anus and vagina as I was coming. Well, I just happened to be in a position to give that suggestion a trial run, and did I ever get results. As I came, I placed both my thumbs at that little junction and pushed as I released my love nectar. She followed with a shout and decorated my rod, along with the sheet already peppered with blood, with her intoxicating juices.

I was exhausted. I fell back on the bed, got into a comfortable position, and promptly went to sleep in total bliss. An hour later Annie was gone. I looked down at my flaccid instrument and it was colored with a violet stain — the same kind used to identify bacteria in our microbiology lab. This was what she had hidden in her purse as we left the lab. Looking down on my bright purple member, it was only then I recalled her area of expertise: gram-positive cocci or rods! — *Name and address withheld*

Carpentry and joining

I'd like to share with you a memorable moment I enjoyed a short while ago. Because our summers here in Tasmania are erratic, life has a frenzied pace when the weather is nice.

I'm a 27-year-old, good-looking ladies' man who enjoys a very eventful and exciting sex life when I'm not busy working at my carpentry skills.

After finishing my regular day, I sometimes do work on the side. One particular evening, I decided to check up on some only to find that the contractor was gone for the day. What I found instead, however, was a young woman finishing work on a cabinet. I couldn't help but notice that under her tattered work clothes and sawdust-splattered hair was a very beautiful body and face. After getting her name, I asked Judy if she would like to join me for a cold beer at a nearby pub. She willingly accepted the invitation.

Once we got there, she said that she felt uncomfortable in her clothes and was going to her car to change them. After a few minutes she came in wearing a tight pair of pink overalls that complemented her firm body nicely. She walked seductively up to me and gave my thigh a friendly rub, then went back to sipping her beer. I realised that I had stumbled into something good. After she thrashed me in two games

of pool, I suggested we head home, get showered, and go out for dinner and some dancing.

Sometime later, I showed up at her house to find her dressed invitingly. Under her tight overalls she wore a skimpy T-shirt that showed off her beautiful tits.

After dinner and a few drinks we were both ready for dancing. She danced with moves that just invited sex. We decided after a few slow tunes to head back to my place for some wine. We didn't take long to get acquainted. After a long deep kiss she whispered in my ear, "Please do me." I wasted no time fulfilling her request. After laying her down on the couch I eagerly started eating her hot wet box. What a surprise to find it had been shaved all around the pussy except for a nice mat of dark fur above her slit. This sexy sight turned me on and whipped up my desire to please this horny doll. While I stropped my tongue on her for the next half hour she passionately moaned, telling me how she was going to give my cock the hot sucking it deserved and fuck me until the morning came around. Well, she did both in a manner I'd never experienced.

After her explosive juicy climax, she told me it was now my turn to lie back and relax. The thought of her pretty face swallowing up my big cock was a dream about to come true. Instead she had a surprise for me. She started caressing my prick with her feet. This new "foot job" sensation was phenomenal. After an erotic massage, she took my cock between both her feet and started rolling it around while jerking it off at the same time. This put Judy on fire, and she moaned how badly she needed my cock in her mouth. This woman adored my thick cock. She smiled and moaned while glancing in my eyes, all the while licking my prick. She began rubbing her hard tits over my long cock. This got us both hot and she begged me to fuck her.

I teasingly slid my cock into her aching hole. It was sheer ecstasy. She was tight, firm, moved well, and moaned her dirty thoughts into my ear all the while. After some passionate screwing, I pulled out and shot a hot load of come on to her pretty face. What she didn't swallow she rubbed all over her angelic body. Then, satisfied, we collapsed in a heap.

Upon waking up in a couple of hours, Judy greeted me by the front door with her legs spread wide and this sexy grin on her face. She was flicking her tongue over her upraised hard nipples. She begged me to reconsider going off to work so soon. With the option of having another hot session with this foxy nymph, I found good reason to stay at home a little while longer. Such are the fringe benefits of working on your own time. — *Name and address withheld*

Work incentive

I am a 28-year-old male, employed as a technical writer with a major computer company. In a company as large as mine,

there tend to be a lot of beautiful women around.

One day while I was working on a terminal, a message flashed across the screen. It said, "I want to lick your body." I immediately responded with, "If you're who I think you are, I'm sure it can be arranged." I had a feeling I knew who it was. There's this fox, Cathy, in our computer centre with a gorgeous rounded arse and a succulent pair of breasts.

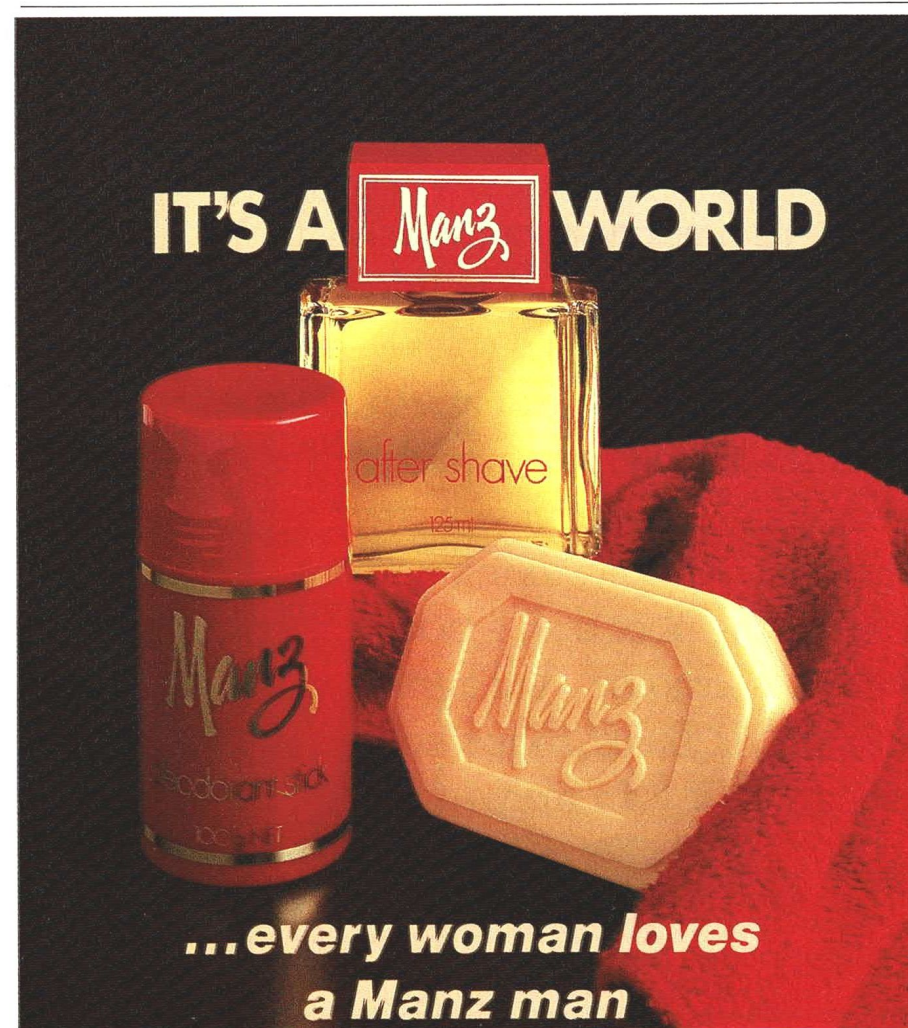
Later that week, I went downstairs for some printouts when Cathy came up to me and said that she had something to show me. I eagerly followed her sweet bottom down the hall and into the elevator. She pushed the button for the 15th floor and then turned around and gave me the most seductive look I've ever seen. At that point she leaned back against the doors and slowly lifted her dress to expose her sheer black stockings and a black lace garter belt. She had no panties on and her beautiful blonde bush seemed to quiver. Needless to say I had a hard-on that was about to burst out of my pants. I reached out and gently caressed the tight little mound that was awaiting me when she reached up and started fondling her breasts. When we reached the 15th floor we had to restrain ourselves.

The doors sprang open, and I asked if she would like to continue the session elsewhere. She readily agreed and we walked lustfully towards my office. After we

went inside she locked the door, lifting up her long silky blonde hair in a sultry manner, and stared at me with her awesome green eyes. I moved slowly toward her. She put my arms around her as she drove her tongue into the inner-most regions of my mouth. This girl was unbelievably hot. Inserting my hands up under her dress, I felt her luscious pussy. It was dripping with hot, steamy juices awaiting the tender touch of my masterful tongue. I couldn't wait to put my face deep between her legs, but first I had to caress her warm breasts and kiss her supple nipples. Lifting her up by her tasty arse, I laid her across my desk where I proceeded to strip her. As I put her legs over my shoulders, I slowly explored her love canal with my tongue. While I darted in and out of her juicy opening, she began to moan.

Playing with her own hardened nipples, she begged me to slide my meat into her tunnel of passion. At that moment, I spread wide her slender legs and inserted my massive cock. She let out a whimper and then a yell, as she dug her long sharp fingernails into my arse. "Harder," I bellowed as I thrust my manhood into her again and again. We both climaxed at once and my hot jism spilled out of her, down the crack of her bum, and on to my desk. We both lay there in ecstasy.

I find it very easy to get up for work these days, in more ways than one. — *Name and address withheld* 



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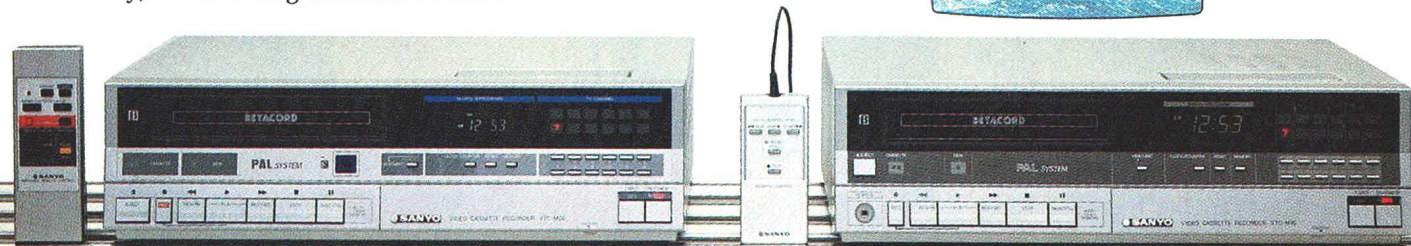
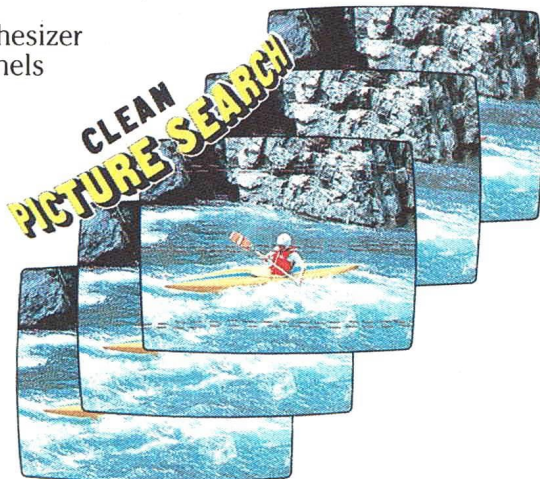
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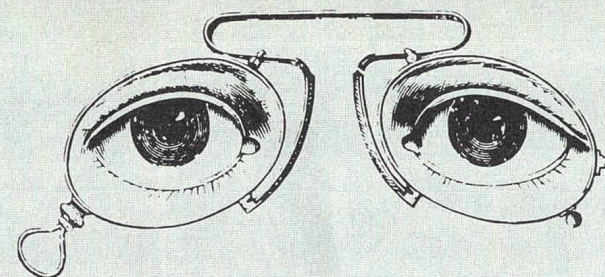
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VIEW FROM THE TOP

WHAT'S YOUR SIGN?

BY PETER McDONALD

As Rex Mossop has often observed, English contains some pretty good words. My favorite is "dickhead." Like every 12-year-old, I used to while away Music and Maths periods looking for dictionary definitions of all the naughty words I'd ever heard. To my dismay, however, "dickhead" never got a guernsey in the lexicons of my youth. And the other day, while seeking to recapture those furtive moments of pubescent pander, I discovered that this wonderfully evocative expression still lacks a formal definition. It's time, I think, to redress that oversight.

There are numerous synonyms for "dickhead" — "deadshit", "wacker", "jerk", "turkey" and "dildo", to name only a few — but a synonym will not suffice as a definition. To adequately define the term, we need to address the fundamental question: "What do dickheads do?"

There are, of course, any number of possible answers. For instance, dickheads are often found making up the numbers in TV game show audiences and applauding vigorously when the signal tells them to do so. They are particularly vocal during the filming of *The New Price Is Right*, and can even be seen barking hysterical instructions to the competitors from the comfort of their own loungerooms. A significant number of them wear T-shirts that say: "I'm A Virgin (This Is A Very Old T-Shirt)" or similar. Others can be distinguished by the fact that whenever you fall down drunk in a public bar, they will always enquire: "Did you have a good trip?" Dickheads make up a large percentage of people who die in road accidents, because they habitually coat their rear windows with stickers proclaiming "I've Been To (Port Macquarie, Dubbo, Surfers Paradise etc)" and thus are rarely able to see anything in the rear vision mirror. When you get involved in a car accident with a dickhead, he'll normally rip your lungs out first before offering to exchange names and telephone numbers. When dickheads go on Pacific Island cruises for their annual holidays, they tend to bring back a small wood carving of a man who attains an erection when you push the button (doubles as an ashtray). They often attend expensive sales motivational courses designed to make them more adept at ripping people off, then regurgitate all they've learned to rapt party audiences consisting almost entirely of other dickheads. When they go to the football, they sit in the front row of seats and can rarely refrain from standing up whenever something exciting happens, thus forcing at least another hundred people to do

likewise. Similarly, when they go to outdoor rock concerts, they usually insist on hoisting their girlfriends up on their shoulders and find it hard to understand why the people behind them, who paid \$20 each for a ticket, tend to get the shits about it.

However, while all of these activities are generally typical of dickheads, none of them can be regarded as a *defining characteristic* of the class of dickheads as a whole. To elaborate: not all balls are round and not all round things are balls; hence "roundness" is not a defining characteristic of balls. Likewise, not all dickheads watch *The New Price Is Right* (since not all dickheads own TV sets) and not all people who watch *The New Price Is Right* are dickheads (since, presumably, some are paid to watch it while others are forced to do so against their will). For a proper definition, we need to come up with some behavior pattern which is always characteristic of all dickheads and never of any non-dickhead.

After much deliberation, I think I've got it. I'd like to propose the following. **dickhead** (n): any person who has attached to the bumper bar or window of his car a small black and yellow sticker containing any of the following messages: Don't Laugh — It Could Be Your Daughter Inside; Happiness Is A Tight Pussy; Toot If You're Horny; If It's Rockin', Quit Knockin'; Sex And Ski Instructor — First Lesson Free; I'm A Mountain Man — I Like Mountin' Women; Have Sex With A Public Servant — They Need The Exercise; I'd Rather Be Screwing; Skindivers Do It In Rubber; Electricians Have Longer Fuses; Lawyers Do It In Their Briefs; Teachers Do It With Class; Legs Is The Word — Spread The Word; and so on, and so on, *ad nauseum*. Certain corollaries may

follow from this. It might, for instance, be concluded that all dickheads are suffering from profound feelings of sexual inadequacy, and so find it necessary to proclaim to the world that not only do they understand what sexual intercourse is, they have actually participated in the act at some stage of their miserable lives. It also seems likely that dickheads are merely a subset of the much larger set of people who are suffering from an identity crisis and so can't wear any piece of clothing which doesn't state who they are and where they're coming from.

I can remember a time, not so long ago, when the average bloke did not find it necessary to turn himself into a walking advertisement for anything from physical fitness to cocaine. These days, the sign he displays is a sign of the times.



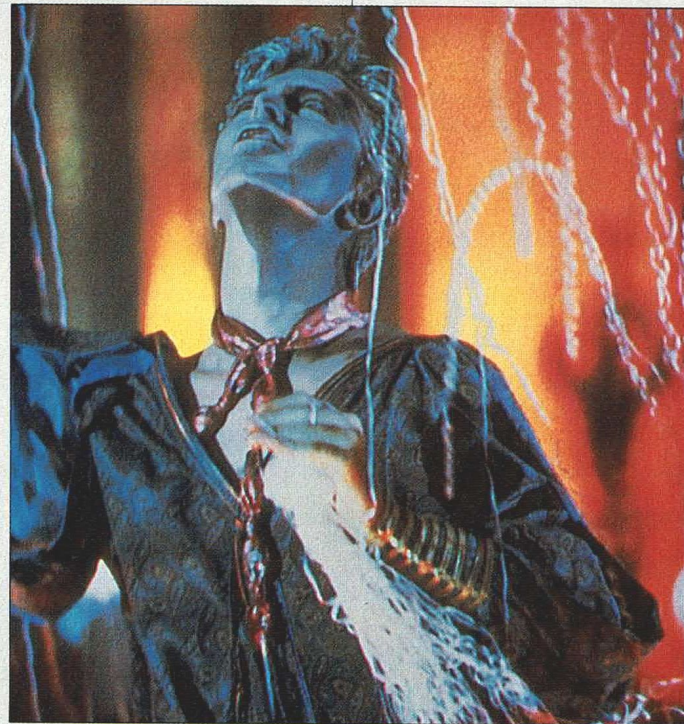
Illustration by Graham Rendoth



SOUNDS

NOT TONIGHT, DAVID

David Bowie is as close as you'll get to a Renaissance man in rock and roll. Constantly changing his image, music and medium, he has produced many landmark works. *Tonight* (EMI) is not one of these. 1983 saw him tour his "serious moonlight" around the world to adoring hordes goaded into greater adulation by the often sparse but driving beat of the Nile Rogers' production *Let's Dance*. You can sense Bowie smiling to himself as he bops his



Music chameleon David Bowie is undecided on his latest album.

way through Lieber and Stoller's "I Keep Forgetting." Lyrical edge is found in "Don't Look Down" but its impact is dissipated by the cocktail reggae setting. (Reggae being the blues of the Caribbean and Bowie being almost everything else but a convincing blues singer.) In "Blue Jean" he serenades another jean genie, then *besame-muchos* his way through the Beachboys' classic "God Only Knows." Despite inputs from the likes of touring stalwart Carlos Alomar (guitar), Tina Turner and Iggy Pop, the album

be next time.

Two veterans of Australian guitar-based rock have enjoyed identical switches in record companies. They have also utilised the same producer (Mark Opitz) for their latest vinyl. **Jimmy Barnes** is finally out on his own on *Bodyswerve* (Mushroom), while **Richard Clapton** has stuck with his birthright for *Solidarity* (Mushroom). The short chubby one with the longest vowels would appear to be the most progressive on paper but Clapton uses modern keyboard technology like

maraschino cherries on a pavlova. Apart from a brief stint dropping his pants as a Party Boy he was preoccupied with contractual hassles and creative ennui. The new album to album — moving through centred moods like *Ziggy Stardust*, *Aladdin Sane* and *Young Americans*. Here he meanders. I just hope he decides who he wants to

There are no such mellow moments for Barnes — the onslaught may slow to a measured bash but that distinctive screech is full on throughout. Dead set! Almost as soon as Cold Chisel checked out of their last motel, Barnes checked into rehearsal rooms with veteran axe men Mal Eastick and Chris Stockley and a rhythm section of similar lineage. The record is a testament to wee Jimmy's love of performing to pub audiences and vodka, although not necessarily in that order. Barnes is a strong and distinctive stylist; this is a hard hitting but very unimaginative album.

Special AKA (ex-Specials since the three Funboys walked), have not been constantly *In The Studio* (Two Tone) for the two years it's taken to assemble their first album. Nor has it been a string of one-niters, having made only a handful of promotional appearances. Ringmaster and keyboard player Jerry Dammers and company just work exceedingly slowly. The project was given a necessary boot along by guest producer Elvis Costello on the uplifting "Nelson Mandela" — a plea for the release of the imprisoned South African black activist leader, set to a high-life dance beat. Most successful

cuts apart from "Mandela" are the Dave Brubeck-inspired "War Crimes" and the bleary jazz of "Alcohol." Songs that could have degenerated into political sloganeering or maudlin personal antics are given strong musical settings.

Some good-natured but mindless funk comes from Prince's real-life friend and cinema enemy Morris Day and his band **The Time**. *Ice Cream Castles* (Warners) is their less than dazzling debut complete with Prince-inspired sleaze track "If The Kid Can't Make You Come." Meanwhile working on the assumption that if you've got a glowing present and promising future then the past can always be sold to the curious who missed the climb, Warners have rereleased **Prince's** first outing *Just For You* from 1978. Given that he was only just old enough to go to the toilet on his own then, the disc is notable for him providing all the sounds and a full moustache.

Andy Summers and Robert Fripp are a disappointment on their second collaboration *Bewitched* (A&M). Perfect English gents, they spend the entire album in an "after you, no after you!" frame of mind.

Many 12-inch big mixes have little interest or use unless you're a break team or a vinyl demographer into handclaps per square metre. *Beat Street Strut* (Atlantic) doesn't, *No Say In It* (White) takes a long time to not quite make its point, **ZZ Top** can't stop themselves lapsing into a boogie on the flip to *Legs* (WEA), **Zeke Manyika** squeezes a funkier orange juice for *Heaven Help Us* (Polydor) and Melbourne's **Beargarden** attempt some of *The Finer Things* (Virgin) in a fairly plodding manner.

Worth-the-wait tracks come from **The Seamonsters** with *Black Rum* (Green) and **Great Outdoors** on *The Rhythm In Me* (Survival), while the bop granny **Lillian Pascoe** stuns with her get-down natter in *Lillian's Lunch Wrap* (Festival). — *Jeremy Cook*

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FILM

SILVER SCREEN NASTIES

Here come those eyes again — wide and wet, and blinking so endearingly in the weeks leading up to Christmas. Spielberg eyes. But they don't belong to ET this time. They belong to something cuter, something furry and something that's sure to inspire a rousing chorus of, "Awww, mum can I have one pleeeeeeese," when the dolls appear on the department store shelves.

The eyes belong to Mogwai, the sweet and purring progenitor of a species of scaly hell-raisers known as the **Gremlins**. As far as appearances go, Mogwai certainly is a lot more appealing than old ET. But get him wet and he coughs up little fur ball babies from some unseen orifice. Then if you're not careful the babies turn into evil, lizard-like things — the gremlins — a bunch of nasty mothers that would have made dandy mascots for the Bandidos and the Comancheros.

Spielberg, maestro of the heart and pursestrings, didn't direct this time. He's left that to Joe Dante, one of Hollywood's new breed who has *Piranha*, *The Howling* and a segment of *Twilight Zone: The Movie* to his credit. Spielberg's executive producer influence and Dante's proven track record in the "macabre for minors" genre ensure in *Gremlins* the blend of entertainment and violence that, with the mega-marketing push, ensures big, big bickies.

The story begins when inventor Rand Peltzer (Hoyt Axton) buys the Mogwai from a business-minded Chinese boy, against the stern advice of the kid's wise old pigtailed grandfather. Peltzer gives the friendly little Mogwai as a Christmas present to his 20-year-old son Billy (Zach Galligan), repeating warnings that the creature is not to be gotten wet and is never, ever to be fed after midnight.

Well, little Mogwai gets wet and sprouts littler Mogwais — nasty delinquents with none of their

father's refinement. The littluns gobble up a sandwich after midnight and turn into gremlins — then the action really begins.

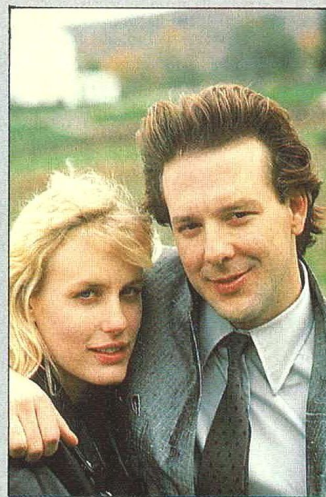
For starters we get gremlin gravy when Billy's mum pushes a hell-raising marauder into the Peltzer Peeler Juicer. Another gremlin, true to that great urban legend, explodes in the microwave. But that's nothing compared to what happens when the gang gets out into the streets and multiplies tenfold. An old lady bites the dust after the gremlins fiddle with her electricity supply. A couple of gremlins commandeer a bulldozer and plough into a house while good, honest citizens are watching telly inside. At a bar down the road a bunch of gremlins are whooping it up like a football team on a cruise ship. They're gulping down Budweisers between puffs on Malboros, they're goosing girl gremlins and breaking the furniture. Over in a corner a gremlin caught cheating at cards is dispatched with a bullet to his latex guts...

Of course, it all ends happily when the last gremlin is destroyed after a chainsaw-wielding showdown and little Mogwai is returned to his Chinese owner. We learn that old lesson: "There are some things mankind is not yet ready to understand" and are left wondering if, after all that blood-

shed, minced gremlin and assorted gore, little Mogwai ended up as yum-cha somewhere in Chinatown the next day.

Audiences make a lot of noise in *Gremlins*. They ooh and aah, they cheer, they squeal — but in one scene, deathly silence reigns. Billy Peltzer's sweetheart Kate (Phoebe Cates) is explaining her melancholy at Christmas. On Christmas Eve many years before, her father disappeared. He was finally sniffed out weeks later, wearing a scorched red suit and carrying a blackened sack, wedged in the chimney. It would be nice to think that in the cinema silence

Hannah and Rourke in *Pope*



Colorful characters from Steven Spielberg's latest fantasy, *Gremlins*



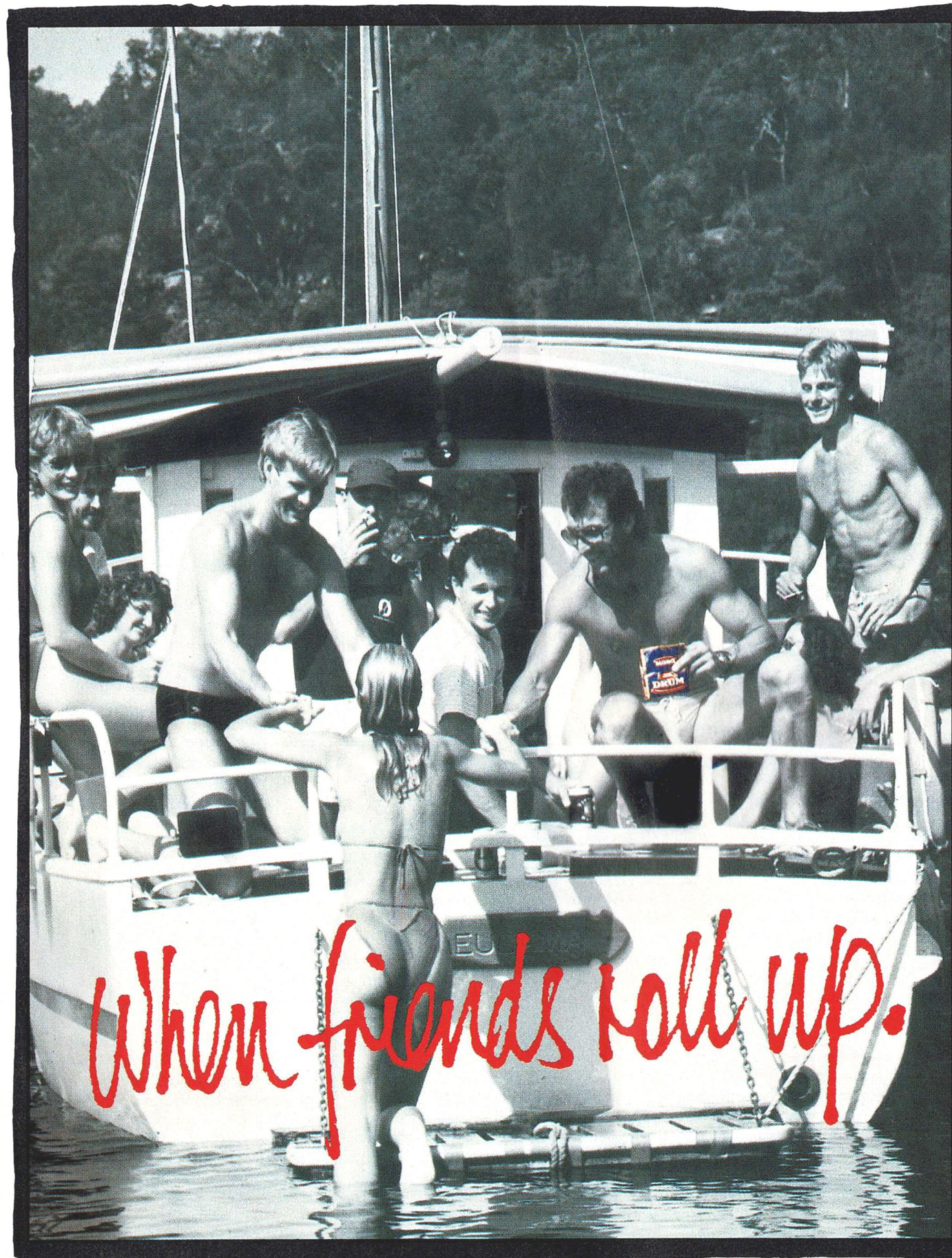
hundreds of young imaginations were feeling compassion for poor old dad, blackened on the outside and pink and seeping in the middle like a good steak. But, no, the stark, deep horror that stills the hearts and the chip packets of the multitude is the thought of all those presents going up in smoke. The bleak imagining of that crumby Christmas.

That about sums up *Gremlins*. It is as entertaining as it is gruesome. It is as visually effective as it is soulless. And sure as eggs is eggs, there'll be one hell of a lot of wide, glass eyes peeping over the tops of Australian Christmas stockings come December 25.

For Christmas fare with some substance try **The Pope of Greenwich Village**, the story of a friendship between two cousins in Little Italy, New York. Mickey Rourke (the enigmatic Motorcycle Boy in Francis Ford Coppola's *Rumblefish*) is Charlie, a spivvily dressed dude with middle class aspirations. Eric Roberts, acclaimed as the pimp in Bob Fosse's *Star 80*, is Paulie, his crazy, two-bit, hustling cousin. The guys pull what they figure is a small-time scam and run afoul of both the police and the Mafia in a big way.

Directed by Stuart Rosenberg, *The Pope Of Greenwich Village* also stars Darryl Hannah, Burt Young and Geraldine Page. It comes highly recommended.

Arnold Schwarzenegger has once again slipped on his sandals and picked up his sword as Conan — "thief, wanderer, slayer with giant melancholies and gigantic mirth" — in **Conan The Destroyer**. In this Richard Fleischer directed pot-boiler Arnie teams up with Grace Jones, Wilt Chamberlain and others for a tedious adventure in the mythical Hyborean Age. Its chief interest is biological — Arnold's tits are a lot bigger than Grace's. A maybe if you're into muscles. If you're not, give it the sphincter. — C.J. Mackay





SEX

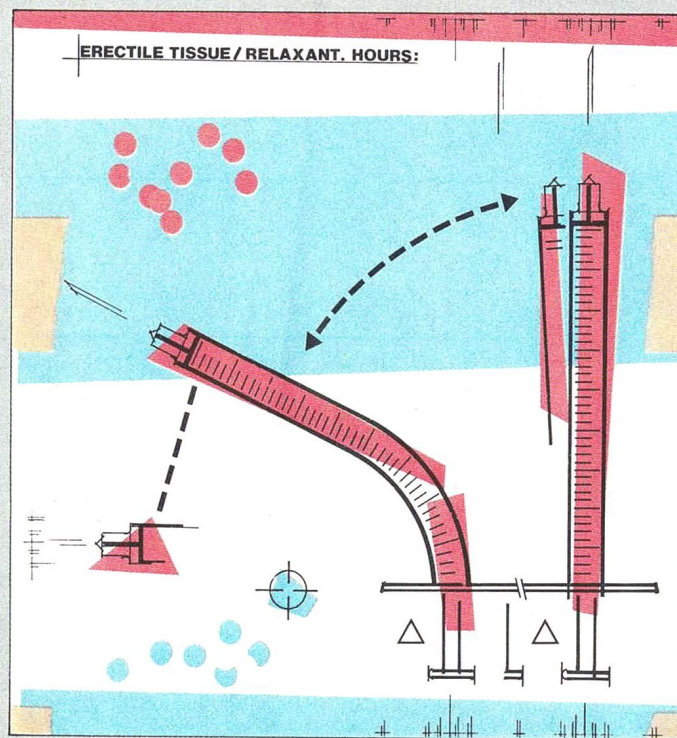
HARD DRUGS

The scene was the annual conference of the American Urological Association, Las Vegas. The most renowned medico in attendance was English neurologist Giles S. Brindley, best known for his work on the control of the human nervous system. For years he'd worked with paraplegics on the possible restoration of limb function through computer-controlled electrodes implanted in the body.

But his report to the urologists concerned his research into a new drug treatment for impotence. The 56-year-old Brindley arrived for the evening conference somewhat curiously attired in a loose-fitting jogging outfit. He began by telling his medical colleagues that, when injected into the penis, the drug had caused erections in some patients lasting more than 24 hours. He went on to tell the audience that he had injected himself with the drug just before the meeting and that erection usually occurred 20 minutes after administration. The drug, he said, was phenox-ybenzamine, a muscle-relaxant that apparently temporarily opened vessels in the penis, allowing blood pressure in the erectile tissue to increase and cause tumescence. Brindley then stepped out from behind the speaker's lectern to reveal the successful result of his own recent injection. As he proceeded to speculate on the dynamics of erection, Brindley strolled up and down the aisle among his startled audience of both men and women, inviting them to check the rigidity of his drug-activated erection. The effect, he told them, would typically last several hours.

That was in 1983, and since then studies have begun in several countries, including France, Israel, Britain, the US and Australia, on finding a non-surgical treatment for impotence.

At the Centre for Study and Research on Impotence in Paris, Dr Ronald Virag has followed up an earlier report about the drug



papaverine — a substance found in opium. He treated 25 patients suffering from impotence by injecting papaverine directly into the erectile tissue. In most cases erections occurred within several minutes and lasted between 10 minutes and two hours. Of patients whose impotence was due to physical injury, half said that they had also achieved some erection capacity in the days after getting the drug.

One of the great pioneers of the movement to find a non-surgical treatment for impotence has been Dr Giles Brindley, the man who caused such a stir at the Las Vegas conference. For several years Brindley had been experimenting at the London University Medical College with different muscle relaxants, mainly using himself as a test-subject. He began by using phentolamine before finally settling in 1982 on phenoxybenzamine as the most

appropriate treatment to test on impotent patients. His results took the medical world by surprise. More than half the impotent patients treated by Brindley were able to have sexual intercourse — for the first time in months or years — while under the drug. Erections lasted between 30 minutes and 30 hours.

Despite these results responses to phenoxybenzamine are, as Brindley concedes, "regrettably unpredictable." Of the patients treated, a few developed only mild erections. Others achieved full erections but for a comparatively brief time. Most patients, however, had erections sufficiently lasting and firm to enjoy intercourse at least once. One 30-year-old man who had not had a waking ejaculation for four years is now a father. And two patients, who took dosages similarly low to those taken by the other 11 men in the study, had full erections that lasted

through to the next day. One of these, a 50-year-old man who had been impotent for a year, had full erections on three occasions that lasted 30 hours. There was no discomfort, and the patient reported that on each of the three occasions he had had intercourse twice.

Brindley presented more details on his research to the 1984 conference of the International Society for Impotence Research in Paris. He said he now uses both phenox-ybenzamine and papaverine, depending on the patient.

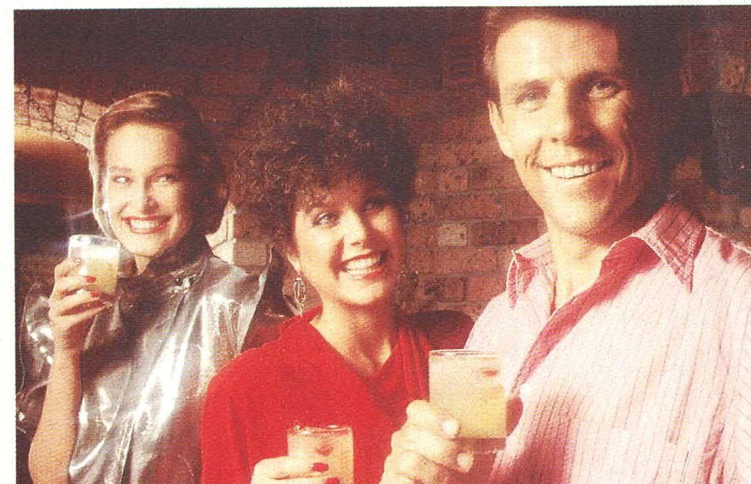
Objective reports of the phenox-ybenzamine experience are not yet published, but in the medical community and elsewhere there is a curiosity and a certain uneasiness surrounding the whole subject. There are more questions than answers: Are the drugs aphrodisiacs, or are these drug-induced erections merely a "mechanical" response — a trick of "plumbing" — unrelated to the sexual desire? Could these drugs help the sexually unresponsive woman? No research has been reported, and scientists seem reluctant to speculate. Do the drugs create a state of "passionless" potency? Or has science opened a Pandora's box of new sensual experience?

Has medical science led us to some lush place, new to human experience, where sexual adventurers will roam, hour upon hour upon hour, finding higher mountaintops and deeper valleys, becoming lost in seemingly endless ecstasies? A sexual superman — the love machine?

Dr Brindley, who has now used the drugs himself 41 times, thinks not. "I've done a lot of experiments on myself," he explains, "and although I don't know about other people, I reckon my own sexual impulses and instincts are rather like the average man's. And one can say that this sort of artificial erection is a little bit of fun, but not very much fun." — *Kevin Sanders*

Illustration by Handjobs

"Bacardi rum punch is almost as much fun making, as enjoying."



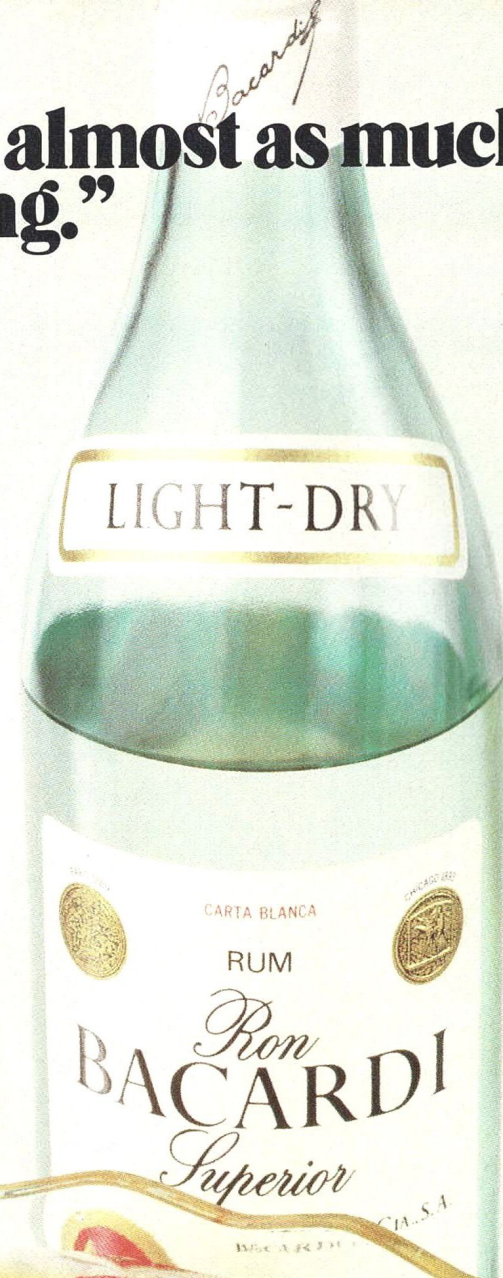
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BACARDI rum Bride's Bowl. Peel, core, slice and wedge a quarter pineapple or equivalent canned pineapple. In a large container mix

pineapple, 5 fl. oz. (150ml.) lemon juice, 10 fl. oz. (300ml.) unsweetened pineapple juice and 20 fl. oz. (600ml.) of Bacardi rum. Dissolve 2 tablespoons of sugar in a little water and blend in the large container. Chill for two hours and pour over ice in a bowl. Add 30 fl. oz. (900ml.) of soda water and two punnets of sliced strawberries. Stir gently. Serves 10 people twice.

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SPORT

THE MALIBU REVIVAL

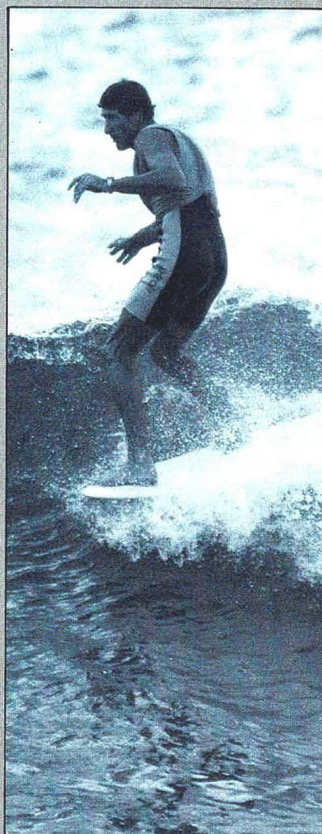
The malibu board revolutionised surfing in the early Sixties. Now, after decades of short board developments, it's back again, adding a whole new dimension to Australia's most popular participant sport — wave-riding.

The cycle of fads and fashions seems to be accelerating. In my 37 years I've seen fluorescent pink become the "in" color twice. The mind boggles: how long will it be before we see the mini-skirt and flared jeans back in fashion? It's easy to be cynical about these fads, but I don't feel that way about the long board revival on Australia's surfing beaches. I love it, and obviously so do a lot of other old surfers for whom it's offered a chance to return to their glorious youth. On a mal you can bop till you drop, hang ten for as long as you can and let the serious competitors worry about high performance. Because the malibu has injected one essential ingredient back into surfing — fun!

The malibu board first appeared on Australian beaches in 1956, when a team of Californian and Hawaiian lifeguards came to Australia for the Queen's Surf Carnival in Torquay, Victoria, which was held in conjunction with the Melbourne Olympics. Their surfboards were light, short and manoeuvrable compared with the boards the Australians were riding, which were the five metre long toothpick style sticks which could only be surfed straight into the beach.

The malibu liberated the modern surfer, giving him freedom to manoeuvre on the wave face and perform a variety of entertaining tricks. Its invention also heralded the Californian beach culture era of *Gidget*, Frankie Avalon, The Beach Boys — the golden days when there were two girls for every boy and we had fun, fun, fun till her daddy took the T-bird away.

Those frivolous days died out during the Seventies, when surfing for many became a performance-orientated profes-



Nat on the nose

sional sport, a high pressure recreation with more and more surfers competing for the same number of waves. But now, in the mid-Eighties, there's another option — the modern malibu and a return to surfing for fun.

That's why the old buggers are so popular this summer: they take the pressure out of surfing. The log, plank or mal, as the modern long board has been affectionately titled, goes just as well on a small choppy wave as it does on a quality one. In fact it sometimes goes even better in bad surf. The size of the wave doesn't affect the way the board performs either. Naturally, on a bigger wave face the board will bounce around a lot more. Then riding it becomes

merely a matter of staying on like a rodeo cowboy, the difference being that the surfer doesn't suffer any pain when he falls off.

There are a variety of unique tricks which can only be performed on a malibu, and they make surfing these boards a great spectacle, not only for the surfer, but also for the crowd on the beach. I've described these tricks in detail in my new book *Surfing Fundamentals*. Here are a few of the moves which bring back all the style and panache of surfing in the Sixties.

Nose riding is the most dynamic manoeuvre in malibu surfing. It takes a high degree of ability and a skilled sense of timing to get a good nose ride. Hanging five is the first step towards the ultimate nose riding act — hanging ten. Some mal surfers put their hands in the air when they're completing this manoeuvre. Others clasp them behind their back and some don't know what they're doing because the whole thing is such a laugh.

The ability to walk the board is a skill which shows the difference between the good and average malibu rider. The basic rule is to step cleanly and precisely. My rule is don't shuffle — it looks bad and it takes too much time. Manoeuvres like the head dip, when the surfer bends over at the waist and sticks his head in the curl, the Quasimodo, a low crouch which gives the impression of a hunchback, and the coffin ride (when the surfer lies prone on his back) are for the more exhibitionist and accomplished malibu riders.

This wave of surfing nostalgia has resulted in the development of malibu surfing clubs and contests all over the world. Their members comprise two distinct groups: the older shipwrecks who have never forgotten surfing's golden era and who desperately need the exercise offered by malibu surfing, and the

younger crew who enjoy the comic relief associated with trying to keep their balance on a log and all the tricks involved in surfing one.

The contests are usually divided into two categories. There are old mal events, in which vintage boards over three metres in length are ridden, and the modern mal contests in which the boards are new creations built during the recent revival. These modern boards have taken advantage of all the design and material breakthroughs which have happened in surfing over the last two decades. They have a minimum length of eight feet, and are much lighter and responsive surfboards that the originals which have been lying about in some surfers' garages since the Sixties.

A number of modern shaper-riders are making some really sophisticated malibu boards. Among them are Narrabeen's Mark (Rabbit) Rabbidge, and Steve O'Donnell. Old-timer Mick Dooley, on the other hand, is making faithful replicas of the original malibus which are available through my Fall Line surf shops. However, he can't keep up with the increased demand for malibus, most of which is being met by Rob Allan from the NSW Central Coast.

The leg-rope is one development which has changed the face of modern surfing since the malibu era. I personally avoid the use of a leg rope or goon cord. It is legal to use them in modern mal contests, but on the old mals they can be dangerous, as the board has much more weight and you will also have difficulty finding a cord long enough to allow you to make a clean nose ride. Many surfers do use leg ropes with modern mals, and they certainly put an end to having to swim to the beach when you wipe out. Which in turn means you will get to ride more waves, which means you're going to have more fun and that, as I said at the beginning of this story, is what surfing the malibu board is all about. — Nat Young

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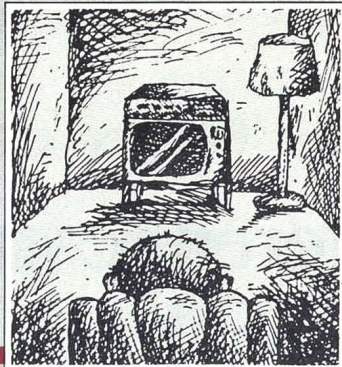


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VIDEO

TOO MUCH, TOO SOON

The manufacturers of VCRs have created a Frankenstein monster. There is just not enough product to go around to satisfy this monster — at least not enough motion picture product — and at the current rate of film releases on VCR there must come a day when there is nothing left in the cupboard. Recognising the inherent danger in endless releases, CBS/Fox last year made the decision to withdraw some of its top titles from the market, giving them a breather so that they could be re-released at some later date. The company obviously wants to have something left in the cupboard that future videophiles will be interested in seeing.

Other companies, in a concerted effort to keep themselves afloat, have turned to television (mainly American) as a source of product, releasing "telemovies" and mini-series after (and sometimes well before) their initial Australian TV run. While some of these shows aren't worth

the trouble involved in hiring or even watching them, others are very good value, and watching them without the continuous commercial interruptions makes them even more enjoyable.

One of the classiest releases in the latter category is **Mr Halpern And Mr Johnson** (Palace), a delightful drama starring Laurence Olivier as Halpern, a recently widowed man who has to come to terms with the fact that his dearly beloved and deceased wife had a 40 year relationship with Johnson (played by Jackie Gleason). On the surface, as the two men meet in the bar of a hotel to discuss the woman they both dearly loved, the play is about just that. But as it unfolds, it reveals itself as being concerned with much more. The production (mounted in England, but set in the States) is about

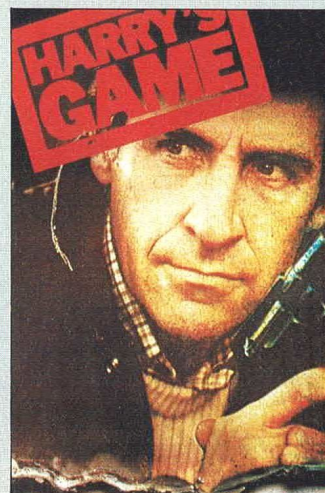
growing old and coming to terms with all the things that come with age. Both actors, supreme at their craft, fill **Mr Halpern And Mr Johnson** with a lifetime of memories, both sad and delightful. It's a pity it only runs for just under an hour.

Also going for class and ringing with memories of her father's Great Depression classic, *The Grapes Of Wrath*, is Jane Fonda's first TV movie, **The Dollmaker** (Video Classics). It's a period piece that places Fonda as head of a family committed to the land in pre-war America. As with her father's film of over 40 years ago, *The Dollmaker* is about ordinary people trying to come to terms with things that are radically changing their lives, but which are not fully comprehended by the people. Jane Fonda picked up a well deserved Emmy for her performance in the production.

Trash aficionados need go no further than the videos of Judith Krantz's best seller, **Princess Daisy**, and Sidney Sheldon's **Master Of The Game** (both Video Classics). Krantz (who really has a lot to learn from Sheldon in writing this type of material) and Sheldon both suffer at the hands of the American television network-influenced productions; all the stuff that makes their books hot sellers is diluted and cleaned up before it's allowed to hit the network screens. Consequently the VCR releases here really are not worth a look. Stick to the books if you must get into the seamy generation sagas that come dripping with diamonds and intrigue.

Harry's Game (Video Classics) is one of those low budget, British TV movie stunners: all grit and realism. The story places a British soldier — Harry — smack in the middle of IRA-controlled territory in

Belfast. Harry is handed the luckless job of infiltrating the IRA to track down an assassin who has done in a British MP. Needless to say, being a strange face in town, he attracts suspicion right away and it does not take long for the IRA to turn the table on him. Already shown nationally on



Harry's Game

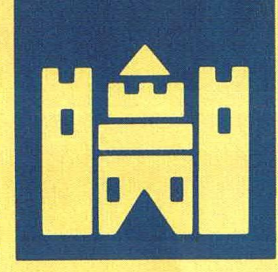
television, *Harry's Game* is worth a second visit. We don't get enough of this type of masterly storytelling on film these days — be it on the big screen, the box or VCR.

Gregory Peck, like Ms Fonda, has made the move to the smaller screen in recent times, although, as with *The Dollmaker*, Peck's outing in **The Scarlet And The Black** does not necessarily mean that he has taken a step down in quality. This Syme Video release is a highly charged, true story in which Peck plays a high-ranking member of the Vatican in wartime Italy, pitting religion, the Nazi occupation forces and the underground freedom fighters against each other in a battle of principles. Peck receives impressive support from John Gielgud and Christopher Plummer in, once again, the type of film drama we see far too little of these days — especially when it comes to mainstream cinema. — Denis Whitburn

Fonda in her Emmy-winning role in *The Dollmaker*



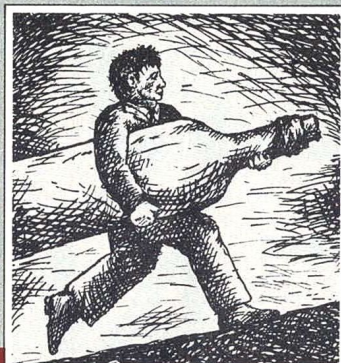
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Not so long ago, a liquid Christmas presented few, if any problems. All the blokes drank beer, and the women if they were considered at all got stuck into peculiar confection known as cream sherry. A party drink was brandy lime and soda. In other words, the festive season was easy — at least as far as booze was concerned. One didn't have to make a choice because there really was no choice to make. Nice and safe, and no one-upmanship involved.

But then the Australian drinking world went mad. Alcohol fashions started to be laid down by people who should have known better, but who claimed (without any reason at all) to be both trend-setters and vested in Great Authority. I can't remember all the Christmas drinking rules for the past decade, but I do remember that true French champagne was deemed to be the only correct thing last year. And this wasn't only for Christmas Day itself, but for the whole damned month of office parties, picnics, public bar fights and general punch-ups. Apparently, if you didn't wallow in stuff worth about \$20 a bottle you were a social leper and a mug to boot.

As far as I am concerned, if you followed this fatuous advice you would not only have finished up broke but with a monumental hangover as well. Whatever benefits champagne may possess, it has one great disadvantage as a permanent Christmas drink. It just doesn't marry with an Australian summer. A full day on the stuff will leave you with a mouth like the Simpson Desert. Two days and you won't be even able to open your mouth to get more of the dreadful fizz in. However, taken mixed and in extreme moderation (no more than three glasses) it can, over a late breakfast or a pleasant brunch, set the proper holiday mood. (If you were thinking of going to work, forget it; you'll never make it. If you do, you'll be fired.)

LIQUOR

CHRISTMAS CHEER



The most cheerful champagne mixture is half and half with fresh orange juice — nothing else. Both should be very cold. Maniacs add a measure of cognac or brandy, which actually turns it into a champagne cocktail. (As a footnote, the half champagne, half orange juice mixture is known as a "mimosa" in the south of France, mimosa being the Froggy name for wattle. But it doesn't really translate. "Have a glass of wattle?" sounds pretty stupid, even if one is supposed to be sober.)

Despite the fact that I believe a tubful of beer and ice is the most pleasant way to get through a lazy, hot summer's day, still dry wines (if they are broken down) make you feel cheerful without laying you flat on your back. The most obvious and best-known is any dry white wine (cask or flagon) with mineral or soda water. Don't waste your money on the hideously expensive imported mineral waters. There's nothing wrong with our own domestic varieties, whether or not they are natural or factory constructed. Spanish sangria also has been around for a number of

years, so much so that it is almost a cliché. One simply takes a large glass jug, half fills it with cracked ice, adds some slices of oranges and lemons, and then fills it up with either red or white wine. You can add a wine glassful of brandy to the mixture if you care to. And despite its name, the mixture is nothing more or less than the old English claret cup dollied up with a foreign suit of clothes, although the Pommy "cup" usually contained soda water as well. These tips for breaking down alcohol are provided because I know from bitter experience that Christmas-time madness can often start at dawn and carry on until God knows when. Full strength anything too early in the day spells disaster.

As to matters spiritual, despite the welter of imported hootch, there's nothing wrong with being nationalistic and choosing one that we make very well — rum. Now rum, like port, managed to get itself a lousy name back in the days when we were a convict colony, and most of it was imported from Bengal anyway. It was further enhanced on arrival here by being stretched or doctored with sulphuric acid, laudanum (opium in liquid form) and a touch or so of colored water. Because of this, most people shy away from it still. A pity, because one of the best drinks as the sun sinks on a splendid no-care day is a planter's punch. There are many variations on this drink, but it is best made with a measure of lime juice, sugar to taste, a measure each of light and dark rum, some ice and soda water. Some recipes also call for orange juice as well as the lime, and others substitute lemon. It should not be sweet, but lightly sour — it's more refreshing that way. The mixture given here is for one tall, large glass, but it also can be made in large quantities. It is best taken as

the day ends, because (with the double rum measures) it can be fairly lethal.

That's the end of the casual fripperies, which hopefully will leave you around to enjoy the main event. Let us assume a more or less elegant dinner, whether or not it is on the day itself or at some other time. The wines are up to you and your pocket, but if the night is hot it is best to stay away from the heavy vintage dry reds and do what the southern Europeans do: take a large wineglass, put a chunk of ice in it and fill it up with a red wine of no great pedigree. Or, if you want to hedge your bets, pass around a well-chilled rose. This wine has been much neglected in Australia because many of the early offerings tasted rather like raspberry syrup gone bad. Times have thankfully changed, and there are a number of good semi-dry offerings about. Rose is also a wine that you don't have to think about. No one plays stupid sniff, gargle and spit games with this liquid.

In the pre-dinner drink area, you might like to be very unfashionable and offer a decent chilled Australian sherry. It can be very good. And although I have so far refrained from mentioning brand names in this piece, for my money Mildara make the best. But don't buy public bar rotgut. Pay a little more and taste the quality. Another variation can be vermouth, either sweet or dry, light or dark, served on the rocks. Some imported Italian ones, such as Punt e Mes, offer far more than the local varieties. But watch the Italian vermouths, as they can be extremely bitter at times — often fortified with quinine.

A final word: don't try to satisfy everyone by getting a million and a half offerings. Get a lot of the stuff that *you* fancy. After all, it's your damned holiday party. There's no point in you getting miserable on someone else's choice of booze. — *Richard Beckett*

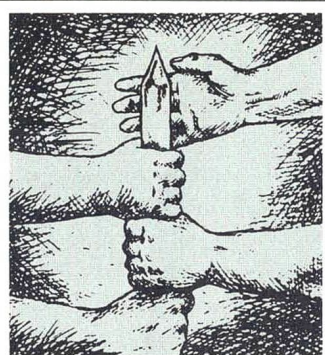
Illustration by Jan Hontscharenko



Where would we be without Red?



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WINNING

THE GOLDEN RULE

Not familiar with the word "schmuck"? But you are familiar with the warmth of a blush as your neck and cheeks turn bright red because you've made an ass of yourself, just at that moment when it was important not to. Correct? Possibly you know the feeling that comes when everybody at the meeting falls silent and stares at you, because you've just said the one thing that nobody was supposed to say — putting your foot in it again, old boy, and right in front of Mr Big, whose mouth is wide open like a striped bass that's just been hooked and whose beady eyes are

flashing the thought: "Who the hell is this arsehole, and which side does he think he's working for?"

Yes, well, now that we've disposed of your knowledge of Yiddish, or lack of it... and never forget that the first Lord Rothschild, when asked for the secret of his success replied, "Sooner or later, in the life of every man of business, success or failure turns on a man's ability to speak Yiddish,"... let's get on

with it.

The object is to cut these embarrassing moments — so often fatal to a career, or a love affair for that matter — down to the irreducible minimum, for they can hardly ever be eliminated completely, except by power players so skilled that they surely don't need to read this column.

Number One (and a real Golden Rule): Do not give an opinion or speak until you have heard what the other person has to say. Listen, wait, *think* before you speak. All successful power players are good listeners, first and foremost. Speaking hastily ruins more careers than anything else. Let the other fellow do the talking, right? Are you beginning to get the picture?

On to Number Two: Always read your own mail — *all* of it. Otherwise you may miss the one insignificant item that matters, the clipping or photocopy you can send to the president or the chairman of the board with a handwritten note saying, "Thought this might interest you," or just, "Congratulations!"

Never let anybody else decide what's important and what's not in your mail. Only you know what your real order of priorities is.

Number Three: Always dress as if you might be called in to a meeting with the chairman of the board at any moment. Otherwise, the one day you're *not* dressed that way is when the call will come.

Number Four: Don't carry anything into meetings. No calculators, notepads, files, etc. Your object is to behave as if you belong there because of your mind, not as a spear carrier, or as the guy who takes notes.

Number Five: Don't write a letter when you can handle the problem by telephone. If there's a dispute later on, your memory of

what you said is as good as the other person's, but what you've written is in your files (and more important, *his*) forever.

Number Six: When you take a call or greet someone, begin the conversation by asking, "What can I do for you?"; It's not only polite — it puts the burden of explaining things on the other person.

Number Seven: Keep a log of telephone calls and return every one of them as promptly as possible. If it's somebody you don't want to speak to, call at lunchtime, when you know they're out. Nothing angers people like not having their call returned, and a message on *their* telephone log at least proves you *tried*.

Number Eight: Never make a pass at a pretty young woman in the office, or at office parties, without first making *sure* who she is. These days, she may be a senior executive. Even if she is not, she still may be your boss's wife, or girlfriend.

Number Nine: Watch out for Lost Causes. If the president of your company has expressed himself as being firmly and absolutely against some policy, do not argue the opposite point of view if you're sure he's already made up his mind 100 percent. He will *not* thank you for your brilliance.

Number Ten: If you're going to argue with a senior executive's decision, *do so in private*, never in public. Take him out for a drink, ask if you can talk to him in his office. And don't say, "I think you're wrong." Say instead, "I'm not sure why you're doing this, and I was hoping you could explain it to me," or some variation of that.

Number Eleven: Valuable as all the above are, never forget the words of Winston Churchill: "Rules are made for the obedience of fools and the guidance of wise men."

The real winner knows by instinct when to ignore any or all of the above! — *Michael Korda*

Illustration by Mark Tremlett



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The racing game is
organised crime's favorite recreation

THE SPORT OF CRIMS

BY DAVID HICKIE

Racing, 1985 style, is no longer a sport. It's an industry — a huge \$20 billion industry riddled with corruption. Most importantly, it's largely a cash flow industry. And organised crime figures have, over recent years, swarmed into the lure of the vast amounts of untraceable cash like bees to a honeypot. It is no coincidence that almost every major crime figure of the last decade has, of late, suddenly adopted the lifestyle of a "colorful racing identity." These ruthless crime czars are not at the race-tracks to admire the fashions. In organised crime terms, racing now offers the most lucrative returns available.

PHOTO BY TANDY ROWLEY



THE SPORT

For a very small outlay of about \$500 per jockey, huge payouts are available through the TAB betting pools.

To conceal their activities, today's criminals rely on racing's deceptive image as the centre of much of our colorful folklore. Back in the Fifties and Sixties, the racecourse was where the notorious baccarat bosses first stepped into public view, laundered their money with flair and achieved a certain respectability for their bravado. But that is a world of long ago. Much of today's big betting is all about laundering huge sums of black money on a hitherto unimagined scale — profits from the drug trade, from major robberies, and from porn and vice syndicates.

Where once an illegal casino boss might wager a couple of thousand pounds in leading his own commission at the track, today's plunges involve millions of dollars in syndicated swoops across the nation. At the same time, organised crime has become so sophisticated and highly organised through the SP networks that race fixing and horse doping on a major scale — especially in the trifecta and daily double races — has emerged as the scourge of the major metropolitan tracks. It says much about the state of the game that many jockeys make a lucrative living from the consistent \$500 "fees" for running dead, rather than trying to earn an occasional \$1000 from the prizemoney for winning.

Racing in 1985 has become too big and too easy for the professional criminals to ignore. Put simply, betting totals over \$10,000 million a year. The organised crime leaders have realised that if they can siphon off just one percent of that, it's a cool \$100 million annually. And as authorities are now discovering — notably through police phone tap records of the recent activities of some of Australia's biggest organised crime figures — the major race fixers have aimed to cream off a lot more than one percent of the action. For many of these operators the biggest attraction is that, unlike the drug trade, in racing there's little capital investment required to secure lucrative rewards.

Authorities agree that today, if you want to know about organised crime, start asking at the races. If you want to find out about drugs or SP or the professional murders and the biggest robberies, follow the cash to the course.

In recent months, the Fine Cotton "ring-in" has highlighted the question among the general public: Just how crooked is Australian racing? It is a question that may be answered sooner, and with considerably more oomph, than many can imagine.

Over the last six months Victorian police have been conducting an extensive and potentially explosive investigation into all

aspects of race-rigging at Australian tracks. The impetus for the move came from the handing over of vast quantities of material relating to NSW police phone tapping operations in recent years, particularly the conversations of drug boss Robert Trimbole and Sydney criminal and major SP figure "The Fixer."

The Victorian investigators, inside the Bureau of Criminal Intelligence, have also collated detailed files and dossiers on the Australian racing world and the corrupt activities of many of its major personalities. It has been a time-consuming task, but police are hoping it may eventually result in a Royal Commission being asked to look into its findings.

Over the last 18 months the former head of Australia's Bureau of Criminal Intelligence, Detective Superintendent Fred Silvester, has revealed he has positive evidence that horse races in Sydney are being rigged. He claims criminals can

"The jockey was hung by his ankles from a fifth floor window because he'd failed to pull up a horse"

make more than \$1 million on each race they fix (an estimate substantiated in the Fine Cotton caper) by spreading their bets across Australia. NSW authorities have consistently ignored his evidence, says Silvester, who would still be willing to pass it on to a properly constituted inquiry. He asserts that rigging operations depend on very few people being "in-the-know", to make sure the betting prices (especially the SP prices) are kept high.

Silvester claims NSW police have failed to take proper action against a notorious SP "king" and race fixer, although he has personally handed over confidential information about which races have been rigged and the trainers and jockeys involved. Not only did the Sydney police fail to produce any results, he says, but they made threatening phone calls to him demanding to know who his informant was.

Leading jockey John Miller, who won the 1966 Melbourne Cup on the champion stayer Galilee, similarly alleges that well known punters pay thousands of dollars to Jockeys to fix horse races. At the time of Silvester's initial revelations, Miller told the press: "There is no doubt that some races

are rigged and that certain big punters are offering jockeys money to sit quietly."

Those sentiments are also supported by Douglas Meagher QC, counsel assisting the Costigan Royal Commission, who revealed that one or two races are rigged every racing day somewhere in Australia. "This is not to suggest that at every race meeting in Australia one or two races are fixed," he says. "That would be far more than would be necessary . . . rather, the odds are swung in favor of the bookmakers by the fixing of one or two out of all the races conducted everywhere in Australia, so that for that race at least the bookmaker knows precisely how the matter will result and can make his profit."

Silvester says he knows of attempts to fix races in five states — Queensland, NSW, Victoria, South Australia and Tasmania. He reveals that in one case a Sydney jockey was invited to a party in a multi-storey building. "At some time in the early hours of the morning the jockey was hung by his ankles from a fifth floor window because he'd failed to pull up a horse. The jockey was told that the next time he would be dropped if he didn't play along," says Silvester.

The outspoken ex-detective superintendent makes numerous other accusations of criminal activity at the racetrack. He suggests that positive swabs from races at some eastern states tracks have been substituted and that in trotting the practice of team driving has been uncovered.

Administrators are loath to admit to it publicly, but in recent years the racing game, especially in Sydney, has been in a state of crisis. Many authorities acknowledge the activities of "The Fixer" have threatened the very future of the industry. He had such a tight hold over a string of jockeys, and his betting plunges became so significant that many of racing's most loyal patrons lost confidence in its future and deserted the track. His activities became an open scandal. And worse for the industry's long term credibility, it was not the authorities who acted to curb his power, but the bookies in covert operations that were often almost as alarming as "The Fixer's" own methods.

Eventually, in one of the few official moves taken over the whole affair — and even then it came from outside racing itself — Sydney police were handed a document, prepared by the Australian Bureau of Criminal Intelligence, setting out the names of racing identities alleged to be involved with a criminal figure. At the same time a confidential AJC inquiry into race fixing heard mention of jockeys' cars being blown up and jockeys being taken out to Sydney Heads and dangled head-down over the cliffs. It is also heard about leading racing administrators attending racing parties at bookmakers' homes where illegal SP bookies were also present.

When the drug money first began to hit the tracks, police monitored a whole range

of prominent racing people's activities. It led to them uncover some incredible links between Australia's biggest criminals and identities previously regarded as respected turf personalities.

For example, for seven and a half weeks, between June 10 and August 2, 1979, police taped the telephone conversations of one of Sydney's leading illegal gambling figures. The man, whom the police code-named "A. Dazzler", was prominent in both SP betting and illegal casinos. One of the men whom Dazzler deals with regularly in arranging his racing "investments" is a prominent Sydney racing official who, police discovered, has become involved in an illegal gambling joint in Sydney's Chinatown.

Dazzler spends much of his time on the phone talking to various SP operatives. On June 29 one of them explained to Dazzler that one racing administrator is "as crooked as they come." On Wednesday, July 11 Dazzler talked to "The Fixer" (Sydney's biggest SP figure), who wanted Dazzler to place several large bets for him on a horse named Tanqueray in the third race at Randwick. The horse won easily at 13-4.

The increasing move by the professional criminals into the turf world is simple to explain: the cash flows are too tempting to ignore.

The dimensions of the racing industry are enormous. The amounts bet around the nation through the TAB system alone total \$3400 million annually, including \$1345 million in NSW, \$980 million in Victoria, \$389 million in Queensland, \$294 million in Western Australia, \$193 million in South Australia and \$77 million in Tasmania. (About \$33 million goes through the Northern Territory's legal SP shops, which are due to be replaced by a TAB system in July.) And that's just the TAB totals. There is a similar sum bet with on-course bookmakers around Australia, and an even bigger sum wagered through the SP network. The Victorian casino inquiry report in 1983 found that SP bookies were turning over about \$1000 million a year in Victoria, a staggering \$1800 million in NSW and around \$4000 million nationally.

So betting alone attracts well over \$10,000 million annually. But there is another side of racing to consider: the breeding industry. In terms of capital investment, annual turnover, employment and wages it is one of the biggest industries in the nation. Put simply, horses are big business. Directly and indirectly they provide lots of jobs. For example, when grouped with pacing and greyhounds, racing is Queensland's fifth largest industry.

An awareness of the dire state of the industry is slowly filtering through to those at the top. Soon after the Fine Cotton "ring-in" attempt, Queensland's Minister of Police, Mr Glasson, admitted there could be serious corruption in the Queensland racing industry. He said police checks on bank accounts and the movements of

vehicles and horse floats in three States had indicated widespread corruption.

Sydney bookmaker Bruce McHugh claims the Fine Cotton switch was only one of a number of recent shams in Brisbane racing. McHugh, a bookmaker for more than 20 years, says he learned to be cautious at Brisbane meetings. "News of a suspected ring-in didn't come as a surprise," he comments. "There have been numerous big betting plunges before when horses have come out and won in complete form reversals."

Up until 1983, ring-ins were considered to be colorful aspects of a bygone era. But the realities emerged when a ring-in at the Broken Hill St Patrick's Day meeting was discovered after the good Victorian horse Nordica, racing under the name of a local neddly Foden, was backed from 50-1 to 2-1 and scored an easy win. The plunge would have netted over \$50,000 if correct weight had been declared.

The same month police investigated another betting fraud involving a "ring-in" at a meeting at Orange (NSW), and official sources confirmed the practice was probably fairly common at NSW country meetings.

But it is at the metropolitan tracks, notably Sydney, where the really big bucks are made. When the crooks organise a plot they must be able to make a killing and the one place they'll always be able to "bet

big" is in the Sydney ring. And as the criminals have moved more and more into the Sydney racing scene in recent years, the fixers and authorities have waged a long-running behind the scenes battle.

Last July Sydney's chief steward John "The Sheriff" Schreck prepared a special report for the AJC over a city race he believed was "highly suspicious", and which many professional racegoers had tagged a "boat race" or a "one goer." Behind closed doors Schreck told the committee that the riding tactics of three jockeys in particular were cause for concern. Two of the horses in question were ridden very differently at their next starts. The report was the second of that nature within 12 months.

Schreck recently summed up his job's main problem: "The things that worry me most, and they seem to happen more in Sydney than anywhere else, are the sharp form reversals. The horse which runs 13th out of 15 in the bush and then wins a good quality race in town; then it flops and then it wins again. They happen more frequently in Sydney than they ought, and I ask myself why they happen with the frequency they do."

The answer, of course, is simple — Sydney is where the big money is.

In September, 1984 NSW Liberal MP Max Smith added to the picture with claims that many Sydney horse races were rig-



THE SPORT

ged by betting syndicates, that detailed research indicated one group of jockeys appeared to be involved and that many of the horses came from the one track. "By manipulation the ordinary punter is being ripped off," said Smith. He said that many favorites had form reversals in multiple betting events, such as trifecta and quinella races, where the betting pool was worth more than \$250,000.

"The significance is that the tote runs a very big pool on those races and if you can push the favorites out of the trifecta, for example, then those in the know can win big money," said Smith. "It can be like winning the lottery every week."

Smith, according to several professional punters, was spot on when he explained that these races are often run at unusually slow paces. The classic race to watch closely is the one where the pace becomes very slow, with the horse which has been heavily backed taking up a position near the lead and having an easy run without any others wanting to quicken the tempo, and with the event developing into a sprint home over the last 400 metres.

Other popular ways jockeys engage in race fixing include: where one jockey attacks a fancied front runner right from the start so that by the turn into the straight the front runner has no energy left; a favorite which runs back in the field is put in a pocket by a group of other jockeys more concerned with boxing him in than winning the race themselves; and knocking a favorite at the start or forcing it very wide.

All of these ploys involve the organisers in minimal bribery outlays — say \$3000 for \$500 payments to six jockeys — but with the potential to scoop betting pools of several hundred thousand dollars. And for those also interested in laundering illegal profits, it is a negligible turnover fee.

Hence the racecourses have increasingly in recent years attracted criminals seeking to "wash" their ill-gotten gains. The object is to establish an apparently legitimate source for newly acquired wealth. The traditional standby was to invent a "big win at the races." And with the advent of the TAB an alternative to the bookies presented itself.

Inside the Taxation Department, the TAB has become known as the "Swiss Bank of Australia", in reference to its use by criminals to launder their cash. In recent years the TAB telephone betting accounts have become the backdoor through which drug money and SP bookmakers' cash entered the system as legitimate currency.

When investors have examined the banking records of many criminals in recent years, they have discovered numerous deposits in the form of large numbers of TAB cheques. Often that money was in fact all deposited into the account by the crook some months earlier

and planned to be later withdrawn in the form of an official TAB cheque to look like "race winnings" over a period. In one instance, a series of organised crime associates had TAB betting accounts operating in Sydney's southern suburbs which harbored several hundred thousand dollars in illegal tax-free profits. According to Tax Department sources, that is only the tip of the iceberg.

Douglas Meagher QC, counsel assisting the Costigan Royal Commission, revealed that one organised crime scheme designed to launder cash through the TAB involved lodging the cash proceeds of robberies in a TAB account operated by the criminals. "Some of the money in the account was used in respect of some horse races but most of it was simply left in the account for some months. Ultimately the TAB was requested to pay out the credit balance of the account which it did by cheque drawn on the TAB," he said. Xavier

The TAB has become known as the "Swiss Bank of Australia", in reference to its use by criminals to launder their cash

Connor's Victorian Casino Inquiry report describes the TAB as a "state of Victoria-sponsored laundering service", which enables criminals to deposit money in TAB accounts and withdraw it months later as the magical "race winnings."

One of the few racing administrators prepared to publicly acknowledge the problems brought to the racing industry by the big time fixers has been Judge Alf Goran, who has acted as the NSW Trotting Appeals Tribunal in recent years. The candid Goran was appointed head of the NSW Trotting Authority when it was established in 1978, and was largely responsible for removing criminal elements from the trotting industry. He spoke of one startling behind-the-scenes incident. "The trots were always known as the 'Red Hots' 25 years ago, but that tag is an exaggeration today. However, when I was appointed to the Trotting Authority those type of allegations had begun again. There was much talk of the so-called 'Mafia' having invaded Harold Park. And certainly, there was no question that the same group which subsequently invaded racing had moved into trotting at that time." The judge was

referring to the activities of Sydney SP figure "The Fixer", and what then occurred in trotting was never made public.

Judge Goran went on: "One Sunday morning I called together 17 of the leading drivers — and many of them weren't involved in the shenanigans — and declared bluntly that if I found any evidence of it continuing, I would ask the government for a Royal Commission and each one of them could expect to find himself in the witness box before me . . . I added that if anyone wanted to talk to me privately about what had been going on, they could do so. Several took me up on that offer . . ."

"I only ever discussed that course of action with one other member of the Authority, and that was only because we used his home for the meeting."

In Queensland the trotting world has experienced similar problems, culminating in recent years in an outburst of allegations about rigged races and Brisbane owners and trainers suddenly refusing to nominate for one Albion Park meeting. The historic boycott was in protest at alleged victimisation by officials, but trainers and drivers spokesman Ron Wanless said he had evidence of races being rigged and irregularities in barrier draws.

The greyhounds have been in an even worse state of turmoil. In June 1984 leading greyhound breeder Jack Pringle of Orange and his accomplice Mark Salmond pleaded guilty to conspiring to defraud members of the public via a massive "ring-in" operation. They had raced greyhounds under false names and registration papers around NSW country tracks over a three-year period. The Judge said that the pair operated in conjunction with a greyhound identification steward. Under the scheme, if a dog showed form, Pringle would race it under another name with Salmond assuming the identity of the dog's trainer.

Some of the antics in recent times have bordered on the fantastic. One attempt to fix greyhound races, at Adelaide's Angle Park track, by pumping gas into the faces of seven of the eight runners was discovered accidentally, only hours before the meeting was due to start, by a groundsman who noticed freshly raked sand in front of the starting boxes. A plastic container connected to a pump was found buried near the track, with tubes leading to seven of the eight starting boxes. The buried device was to be operated by remote control from the grandstand.

During the Eighties the NSW greyhound industry has also been under constant siege from major doping racketeers. According to a report by the NSW Greyhound Racing Control Board in 1982, 19.5 per cent of dogs swabbed by stewards during that year produced a positive reading.

A member of the NSW Greyhound Breeders, Owners and Trainers Association, Murray McCracken, commented that the biggest worry for owners was the threat of dopers either hitting their dogs at their

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home kennels before the race meeting, or getting at the dogs at the track kennels with spraypack substances which often sent the greyhounds blind. In one race at Harold Park in recent years three greyhounds in a five-dog field were doped, after cutters were used to break a lock on a door at the back of the track's racing kennels. A sugar-based substance containing a depressant drug was painted on to the wire of the kennels.

During 1984 the Sydney greyhound fraternity was abuzz with rumors following headlines in afternoon newspapers highlighting "dope scandals" and the "suspected rigging of a trifecta payout", and "a sophisticated new drug, undetectable by present swabbing procedures, was being used by the dopers."

Chief steward Ron Nicholas admits that "the alarming thing to punters is that some bookmakers appear to have prior knowledge that a dog is going to run a bad race, no matter what the reason. From the outsider's point of view it would appear this has been pre-arranged."

The racing world is full of tales of drugs and batteries and "ring-ins" in greater numbers than ever despite official claims that such practices have diminished in recent years. Last March a witness told an AJC inquiry he heard a horse squealing from 85 metres away as an electric cattle prod was used on it on Hawkesbury racetrack. The female trainer, who was holding the horse by a lead in front of the stalls while a man crouched behind the filly "using an instrument with both hands, jabbed the horse's behind quarters", was disqualified for a year.

Twelve months ago the secretary of the Kalgoorlie-Boulder Race Club in Western Australia was disqualified for alleged involvement in an incident where a jockey was disqualified for 10 years for carrying a battery. It was said the jockey placed the battery in the secretary's pocket while the jockey was waiting to appear before the stewards.

In recent years stewards have also found a battery-rigged saddlecloth containing an electrical apparatus embedded in foam rubber at Grafton in northern NSW; a battery at the barriers after a race at West Australia's Beverley track; an electronic device in a jockey's lead bag at Nanango in the Queensland bush; a battery at the Gympie races in Queensland; and an electrical apparatus, which one jockey was seen to put in another's bag, at the Cluden races in north Queensland.

But batteries are small time compared with the real scourge of the Eighties — the drug menace. In 1981 VRC chief veterinary surgeon Dr John Bourke admitted an "explosion in pharmacology" has produced new substances that demand sophisticated detection methods.

Modern illegal drug usage on racehorses ranges from synthetic anti-inflammatory and anabolic steroids to heart stimulants and tranquillisers. Ventipulmin, for example, is described as the best "sting" in the business. Circulon is mainly used on horses with hoof problems and lower circulatory difficulties. And Corticosteroid, which includes the anti-inflammatory dexamethasone, has improved the performance of quite a few nags in recent years. Dexamethasone masks soreness in a similar manner to phenylbutazone, known as "bute." A horse suffering from sore joints could be raced three times and perform below its best, but after a "hit" will improve considerably.

During the Seventies there was a rush on LSD, which was widely believed to increase a horse's performance by affecting the nervous system and decreasing a horse's inhibitions, especially if it was the field-shy type. In time it was replaced by

"This is much bigger than you think — there are some very big bookmakers involved, and other people"

more sophisticated chemicals.

By December 1983 there were reports that an "undetectable 'go fast' drug" was believed to be in use on Sydney and Brisbane racetracks. Whispers spread that a Sydney chemist had imported the drug from a contact in California. It was alleged to have first been used in Brisbane, where the "guinea pig" horse showed a lot more stamina and courage than in the past. The drug's main attribute is supposed to be that it improves a horse's fighting qualities. At one Sydney meeting recently it was claimed a horse landed a huge plunge after being "hit" with the new dope.

In January, 1984 the Brisbane turf scene was shocked when three horses — Whishane Myth, Aquitaine and Plush Lady — were ordered to be swabbed amid revelations that a major doping ring was operating in Queensland. Overnight favorites Whishane Myth and Aquitaine were both late scratchings when found to be listless, disorientated and "behaving like drunken sailors" minutes before the race at Doomben. Tests revealed traces of the depressant drug chlorbutol. The drug is the same one with which a doping ring caus-

ed havoc in Sydney and eventually led to the introduction of pre-race dope testing back in 1978. (The Sydney pre-race tests turned up an amazing number of favorites and other runners treated with the depressant tranquilliser chlorbutol.) QTC veterinary surgeon, Dr Bob Mason, says the drug has to be administered through the horse's mouth a few hours before the race, probably inside a gelatine capsule.

During the Queensland furore AJC chief steward John Schreck said he was surprised there wasn't any pre-race dope testing in Queensland. Observers noted this was especially so because, around the time of the introduction of pre-race testing in Sydney, a scientific breakthrough by two Queensland vets had detected the anti-inflammatory steroid dexamethasone in more than 90 percent of winners at 30 Brisbane race meetings.

In Sydney the drug menace is regularly highlighted. Typical was the appearance in court by two men after police had found them in possession of a horse gag, used to hold open a horse's mouth during dental work or to place something in its throat, and the tranquilliser chlorbutol.

In another colorful case Newcastle bookmaker Robert Field was arrested at 5.10am during a police swoop outside racing stables at Kemps Creek. Police said Field admitted that he'd thrown a large silver pipe-type object described as "a plunger to shoot capsules down horses' throats" into a nearby dam. In April, 1984 a judge strongly criticised delays in the prosecution, noting that when Field had been arrested he'd told police: "This is much bigger than you people think — there are some very big bookmakers involved, and other people."

The judge added he had no reason to disbelieve Field's claim that the people he had referred to as "heavies" were involved. He said what was required was "prompt prosecution" to bring them to court. "They have had time to abscond if they wished," the judge said. "They certainly had time to dispose of the proceeds of the crime and time to manufacture alibis if prosecution did arise . . . this situation fosters crime."

Of course, there have always been shady characters looking to make a fast buck hanging about the racetracks. But the days of small-time conmen are disappearing fast.

In 1985 the racing rorts are arranged by sophisticated criminal organisations looking to capitalise on the enormous potential profits in a cash industry turning over billions of dollars annually. Big bucks attract big time criminals and there is no real authority monitoring their movements. The current investigations in Victoria have already been branded by some experts as coming five years too late. There is no doubt that in the Eighties, the racing game has emerged as organised crime's favorite sport. □

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PUPPY LOVE

When it comes to knowing what she likes, 19-year-old Angela Mineo doesn't take a back seat to anyone. "I'm turned on by fast cars, lots of leisurely foreplay, and any new adventure," she says. A childhood spent in a small town surrounded by bushland to explore and trees to climb helps to explain her predisposition for daring. "I'm also half-German, half-Italian — passionate as well as aggressive. It's full speed ahead no matter what I do."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CARL WACHTER

One of Angela's favorite pursuits is white water rafting with friends on the wildest rivers they can find. Another is making money. "My aunt breeds dogs for a living, and once I left high school, I moved away from home and started my own business." She's now a registered dog breeder, raising Pekinese puppies.





And she's doing quite well. Her particular brand of puppy love has begun to provide her with quite a lavish lifestyle. A good thing, since this totally spoiled only child says she's a spendthrift and an incorrigible clothes horse.





"I'll sell a pup
for \$300 to
\$500 and blow
it that afternoon
on a designer
jacket. Luckily
I'm not a
gambler, or I'd
probably be
living in a tent
rather than in
my own unit."
Along with her
taste for the
good things in
life, Angela lists
her passions as
rugged he-men,
and fleeting
affairs.





"After the initial excitement I'm usually ready for someone new — I never intend to marry," says this footloose Pet. "It takes the fun out of sex and the romance out of love, so who needs it?"

OT



Martial arts are
moving out of the gym
and on to the street

NO HOLDS BARRED

BY NEIL JAMESON

A light flashed on the switchboard in the small outer suburban factory. Somebody wanted to talk to the boss.

"Russell?"

"Speaking."

"This is Penny from next door." She sounded concerned. "Look you didn't order the removalists around to your place today, did you?"

"No way! Why?" Russell tried to suppress the alarm in his voice.

"Well, there's a truck outside and two guys loading it with your gear!"

"Holy Christ! Okay, keep an eye on them, but don't go outside. I'll be there in five minutes. If they drive off, get their number plate and call the cops. And Penny . . ."

"Thanks."

Grabbing his jacket, Russell strode through reception, offered a muttered explanation to his secretary and sprinted for the carpark. In just on five minutes he was braking the silver Commodore to a halt two doors from his house.

He encountered the first guy in the driveway — bedside lamp in one hand and suitcase in the other. Russell automatically dropped into a martial arts stance. The intruder dropped the goods and bolted across the lawn.

The front door stood wide open, sprung screen door propped back as far as it would go by a

PHOTO BY GRAHAM MONRO

FIGHTER

ceramic flower pot. Russell entered, sensing for the first time that home no longer felt like home. Moving two stealthy paces into the hall, he surprised the second intruder just inside the doorway of the master bedroom. A navy blue ski mask obscured the man's features, but the impression gained was that this man was young, and fit. Moreover, in his left hand he was carrying a short crowbar — the house-breaker's special — and on spotting Russell, he waved the weapon in a threatening manner. Russell was already in a semi-martial arts stance and, moving in a shallow arc, he effectively blocked the intruder's escape route.

The bar went up and down in one swift motion, aimed at Russell's head. But he was ready. Thrusting his right forearm high to minimise the distance the bar could travel, he took the impact between

wrist and elbow. In almost the same motion his left fist snapped out in Kung Fu fashion, landing a stunning punch to the exposed right side of the assailant's jaw. The force of the blow spun the intruder sideways against the wall; he made a desperate grab for support but managed only to entangle himself in a wall hanging as he toppled to the floor.

Russell moved in, pinned a knee against the man's chest and reached for the crowbar with one hand while ripping off the ski mask with the other.

"Well, I'll be buggered," he muttered.

It was the kid from half a dozen doors down the street. Almost 18, he'd been working pretty hard at landing himself in real trouble. He'd found it now.

"Nice kid," thought Russell. "Not only capable of robbing an acquaintance, but desperate enough to knock his brains in as well."

Ruefully massaging his swollen forearm, Russell dialled the police.

That story, save for a name change, is true. If you place any stock in pleas from the police for greater citizen co-operation, Russell should have collected a few plaudits for a neat apprehension. He didn't. The kid did go through children's court and copped his lot, but his parents were so annoyed by the fact that the victim of the housebreak smashed their darling's jaw, they pressed assault charges.

Although Russell was subsequently found not guilty, it required a good deal of time, headache and cash to beat the rap. Naturally, Russell resented the whole experience. The irony of it all was that if he hadn't known how to defend himself, he would have finished with at least a fractured skull while the kid got away to work some other poor suckers. And all the statistics said the cops wouldn't have caught the housebreaker anyway.

Two salient points emerge from this anecdote. The first is that even though

Russell's Kung Fu training led him to become the defendant in an expensive legal battle, he'd have been much worse off without that training. The second is that nobody can rely solely on the law for the protection of their property and themselves. As a deterrent to violent crime, its limitations are obvious. For instance, the law says that if a drunk assaults you and steals your wallet, then he will surely be punished. Reality says that while the drunk is pounding your head into the pavement, he doesn't give a shit about the risk of a jail sentence. He wants your wallet. Later, you'll have plenty of time to contemplate the merits of law and order when you're hitched to a life support system for the rest of your days.

In an increasingly lawless and corrupt society, at a time when public faith in the police and the courts is at rock-bottom, there is a resolve among certain individuals to avoid becoming victims. They are not trying to emulate Charles Bronson's vigilante heroism, nor do they want to set up storefront SWAT squads. They are people who are learning how to defend themselves in real-life street situations. They are learning all about *street fighting*.

Grab the phone book or take a drive around town, and you'll see that martial arts schools are everywhere. Most teach variations of the classical self-defence techniques, all steeped in the traditions of the Oriental movements from which they originated. Like the Police Boys Clubs and the YMCA, these schools do a great job of keeping kids off the street while imbuing them with fitness, athleticism and a whole new set of principles. Contrary to popular opinion, however, there is a growing impression that these skills alone aren't enough to save your arse in an "anything goes" street situation. And it is in order to survive such situations that most guys undertake martial arts.

"There are no rules or set sequences in street fighting."

The speaker is Wal Missingham, martial arts teacher and Chairman of the Australian Kung Fu Federation.

"Street fighting can take place anywhere — inside or outside pubs, discos, in carparks, on the footpath or even in your own home. There can be any number of combatants and anything can constitute a weapon."

Missingham is among a growing number of martial arts instructors who realise that the highly stylised, almost choreographed sequences learned in martial arts gyms often fail in practical application. What is needed, they reason, is a system that has direct application to combat situations. *Street fighting*. By marrying traditional Kung Fu to modern science and in-the-field experience, Missingham has become Australia's leading proponent of what is known as "non-classical" martial arts. In short, he

teaches his students to street fight.

"The traditional view of martial arts says that the master or teacher's word should never be questioned," says Missingham. "But to get a technique that *really* works, we welcome feedback from teachers and students. If a punch or technique that works in the gym is found not to be working at street level, we're not afraid to make alterations."

While some martial arts traditionalists might view the practice of tampering with the old ways as sacrilegious, Missingham has had no adverse reactions to his non-classical teachings. In order to put his fighting techniques to the ultimate test, he made a pilgrimage last year to the Shaolin Temple in China's Honan Province to display his wares in Kung Fu's spiritual birthplace. It was at this monastery more than a thousand years ago that a group of monks secretly developed a system of self-defence and combat, using the body

Unless the science of high kicking has been mastered, it's unwise to apply such kicks in a street fight situation

as the weapon. It was the most sophisticated form of street fighting that had ever been devised. Revolutions, purges and cultural calamity have not disturbed Shaolin or its tradition. Today it is still in the care of elderly masters who impart the knowledge to their young students.

Missingham, with film crew in attendance, was greatly heartened by the consideration the old masters displayed toward his non-classical style. He didn't expect the Chinese to adapt. They had too much regard for tradition and they had seen numerous other visitors with similar refinements. "They don't have to adapt, nor do they want to adapt," said Missingham. But then, you don't get too many pub or disco brawls in your average Chinese suburb.

Hardly a product of the streets himself, Wal Missingham did much of his growing up in various country areas of NSW. His father was in the caravan park business and although Wal was born in Sydney he spent a lot of his school years in Wollongong and Tumut.

Perhaps it was because the new kid in

school is always a good prospect for a hiding, or maybe it was a childhood fascination, but by the age of 11 Wal was already heavily involved in martial arts. He was quick learner both at school and in the gym after hours. When he finished his education at Tumut he left as dux of the school with a Commonwealth scholarship that his teachers hoped would see him comfortably into tertiary education.

The scholarship could hardly have catered for the education Wal had in mind. At 16 he was obsessed with Kung Fu and was pouring nearly all his learning capacity and spare time into improving himself. Meanwhile, he briefly held jobs as a postie and a bank teller. At 19 he was a martial arts teacher and at 20 he was Australia's youngest full-time martial arts instructor.

During this period Wal became aware of the difference between what took place during the sparring sessions in the gym and what really happened out on the streets. That awareness was the origin of *Lin-Wan-Kune-Do* (Way of the Continuous Fist), the Kung Fu form devised by Wal Missingham for direct street application. *Lin-Wan-Kune-Do* schools were opened by Missingham throughout the Sydney area and eventually he had branches in country centres throughout NSW.

Today the martial arts movement in Australia is very much a unified force. But back in the mid-Seventies, when so many different forms were being introduced and academies were mushrooming all over the country, there was plenty of acrimony between rival instructors and entrepreneurs.

"Kung Fu had been very much a secret form," recalls Missingham. "But suddenly the Bruce Lee phenomenon gave it tremendous exposure which attracted new students from everywhere. This troubled some of the established martial arts schools and there was plenty of resentment."

That resentment usually surfaced in the form of a rival instructor sending his top student around to Missingham's gym to challenge him to a bout. The idea was to not only teach the Kung Fu propagator a lesson, but to show him up in front of the respective students. These fights would not take long. Sometimes the loser would leave with more than his pride injured. "When trained people come in contact," says Missingham, "the fight doesn't last long because it takes just one mistake for the better of the two to see an opening and capitalise on it."

Missingham was undefeated in these challenges, a factor that helped reinforce his belief in the merits of *Lin-Wan-Kune-Do*. A disproportionate number of the contests occurred at his Penrith school, just outside Sydney. One of Missingham's senior students was a male nurse and he would pull his car around the front in order to ferry the victim away for immed-

THE 'NO FRILLS' TECHNIQUE

Make it quick and get out clean. That's the basic strategy in *Lin-Wan-Kune-Do* (Way of the Continuous Fist), the combat style formulated by Wal Missingham. "Once an attack is commenced," he advises, "it must be continuous. The two prime objectives are to defeat your opponent and get out unscathed."

Lin-Wan-Kune-Do was created specifically for street fighting situations, and the unpredictable nature of this type of combat means that students must learn to fight from a mobile rather than a fixed base. While the majority of martial arts systems are geared towards fighting one opponent at a time, Missingham's way is attuned to the prospect of meeting multiple attackers.

This is "no frills" martial arts, simplicity and efficiency being the keynotes. A minimum of movement is preferred to achieve a result and the most efficient line is prescribed in both attack and defence. For instance, the study of body movements (kinesics) says that a punch thrown over a shorter distance and with greater accuracy will have more chance of doing the job than an elaborate kick. If the fight situation dictates that this is so, then a punch is the prescribed form of assault. But this doesn't mean that kicking does not hold an important place in the Way of the Continuous Fist.

Making the right decision in a combat situation is something that comes with training and a thorough understanding of the physical and strategic options. "Fighting is a total, ongoing process," Missingham asserts. "You don't just fight with your body, but with your mind as well. And your mind is the sum of your

intellect, logic, feeling and spirit."

Missingham maintains an awareness of the artistic aspects of his craft, but if they do not stand up under the harsh light of modern physics, they are rejected. For instance, he cites the popular karate-type forefist twisting punch as an example of a disorganised punch. "The punch uses both a tricep and bicep action at the moment of impact. As triceps and biceps have opposite functions, the effect of the punch is neutralised. The straight punch used in *Lin-Wan-Kune-Do* is an example of an organised punch. It employs a virtually pure tricep action with a ballistic movement to transmit force."

To draw an even broader example of non-efficient combat, Missingham refers to the "all-ins" that frequently flare in first-grade football matches. "Here you have these heavyweight, fit athletes going like thrashing machines and nobody gets hurt. If they knew how to fight properly, and they really meant it, it would all be over in a matter of seconds."

Lin-Wan-Kune-Do study shows that the most important basic strike is the straight punch direct lead. The efforts should be directed towards making this punch as fast and powerful as possible even if it is to travel no more than 10 centimetres. A student should learn to deliver the punch from a variety of positions and develop it as his mainstay in rapid-fire, multiple-blow situations.

Blocking should be viewed as a method of instigating your opponent's defeat, not just as a way of stopping a strike. A worthwhile approach to blocking is to use the block as a means of controlling your opponent and thereby greatly

reducing his attacking resources.

The science of high kicking is difficult to master. Unless it is mastered, it's unwise to apply such kicks in a street fight situation. High kicks are a part of *Lin-Wan-Kune-Do*, but it must be remembered that they require much more balance, muscle control and training and should not be attempted if a low kick is more effective. Properly delivered kicks can break knee caps and ribs; a hook, roundhouse or crescent kick can break bones while sweep movements can knock an opponent off balance.

One of the principal aims of *Lin-Wan-Kune-Do* is to see that a blow is delivered with optimum efficiency and force. Students are trained to hit fast and straight, using body power rather than mere arm or leg strength. Speed and accuracy in punching, for example, can be obtained only by transferring the weight in such a manner that the hip and shoulder precede the arm to the centre-line of the body. Without this rotation at the hip and shoulder joints, the body-weight will not be behind the blow at the point of impact.

When attacking, do so to the nearest weak points — throat, eyes, groin, kneecap — and continue to do so until you have beaten your adversary.

Missingham concludes: "When you fight a man, you must fight not only his body, but his mind as well. When you fight his mind you do so through the three response levels: simple reflex, conditioned response and decisions. Part of fighting successfully is to be able to manipulate these responses to your advantage."

FIGHTER

iate medical attention once Wal had disposed of him.

Nowadays, there is no animosity between the respective forms. In fact, many instructors are complementing their own craft by learning *Lin-Wan-Kune-Do*.

Missingham's reputation in martial arts circles preceded him and he and his students were often commissioned for bouncing or personal bodyguard work. Typical of the bouncing work would be a country assignment at a black tie affair that stood the risk of being gate-crashed by the local rowdies. "It was pointless work," he recalls. "You soon get tired of drunks falling all over you." A standard bodyguard assignment might involve accompanying a company director down to the work site on the day he is about to tell his employees why 200 of them have just been sacked. Missingham doesn't do that sort of work anymore, either.

Almost four years ago, at a time when Wal Missingham's academies were progressing apace, he was almost killed. Wal suffered third-degree burns to 50 percent of his body. Fifteen operations for skin grafts and a year off work brought his business to an end. How and why Missingham suffered the injuries are subjects on which he refuses to be drawn, but it might be surmised that in a business such as his, you are bound to make one or two people unhappy at times.

Specialists advised Missingham that he would not be able to return to his craft for at least five years. But he knew that if he didn't put himself back in harness well before that time, he would never return at all. Reminding himself that the easiest thing in the world is to quit, he was back punching bags within a few months of the operations. The new skin on his hands split, leaving bad scarring. When he flexed his chest muscles the skin gave way there, too. But he had overcome the psychological battle and had made the return to his profession while his enthusiasm and powers of perseverance were still running high.

Looking back on the experience, Missingham repeats the old warrior creed reiterated in different forms by Spartans, samurai, gladiators and knights of old: "That which doesn't kill you makes you stronger."

By location, Missingham's academy is typical of martial arts schools throughout Australia. Smack in the heart of Sydney's industrial-urban sprawl, his two schools offer a pavement-level view of just what's happening on the streets of this country. Frustration, unemployment, drug addiction — the social pressures that generate crime — are all in evidence here.

A profile of a typical new student depicts a 20-year-old locked into the pub-disco grind. He drinks nearly every night

of the week, holds few career prospects and is running near empty in the self-esteem department. He lobs on Missingham's doorstep tired of taking a hiding or backing down in the fights that regularly erupt at his favorite boozier. He doesn't realise it yet, but if he perseveres with martial arts, he'll not only become a smarter fighter but the discipline will result in such a change in his lifestyle that he'll lose the desire to saturate his brain cells every night. Additionally, he'll develop the wits to avoid a fight before it starts.

For those who fear the academies are training legions of lethal street fighters, any instructor will tell you that no true martial artist ever goes in search of trouble. According to Missingham, it is society's undisciplined, violent types who wreak the most havoc. "Any mug can pick up a length of pipe and smash you over the head."

There are, of course, guys out there

“There are people who can train in the best martial arts systems for 30 years and still be bloody hopeless in a fight”

who don't give a shit about their fellow man. They love creating bother, brawling and generally giving everyone a hard time. This type sometimes finds his way into a martial arts school believing that Kung Fu or some other technique will give him that extra edge and make him king of the havoc-wreakers. The ironic twist is that three or four weeks' exposure to the disciplines are usually enough to turn this guy's head around, give him a sense of self-esteem and unburden him of the chip on his shoulder.

The man Missingham and others acclaim as the greatest street fighter of them all was himself a graduate of the street's school of hard knocks. Bruce Lee, the cinematic hero who was careful to dissociate the romance of his on-screen persona with the reality of street combat, was a martial arts zealot who helped revolutionise Kung Fu.

Born a San Franciscan Chinese, Lee was reared in Hong Kong, where he learned his art and later deployed it in his role as one of the colony's young street gang leaders. He soon learned what aspects of his formal training stood up to practical use, what needed refining and

what needed discarding. Lee had scholastic smarts as well as street savvy, and by studying kinesics (the science of body movements) he learned to unite the teachings of the old masters with modern physics.

The legendary Lee is dead but his philosophy lives on. His doctrine of *Jeet Kune Do* (Way of the Intercepting Fist) is the basis for numerous studies in non-classical martial arts and in response to its popularity in Australia, Danny Inosanto, head of the LA-based school founded by Lee, was in this country last year advancing the merits of preparing for combat reality. But the irony of Lee's contribution to martial arts is that his romantic film roles attracted numerous students stuck on the idea of immobilising a room full of fighters in just a few minutes. That, as most students learned, had more to do with clever choreography than reality.

Missingham is full of anecdotes that relate to his own concept of combat reality. He tells of one student who was assaulted in a car park and appeared to have the measure of his opponent until another guy came around the other side of the car and clubbed him from behind. Then there was the other student who felt he had the confidence and the ability to disarm a gunman.

"This student was working at a late night service station," Missingham recalls. "One night a guy walked in, pulled a gun and asked for the money. The student later said that when he saw the hammer go back on that revolver and the chamber start to rotate, he forgot all about trying to disarm him. He handed over the dough."

Teachers like Missingham often field questions about what should happen in certain situations. The credo, according to Missingham, is that if someone threatens your life and you are obviously at risk, give him what he wants. Okay, being involved in an assault is one thing, but what should a trained fighter do if he sees someone else being assaulted? The problem can be viewed from four perspectives. The moral perspective is whether you can help a fellow human. The legal perspective is whether you'll finish up in court for doing so. The realistic perspective is whether you are more likely to become a victim than a hero. The bottom line is the personal perspective: you make your own decision.

Australia's non-classical martial artists usually have personal experience to thank for their diverse philosophies. Most include a bit of bouncing or bodyguard work in their track records. It's the sort of job you don't stay in for too long, but it's a great testing ground: theoretical versus practical. In this work, you learn the hard way.

"You can meet a guy in the street who is a natural-born fighter — he can do any-

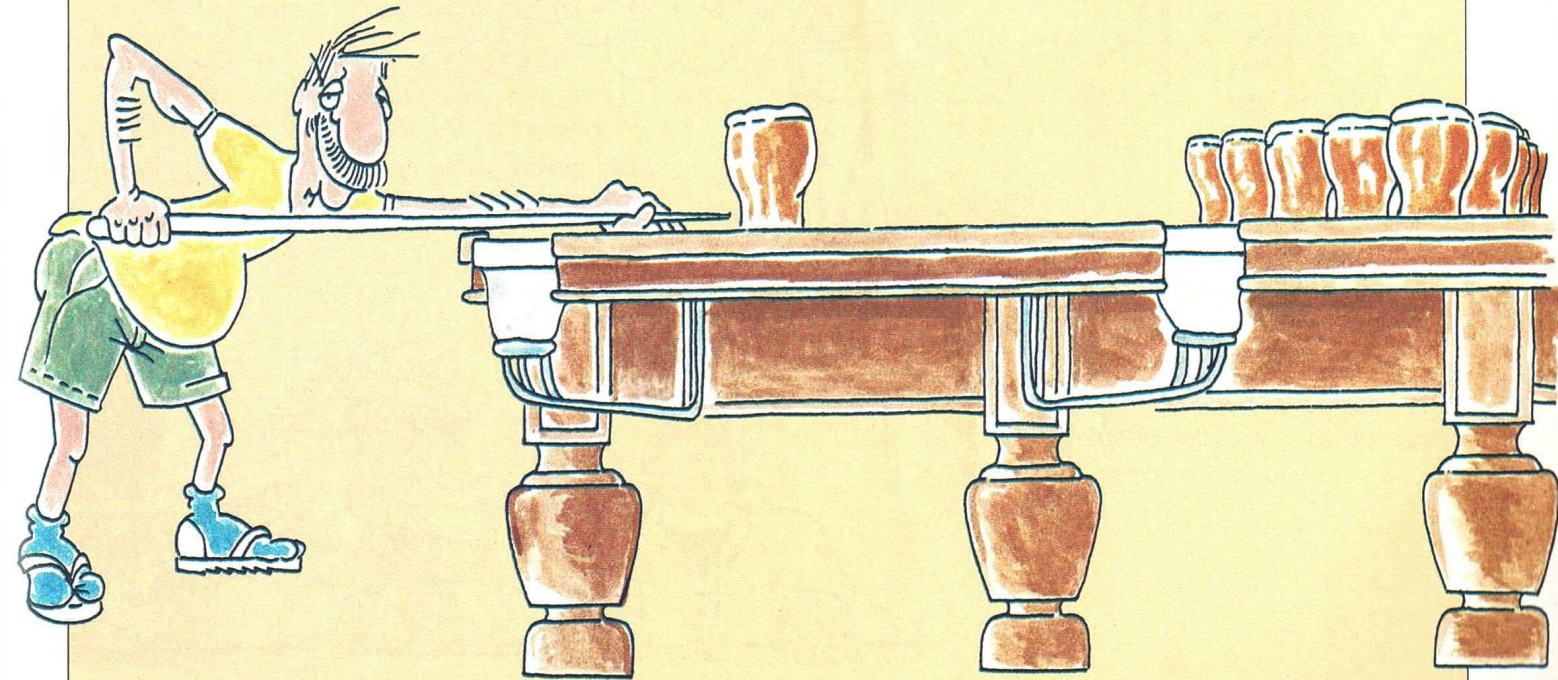
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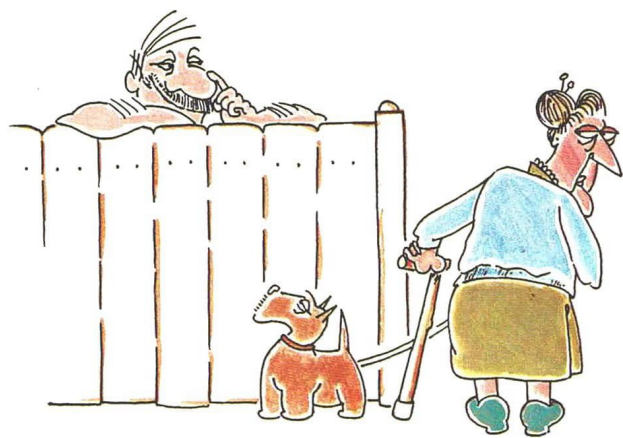
WORDS BY C.J. MACKAY

THE ORDINARY BLOKE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRIAN KOGLER

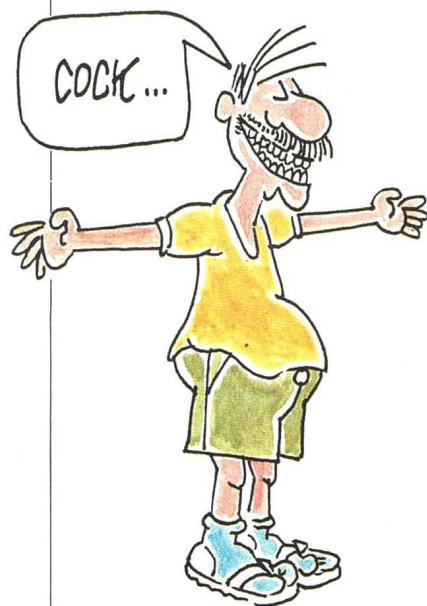
I'm just your average Australian bloke but...





I like giving knowing looks to old ladies with little dogs

I always get a seat on peak hour buses by pretending I'm blind

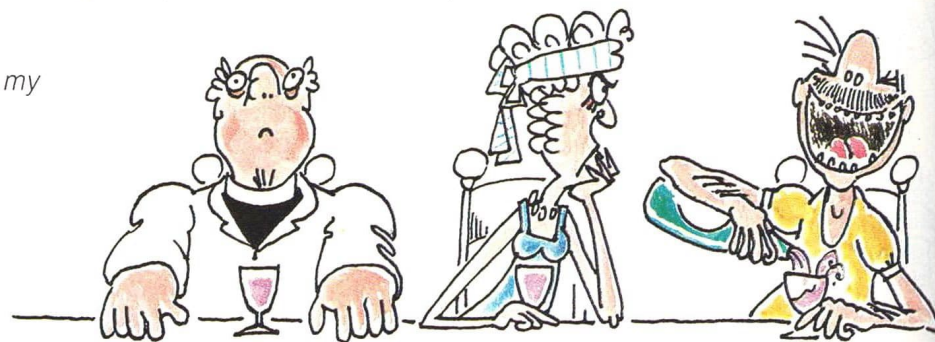


I once drew a rooster on the bottom of my shoe so I could tell people I could tread on my cock

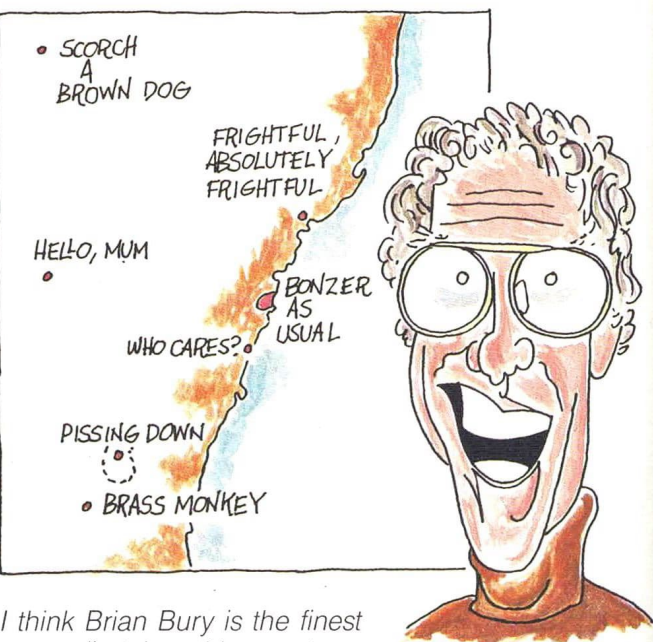


I still get a thrill reading the instructions on Tampon packets

I like quietly sitting in the park feeding pigeons crumbled up pieces of foam rubber



I enjoy cracking them up at dinner parties with the one about Pedro the Mexican boil sucker



I think Brian Bury is the finest comedic talent this country has produced

THE ORDINARY BLOKE

I like to sniff my fingers after I go fishing

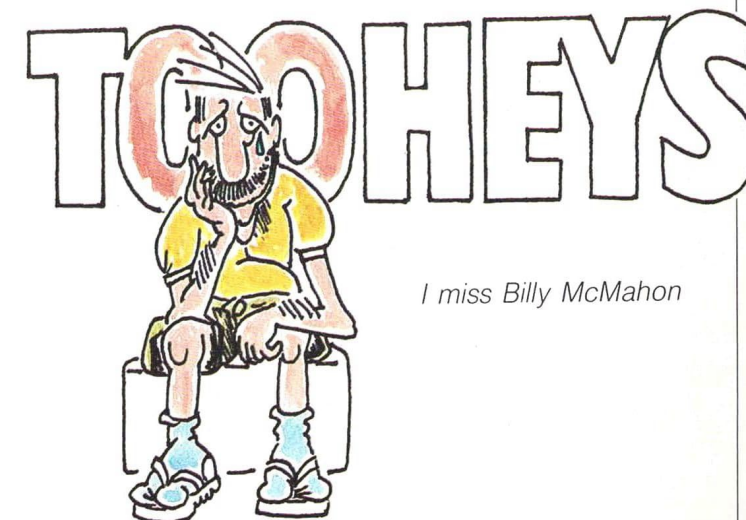


I think that being a department store Santa Claus would be the best job in the world



I often wonder why they don't write songs like Redback On The Toilet Seat any more

Every time I see window dressers changing the clothes on shop dummies I press my nose against the glass and wriggle my hands in my pockets



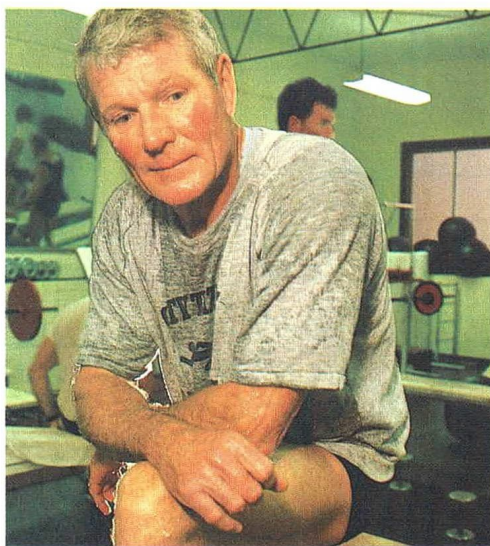
I miss Billy McMahon

I really could taste the difference when I turned my bread upside down

George Daldry's fitness fanaticism has become the stuff of legend.

PROFILE BY GREG HUNTER

George Daldry is arguably the fittest man in Australia. Arguably, because there are different types of fitness and numerous ways of measuring it. But consider this: George Daldry is around 60 years old. In terms of sheer endurance, he can out-perform any of the champion sportsmen who train under his guidance. In the hierarchical system governing the "torture classes" which he runs at City Tattersalls Club in Sydney, George leads off and the Olympic athletes, the first-grade footballers and the exercise freaks follow. Anything they can do in the gymnasium, he can do better. Daldry lives to train; he doesn't do anything else. Possibly — just possibly — there is someone else out there who is more fanatical about the pursuit of physical fitness than George Daldry. But wherever people train, wherever people discuss sport and fitness and conditioning, George is the paragon,



the epitome of all that is virtuous in the arena of blood, sweat, tears and pain. George Daldry is the Prince of Pain.

You might think this is a man whose simplistic obsession renders him useless to all but himself. That's nowhere near the truth. For if there's one thing more legendary in sporting circles than the fitness of George Daldry, it is the ability of George Daldry to get other people fit. Nobody

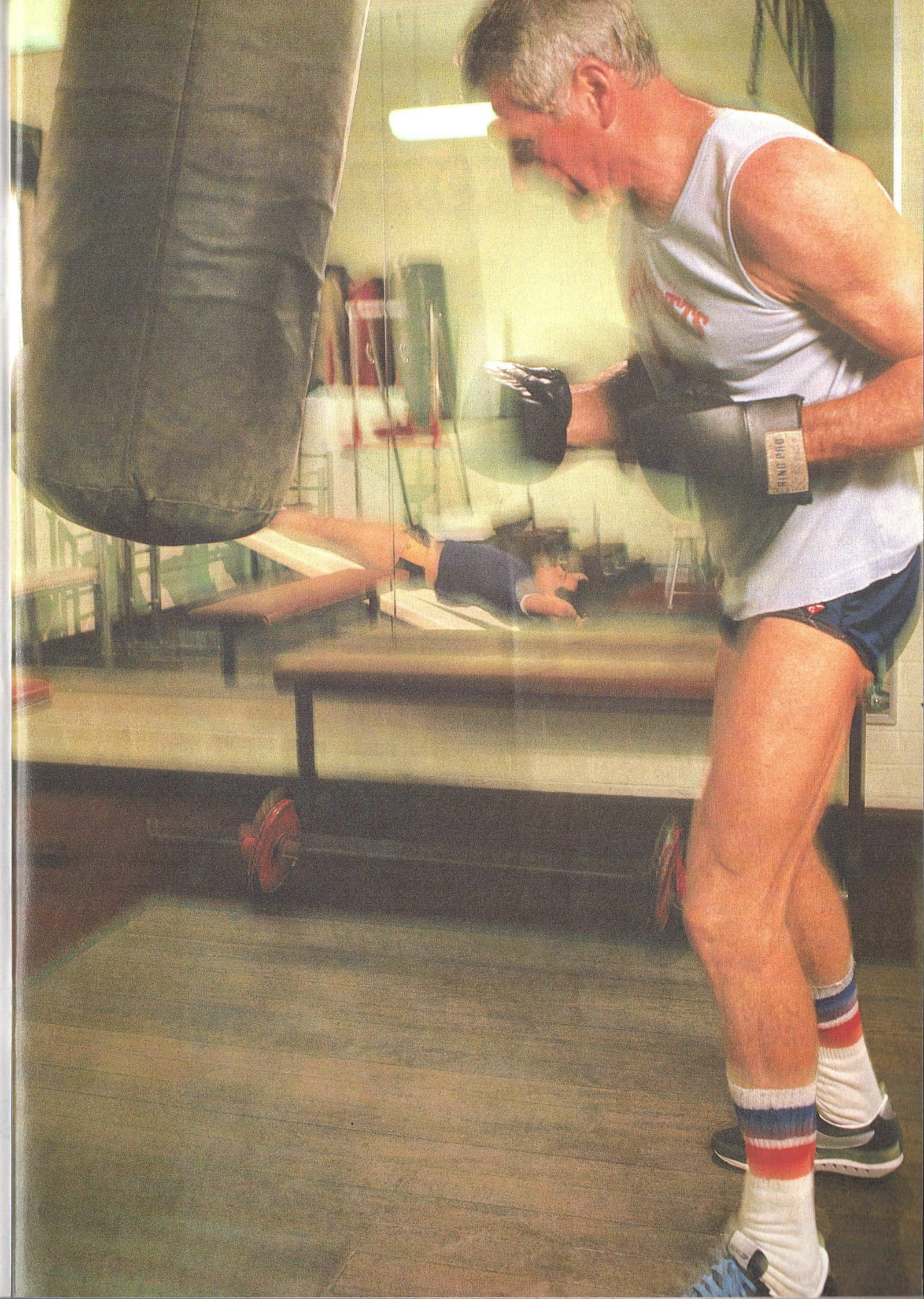
THE PRINCE OF PAIN

who's been associated with the man will even entertain the idea that there could be a better conditioner than him. Bob Fulton, one of the greatest Rugby League players of all time and a long-term disciple of Daldry, puts it succinctly: "George is without doubt the doyen of his profession, and that's the most you can say of anybody. He's the best there is."

Daldry's most important attribute as a conditioner is his ability to inspire his charges to new levels of commitment. He is the master motivator; he transforms people's lives by causing them to do things they would not normally dream of. There's nothing in the textbooks that will teach a trainer how to do that. It is a rare skill, a gift founded on the sort of respect that comes only from setting the highest standard by example.

The case of Royce Ayliffe illustrates how effectively George can use the immense respect he invariably generates to achieve the desired result. Playing for the South Sydney Rugby League team, Ayliffe snapped the medial ligament in his knee during a trial match early this year. The injury was so that it did not respond to physiotherapy and Ayliffe had to submit to two further operations. Apart from paralysis, there's probably no more dreaded injury in the book than a snapped knee ligament. Rest alone will not suffice; the knee has to be worked relentlessly for months on end. Now, Royce Ayliffe has never been noted for his dedication — but he wanted to play football again. Like numerous written-off sportsmen before him, he placed all his faith in George Daldry. "First Daldry concentrated on maintaining my upper body fitness," says Ayliffe. "Then, when I was ready, he started making me work the knee through the pain barrier and onwards. Jesus, he put me through some pain. Nobody but George could have got me to face that barrier week in and week out. But if a man his age can do it — and I know he can — then

PHOTOS BY TIM BAUER



THE PRINCE

so can I. The knee has now got 85 per cent movement and I'll be back on the field at the start of next season. The strength to do what I've done came from George, and I couldn't have made it without him."

George Daldry can be an awfully hard man. As with all larger-than-life characters, a folklore has sprung up around him. Numerous stories — sometimes apocryphal, more often true — have circulated about the man's uncompromising approach to physical fitness. One of the true ones again features the redoubtable figure of Royce Ayliffe, who recently joined George and a few others on a regular Sunday run starting at Centennial Park. After leading the group through a fast jog of several kilometres, Daldry got them to dive off the point at Ben Buckler, near Bondi, and swim a distance of 400 metres into the shore. Halfway through the swim, Ayliffe began to flounder. "George!" he screamed. "I can't make it. Help me!" Although he was only a few metres ahead of Ayliffe, George never even turned around; he kept on swimming into the beach.

That story is told by Daldry admirers to illustrate his lack of tolerance for quitters. But such an attitude would be dangerous and stupid in the hands of someone who didn't know what he was doing. George knew precisely what he was doing. "If a bloke's really in trouble," he chuckles, "then he'll put his arm in the air and go down without trace. If he yells out, you can assume he's trying to put one over on you. I knew Royce would make it, and he did."

Although George doesn't hold any fancy degrees, those who do will often come to him when they need to know something. Daldry might spend a lot of time hammering his fists into a punching bag, but he's no mere sweat-soaked shit-kicker. After 26 years as a full-time conditioner, there's not much he doesn't know about sports medicine, fitness and health. The knowledge has been gleaned from experimenting on his own body, working closely with medical experts to determine the parameters for dealing with all sorts of injuries, devouring all the available literature, travelling the world in search of the latest techniques and equipment, and always sorting out the useful stuff from the window-dressing. There is not a major gym in the United States that George hasn't visited. He's studied all the gadgets thrown up by the fitness fad, but he knows better than anyone else that there is no easy path.

There are two constants in George's life, and in the lives of those who train under him: pain and sweat. Not surprisingly, those elements combine with fanatical discipline to produce a formula for sporting success. It's impossible to exaggerate the influence that George Daldry has wielded over the sporting scene during the past

two decades. In fact, it would be far easier to list the names of Australian champions in all major sports who haven't come into contact with Daldry at some stage of their careers — either in an effort to overcome injuries or to gain some vital edge over their rivals. Sometimes Daldry's charges were already established stars before they teamed up with him; just as often, they were moulded and made in George's gym at City Tatts. It was around 1959 that the now ubiquitous line "I owe it all to George Daldry" began to crop up mysteriously in the sporting pages. But you have to go back much further than that to determine the factors which shaped George's rigorous approach to mental and physical health.

When he was growing up in the eastern suburbs of Sydney during the Thirties Daldry idolised his grandfather, who'd been a pretty good footballer and an even

“
Most people
would guess that George
is about 35, and that's
the way he likes it. He
enjoys maintaining an
aura of mystery
”

better fighter. George was the second scruffy kid to walk through the doors of the newly opened Woolloomooloo Police Boys Club, but after a few successful amateur fights he decided to join the army. Originally enlisted in the Australian Infantry, he transferred to the British Army to become a physical training instructor. George was 16 years old when the Japanese invaded Singapore Island. He was captured and consigned to the infamous Changi POW camp, and so began a horrendous period of three years, 10 months and two weeks which would ultimately dictate the course of the rest of George's life.

More than one third of all Allied servicemen captured by the Japanese didn't get out alive, and those who did were pitifully wasted by malnutrition and disease. "The average six-footer was regarded as healthy if he weighed seven stone," says George. "I was lucky, being a smaller bloke, because we were all on the same rations." But it wasn't just luck that pulled Daldry through. His physical fitness was a major factor, as was his attention to hygiene. He studied all the diseases and learned how to avoid them.

At night, men overcome by melancholy would dream about the little luxuries back home that made life worthwhile. "I didn't know anything about those things," says George, "so I dreamed about how well I was going to look after myself, mentally and physically, when I got back to Australia. I'd dream about the Woolloomooloo Police Boys Club and the training I would do. I was grateful to be alive and I knew what had kept me alive — physical fitness and being very careful." For George Daldry, the following four decades would become an extension of the struggle for survival in Changi.

Even now, the mental scars remain. George keeps them submerged by a conscious effort of will, but they tend to manifest as odd quirks of character. The man's fastidious cleanliness is almost as prominent a part of the Daldry legend as his fitness. Associates reckon he has up to 15 showers a day — never in the communal area, always in his personal washroom — wears special sanitary bathing gear, has never been seen with a stubble, and never fails to present himself immaculately from head to toe, even down to the manicured fingernails. There's a rumor that he actually launders his money — *literally*. One long-term friend of Daldry reckons his fanaticism has mellowed a little during the past 15 years, "but he still runs his life with clockwork precision. Everything is done according to a particular pattern, and he will not allow himself to be interrupted. George wouldn't even take a shit unless the timing was right. It takes him an hour and a half to get ready — he's got more oils than BP — but when he steps out to the street, the guy looks a treat."

There are other singular aspects of George Daldry. For a man whose reputation has been built around blood and iron, he's a tremendously sensitive individual. There are subjects that he will not discuss, even under duress. One of them is his age: "I want to keep them guessing." Most people would guess that George is about 35, and that's the way he likes it. He enjoys maintaining an aura of mystery; even to his closest friends, Daldry remains something of an enigma.

When he got back to Australia after the war, George kept the promise he'd made to himself. He trained relentlessly at night and drove cabs during the day. Then he got a job as a bookie's clerk, which led him to the doors of City Tatts and the start of a career. The club had a tiny gymnasium and George was hired as the sporting director in 1958. He introduced the concept of fitness classes, later expanded into circuit training, gained a loyal following and built the now-famous facilities at Tatts from the ground up. By the end of the Sixties it was known throughout sporting circles that the place to get *really* fit was City Tatts, and that the man to see was

Peter Jackson Bluewater Classic.

1985 will see the first annual Peter Jackson Bluewater Classic. This will become the most prestigious event on the Australian sailboarding calendar.

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I am over the age of 18 years and will abide by the rules of the competition.

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P.O. Box 5000, Albert Park, Vic. 3206.

THE PRINCE

none other than George Daldry.

From the beginning, George personally supervised the conditioning of champion surfers, cyclists, boxers, weightlifters, wrestlers, runners, tennis players, rowers, and so on. But he made his greatest impact by revolutionising the training of footballers and the treatment of their injuries. Countless players have been resurrected from the scrapheap after submitting to George's stringent and often painful programs. A classic case was that of the great Rugby League centre Reg Gasnier, who was the first Australian footballer to recover from a broken cruciate knee ligament. Gasnier went on to captain Australia in 1967 after being sidelined for a year. According to Ian Walsh, another former Australian League captain whose career was written off prior to his contact with Daldry, "You could hardly name a champion player in either League or Union who hasn't been trained, either mentally or physically, by George Daldry. Practically every Australian captain from 1962 onwards has been a protege of the man, and all of them idolised him."

No-one could argue with George's achievements since taking over the conditioning of the Australian Rugby League team in 1967. But Daldry reckons his most spectacular result was the silver medal won by the Australian rowing eights at the 1968 Mexico Olympics. No Aussie rowing outfit has even approached that level of achievement before or since. "They were a mob of guys that you could really rip into," says George, "and they loved every minute of it. We trained so hard that in one two-hour class, tests under medical supervision showed an average weight loss of 12 pounds."

The mental preparation of sportsmen is one of Daldry's preoccupations. Those who train under him say he has the capacity to radically alter their attitude to the pursuit of physical fitness. Ian Walsh puts it simply: "George can *mould* a sportsman by shaping his entire life around the sport. He creates such an effect on you that you just don't do the things that you shouldn't, because you can't let George down. He changes your lifestyle and your personality so that you will succeed."

Perhaps even more remarkably, Daldry seems to have the same effect on non-sportsmen who come under his influence. Bob Wonders, a long-term regular at the City Tatts gym, expresses views typical of Daldry disciples: "I get quite paranoid when I have to miss one of George's classes. You get this fear that you'll lose condition and therefore lose face in front of George, and you feel really guilty. I'll be halfway through a class and the pain will come over me, and I'll be thinking: 'What am I doing here? What's to stop me from

walking out?' But I never would. Daldry sets the standard, and like everyone else I try to emulate him. The point is that anyone could stand around and bark orders like a Nazi, but that wouldn't inspire you. The inspiration comes from George — the fact that he never asks you to do something without doing it himself. I personally know at least five blokes who reckon he's saved their lives. These guys were heavy smokers, terrible drinkers — pathetic specimens — and after meeting George they've been transformed into fit men leading life to the full. Something has happened to these people."

George Daldry made his name by whipping hard men into top shape. But that's only one aspect of his prowess as a conditioner. As George's close colleague Dr Buster Summer-Hayes points out, "Footballers thrive on punishment; they don't want sympathy and they revel in pain. With people like them, Daldry can be a roaring,

“We trained so hard that in one two-hour class, tests showed an average weight loss of 12 pounds”

raving, ranting ratbag, a merciless slave-driver. But you have to realise that George trains all sorts of people, from young sportsmen to overweight, middle-aged businessmen, old men and women, alcoholics, athsmatics . . . you name it. The outstanding thing about him is his ability to handle all of these individuals beautifully. He works very intelligently with people to avoid harming them, and he has an intuitive ability to discern what type of person he's dealing with and what will motivate them. George can immediately pick out the lazy guy, the smart one, the cheat, and the genuinely ill. At a high level of conditioning, these things are very important. They're the things that separate George Daldry from the rest of his profession."

Daldry's reputation as the doyen of conditioners has spread far and wide. Before US Vice President George Bush arrived in Australia in 1982, he had somehow ascertained that George was the man to look after his health and fitness during the official visit. "Mr Bush had even gone to the trouble of having my phone tapped to

check me out, and setting up a direct communication link with his aircraft," says George. "I was overwhelmed by it. He's a bloke who participated in the NASA astronaut training program, and I didn't think there was anything I could teach him. But in the first workout I discovered that he didn't know how to breathe; he'd hold his breath the whole time he was doing an exercise. When I showed him the right way, he reckoned it changed his life. He was so grateful he offered me huge amounts of money. I didn't accept, but he still sends me expensive presents."

Nor have George's talents escaped the eye of media magnate Kerry Packer. In 1979 Daldry resigned from City Tatts to accept an open-ended contract to look after Packer's new space age fitness emporium, the Hyde Park Club in Sydney, and to personally supervise the media boss's training program. "Mr Packer has got all the gear — you wouldn't believe the stuff he's got in his exercise room," according to George. Although he was given *carte blanche* to outfit the Hyde Park Club with the latest and most expensive exercise gadgetry, Daldry's heart remains wedded to the functional simplicity of the circuit training room at City Tatts. Everything he needs is in that room — the weights, the speedballs, the punching bag.

When you watch George methodically pound the stuffing out of the speedball (his hands are still so fast that he never misses), when you watch him nonchalantly crank out 20 double leg raises while holding aloft 130 kilograms to wind up a one-hour torture class, it occurs to you that this is a man who has never had cause to doubt his own worth. A man who, despite his quaint idiosyncrasies, will never know the meaning of the word "neuroticism." The petty frustrations, the nerve-wracking exigencies of life in the Eighties have passed him by. He has gained, in a simple but rather special way, an extraordinary measure of control over his own life. He is a profoundly happy man.

Bob Fulton has said of him: "If ever there was a bloke looking for a youth pill, it's George. He just will not accept the idea of growing old." There are men who swear that Daldry's appearance has not altered in the last 20 years, and who suspect that it will not alter in the next 20. They look at George and wonder if he will live forever. The man insists, however, that he is not a seeker of immortality: "I don't believe in that sort of thinking. I am a realist." When you ask what mysterious force drives him on, George can't resist making a joke out of it: "I've always liked the girls, you know. I've got a girlfriend at the moment who's 26 years old. That's not a bad effort for a bloke my age — but I wouldn't have had much hope with her if I didn't look after myself. A man has got to come up to scratch with these young ladies today . . ." 



APRIL

Hair styled by Martin for Jean Louis David, North Sydney and Neil Donkin; make-up styled by Kim Bowen and Neil Donkin.

Linen from Actil Ltd and Robert Burton; Lingerie from Raymond Castles; Furniture from Artes Studios; Jewellery from Emotional Outlet; Rug courtesy of Hamilton Beach Pty Ltd.



IMAGINATION

January Pet Of The Month April Parnell is a woman of many talents. Her physical assets are the cream on the cake for this

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WARWICK GIBSON

21-year-old Adelaide girl. April has studied mime, dance and puppeteering and her abilities — natural and acquired — ensure that she keeps audiences of all ages enthralled. As one wise man once said, the world is always ready to receive talent with open arms.



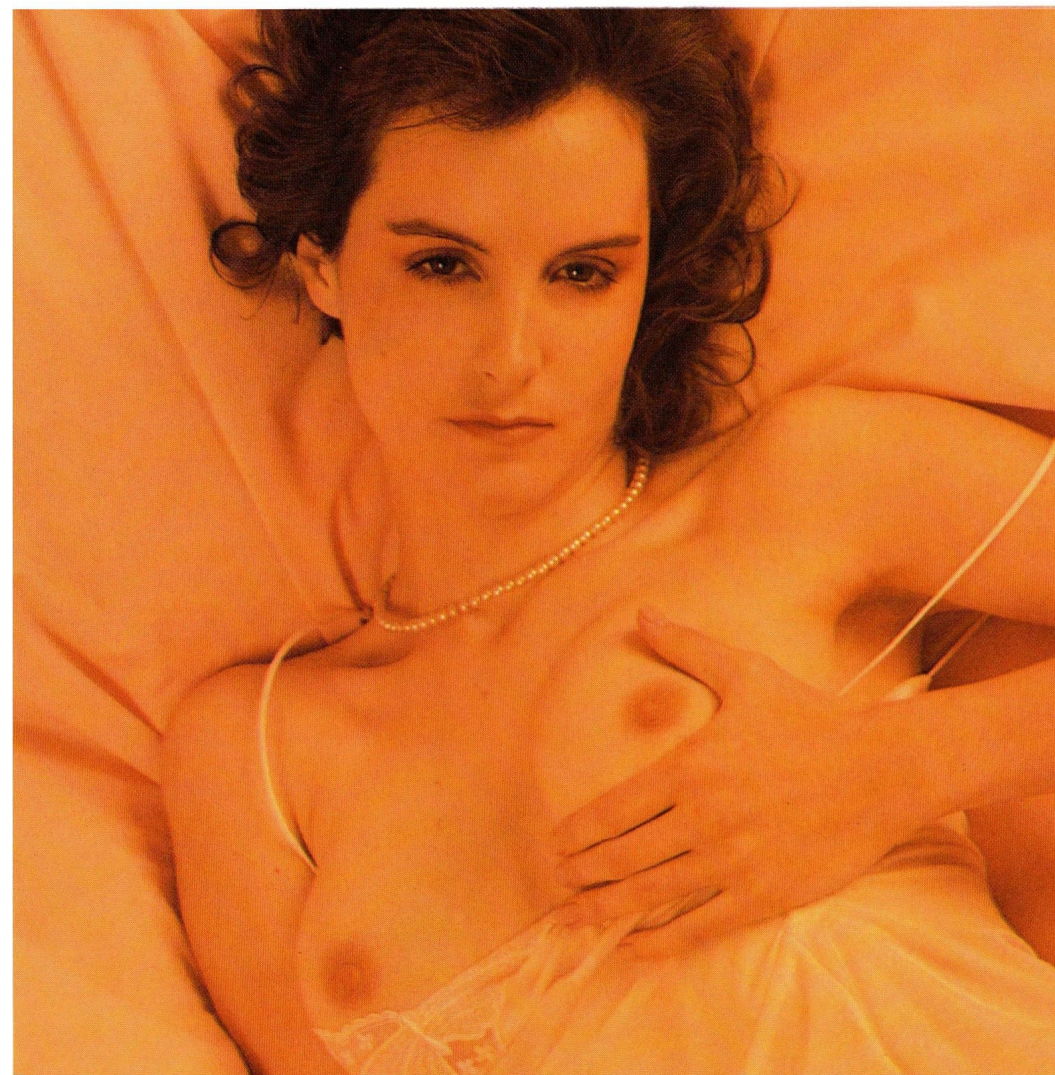
Of the three fields she has studied, April lists puppeteering as her favorite. A creative type, she makes her own hand puppets and marionettes. "Call me a manipulating lady," she jokes, "but for me happiness is a warm puppet."





"I love to express myself
in any way that I can, and
I think you should try to
excel at the things you
like to do. It makes life fun
as well as rewarding."

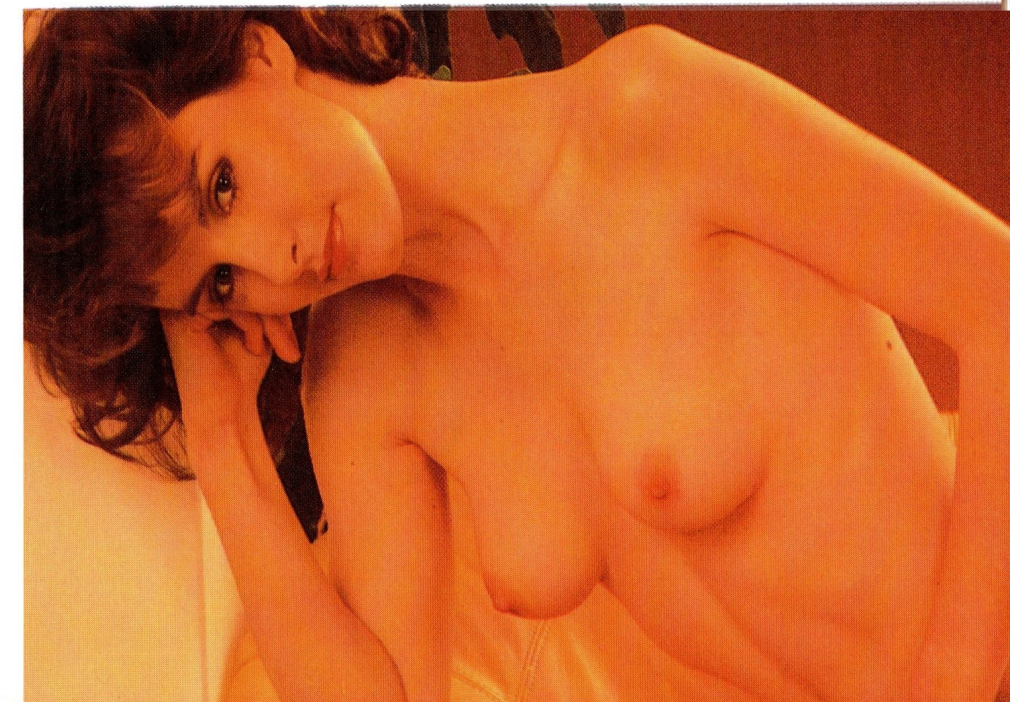




April's ambition is to be a famous video director and to have her own theatre of visuals. She's an ardent fan of the theatre and the ballet and says you'll find her on a ticket queue whenever she can afford it.



In her line of work, April brings her fantasies to her audiences. Some of her daydreams, though, she prefers to keep to herself, but she does express a wish to have white magic powers to cast spells over people. Think up another wish, April, that one has already come true.





MISS APRIL PARNELL/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



HEAVY METAL

Some call it noise. Millions of fans call it rock'n'roll

Marie and Janette knew Culture Club's Sydney concert would be an experience, but nothing prepared them for what happened afterwards. Culture Club had been a dream come true. The lightshow was a swirl of pastel colors and elegant rear-projected visual motifs. The staging was pristine white, the sound was a professionally tailored reproduction of the records and the costumes were *tres chic*.

Boy George danced with controlled, high-striding flounces and changed kimonos three times.

Down in the aisles of the Sydney Entertainment Centre Marie and Janette had danced too, throwing their limbs akimbo alongside weeny boppers (sub-teen Boy George fans), the weenies' parents, the city's social set and the greatest turnout of the gay brigade since Judy Garland was

BY EDDIE DAVIS



HEAVY METAL

in town. As the Boy himself, when accepting at this year's Grammy Awards, announced: "You all know a good drag queen when you see one."

But not everyone loves a good drag queen.

Tucked away in a corner alongside the Entertainment Centre is the Central Markets Hotel, a stronghold for upcoming heavy rock bands. Tonight Scattergun is pumping out the feedback and about 10 of their fans have left their reserved places next to the guitar amplifiers to watch the Boy George crowd head for the carpark. And you know what all self-respecting hard rock/heavy metal fans hate? They hate the mellifluous, reggae-flavoured sound of Culture Club's records. But more than that, they hate the androgynous, cute Boy George.

"Boy George sucks."

"The real rock'n'roll's inside here."

"Boy George screws himself."

Marie and Janette whirl around, faces flushed, and attempt to debate the point. They are so repulsed by such a barrage of invective they're forced to flee, tears sparkling the corners of their eyes. Satisfied, the heavy metal kids drift back to Scattergun and soon the streets are empty of Boy George people. The carpark looms deserted above the Central Markets Hotel, heavy guitar rifferama echoing and rumbling through its cavernous canyons like some distorted last laugh. "Boy Georges come, Boy Georges go," it seems to say, "but heavy metal is forever."

ON WITH THE SHOW

Rock and roll reflects the spirit of



teenage rebellion. That is a terrifically trite and tired axiom; it is also terrifically true. Rock and roll — the best rock and roll, in any case — is a celebration of sex, freedom, and debauchery by those who have just begun to discover those things. Only the innocent can revel in wickedness with such ardent, unflagging energy.

Since its ascension 30 years ago (and it was exactly 30 years ago this summer

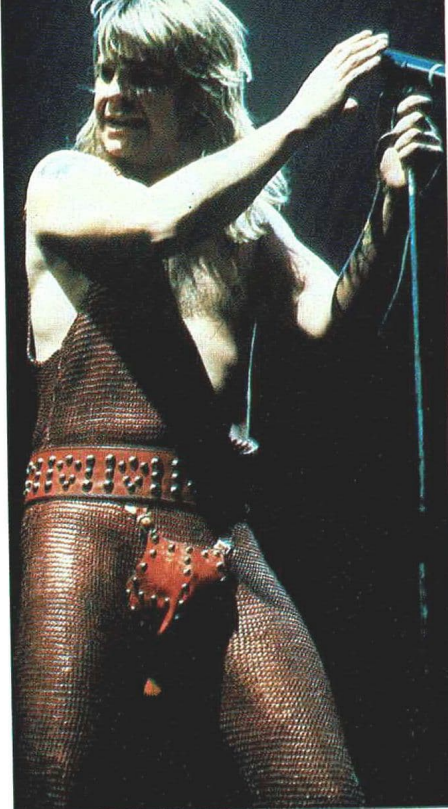
Above: Quiet Riot; Top right: Ozzy Osbourne.

that Elvis Presley made his first records), every generation of rock and rollers has been damned by the generation that preceded it. Elvis, Jerry Lee, and the other founding punks of the Fifties were denounced by adults who grew up with big-band swing. The Beatles, the Rolling Stones and the rest were abhorred in the Sixties by those who were the rockers of the Fifties. The new-wave groups of the Seventies were ridiculed by those who swore their Day-Glo souls to rock and roll 10 years before. It is inevitable that each succeeding surge of rock and roll should alienate and offend the rockers who came before it. If it did not, it would not be rock and roll. Yesterday's kids must be assaulted by the kids of today; the kids of today must be condemned as mindless, tasteless, hopeless punks by the mindless, tasteless, hopeless punks of yesterday. This is what rock and roll is all about.

The heavy metal kids of today were barely marijuana twinkles in their parents' eyes when the noise of The Who's "My Generation" rose in loud defiance nearly 20 years ago. Many of today's heavy metal advocates were born to parents who earnestly discussed the career directions of Bob Dylan and the politics of the Rolling Stones. That generation is pushing 40, and now that the thrill of Moratorium marches has been replaced by a responsible attitude to nuclear disarmament, they're more concerned with tax shelters than revolution. They listen to records by middle-aged millionaires like Mick Jagger and Bob Dylan; perhaps they tap their feet to the younger, infectious sounds of Michael Jackson and Boy George. Heavy metal, however, is something they can neither understand nor accept. They say that it is offensive and obscene, it is too loud, and it all sounds the same. In other words, they accuse it of everything that their music was accused of 20 years ago.

The ungracefully ageing rock-critic establishment, a superfluous media accretion that did not exist 20 years ago, has been almost unanimous in its angry condemnation of heavy metal. One critic, typically, described it as "songs that only someone who's just discovered jerking off could love." As if "she loves you, yeah, yeah, yeah" had been the stuff of deep-seasoned souls! How soon they forget. David Lee Roth, the lead singer with Van Halen, one of the biggest heavy metal acts, has said: "The reason so many critics dislike Van Halen and like Elvis Costello is because they all look like Elvis Costello." Impolite words, perhaps, but maybe there's some truth in them.

It is to heavy metal's credit, of course, that all the accusations levelled against it are pretty much the truth. Deafening loud, unregenerately trashy and all-offensive, it is the most vehemently damned music in the history of rock and roll, and this is its crowning glory.



METAL, METAL UBER ALLES

Technically speaking, heavy metal is a simple bass and guitar riff played in unison at the highest volume possible. The kudos for achieving the first genuine heavy metal sound on record generally goes to the British group The Kinks for "You Really Got Me" in 1964. Some have claimed it was really Jimmy Page (later the founder of Led Zeppelin, heavy metal's all time Numero Uno group, but then working as a session guitarist in London) who really laid down the famous *da-dada-da-da* sound that started the genre. But Kinks' leader Ray Davies claims full credit. Davies went on to establish himself as one of the wittiest and most literate lyricists in pop.

Another contentious point is the term itself. On the whole, bands who are volume-inclined prefer to call what they do "hard rock." "We don't like being called heavy metal," says Mark Gable of Australian band Choirboys. "Heavy metal is always taken to mean dumb and loud, and we're not dumb." British bands Iron Maiden and Def Leppard aren't too keen on the title either. "We don't really mind," says Def Leppard's Joe Elliott, "but our real fans call us what we are — a rock and roll band."

AC/DC also refuse to accept the heavy metal label, just as they spurned the tag "punk" when they first arrived in England from Australia in 1976. They see heavy metal as unskilled music, and they see themselves as the world's toughest, tightest rock and roll band. That claim can't be dismissed lightly. AC/DC's guitarist Angus Young is no two-chord player. Before AC/DC he played improvisational jazz ("Learning stuff off Django Rheinhardt records and all that") and his musical roots are pretty much the



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HEAVY METAL

same as those that grew The Rolling Stones — the blues.

It's the same story from the likes of Rose Tattoo, The Radiators, The Angels, Midnight Oil — Australia's loudest, heaviest bands just don't like being described as heavy metal. "Anyone can call us anything they like," growls Angry Anderson of Rose Tattoo, "but the people who know, know we play rock and roll."

But to outsiders, it will always be heavy metal. It's hard to say whether they are more repulsed by its thunderous volume or its trappings — a gaudy hash of horror movie sensibility ranging up the shock scale to sexism, fascism, sadism and Satanism.

Heavy metal is a distinctly male phenomenon. There are a few, rare female heavy metal acts — Girlschool from England, Cheetah from Australia, and former Runaway Lita Ford (none of them very successful) — and when members of the fair sex do attend heavy-metal concerts, it is usually as the reluctant dates of their more enthusiastic boyfriends. David Lee Roth of Van Halen stands out as the only real heavy metal heart-throb. As one record company executive told me, "Girls really aren't interested in this stuff. They wanna screw Boy George. Of course, he'd rather screw his drummer; but that's rock and roll for you, I guess." Serving less to wet the panties of pubescent girls that to exalt the spurned, unspendable sexuality of working class boys, the heavy metal idols with their bolstered and bulging crotches are priapic lightning rods, transforming the energy of sexual frustration into dazzling sight and furious sound.

Chaste and trifling genitals become mighty ordnances of raging liberation.

Left: Motorhead; Lower right: Rob Halford of Judas Priest.

remembered with sardonic fondness as "sucking and sucking and sucking." *Vices*, the 1983 Waysted album that includes the song, features on its cover — yes — a woman in chains.

No Australian group of recent times has attempted anything so picturesque. The most sexually explicit album within close recall was Skyhooks' *Hot For The Orient* in 1980, and even though songs like "Red Fingernails" or "White Skin, Black Sheets" were tame by international heavy metal standards, they inspired such a critical slagging the group decided to break up. Their last word was a full-page advertisement in a Melbourne pop paper carrying the headline "Why Don't You All Get Fucked" — also the title of one of their best-known songs.

Skyhooks' lyricist and bass player Greg Macainsh is a long-term heavy metal devotee — the louder the better. The group's first album, *Living In The 70s*, was basically a heavy metal exercise, with a few rockabilly numbers thrown in for leavening. Australian commercial radio banned six tracks from airplay — including "You Only Love Me Cos I'm Good In Bed" — and the group became a *cause celebre* throughout the nation for daring to combine political sensibility and social commentary with guitar feedback and a heavy beat. But archetypal heavy metal does not usually explore concepts like "Whatever Happened To The Revolution?" Nor does its grasp of imagery usually stretch to writing a song called "Horror Movie", where the punchline is "Horror movie — it's the six-thirty news." More typical of heavy metal was "Women In Uniform", which Skyhooks recorded a few years later: "Women in uniform, ooooo they feel so warm." Sexual fetishes are always welcome in heavy metal and in 1982, when British group Iron Maiden covered "Women In Uniform" it made the English charts and caused no controversy. But then, look what the competition was doing.

The British group Judas Priest, whose fifth album was named *Hell Bent For Leather*, performs material such as "(Take These) Chains" and "Pain and Pleasure." The latest heavy metal band from Germany, Accept, sings of "London Leatherboys" in their first American album, *Balls To The Wall* (the cover of which unintentionally outdoes anything the Village People ever dared: a black-and-white photo of a hairy thigh, a glimpse of male crotch in a bikini brief, and a leather-sleeved arm, its hand clutching a big ball). Van Halen's 1982 platinum album, *Diver Down*, included a poster of singer David Lee Roth in chains.

Curiously, all of these acts disclaim the S&M images they project. Judas Priest's Rob Halford strikes what is perhaps the

most extreme pose in heavy metal. His appearance is nothing less than that of a garish S&M Liberace: black leather boots, jodhpurs, vest, cap, spikes and studded collar, armbands, gloves, greaves, clanking chains and gleaming zippers. But Halford maintains it is all for show. "Before I started wearing this stuff," he said, "I didn't realise it was so deep." He has "come up against quite a few weirdos" who, intrigued by his costume, have attempted to involve him in some rather bizarre goings-on. But Halford refuses to take his own mummery seriously, and it remains for him little more than "a good strong image", a masquerade. "The black-leather thing just feels right with the music and the general thing we're putting across."

*Lunge to the maximum,
Spread-eagled to the wall,
You're well-equipped to take it all.*

One might agree that black leather does indeed go well with lyrics such as these, from Judas Priest's "Eat Me Alive", and with other aspects of the band's "general thing" — such as Halford's whipping of kids in the front rows during performances of a song called "Fire And Genocide." (Again, Halford disclaims, "I wasn't actually whipping them. God, no. If I was, I'd be in jail for causing grievous bodily harm, wouldn't I? No, like I say, it was just a pure theatrical extension of the music.")

More than a decade ago, the Blue Oyster Cult placed a nonsensical Germanic *umlaut* over the central vowel of their name, adopted a symbol — a stylised, overturned *ankh* set in a circle — that was slyly remindful of Hitler's modified *swastika* emblem, and began to make albums with titles such as *Tyranny And Mutation*, *Secret Treaties* and *On Your Feet Or On Your Knees*. Since then, heavy metal has been rife with fascist overtones, from the fairy-tale Aryanism of songs such as Saxon's "Warrior" to the metal militarism of Judas Priest's recent "Heavy Duty":

*Let's all join forces,
Rule with an iron hand,
And prove to all the world
Metal rules the land.*

The now legendary Australian rock *blitzkreigers* Radio Birdman (their influences were the heaviest — The Stooges, The MC5, The Seeds and Blue Oyster Cult) once wore khaki shirts with black and red armbands on stage, but they'd get incredibly upset at suggestions they were rock and roll Nazis; their aim was fashion, not fascism. As one of their following put it: "The German SS had the best uniforms ever — they might have lost the war but they were still the best dressed." Heavy metal acts know what

Hitler and Mel Brooks knew before them: audiences are fascinated by the trappings of fascism.

ARE THE KIDS ALL RIGHT?

One night last January, I sat in Radio City Music Hall in New York City waiting for the Blue Oyster Cult to come onstage. The crowd was young — except for a few conspicuous older Cult diehards, their eyes still glazed from the long, dull haul of the Seventies — and restless. Three girls, even more conspicuous in their presence than the handful of 30-year-olds, strolled down the aisle and were quickly surrounded by a dozen or so heavy metal boys in leather jackets and T-shirts. (As at most such gatherings, leather jackets and T-shirts are *de rigueur*. Each T-shirt bears the logo of the wearer's favorite band.) The girls fell smoothly through the boys' snare. One of the boys lit a firecracker and threw it after them. The girls clapped their hands to their ears and screamed;

the boys were satisfied. Up the aisle came a pair of usherettes in brown skirts and running shoes, dragging a boy — 15 years old at the most — who was foaming at the mouth and kicking his feet. The looks on the usherettes' soft faces betrayed a longing for the calmer, bygone days of the Rockettes. Finally, the lights dimmed and the Blue Oyster Cult took the stage. The crowd went wild, then quietened. Behind the band a curtain rose, revealing two large banners emblazoned with the red-on-white Cult symbol. Thousands of kids jumped up in fast, excited salute, raising their arms and pointing their fingers upward in regimented frenzy. The guitarist Donald Roeser struck the first doom-blasting chord of "Cities On Flame With Rock And Roll." It literally shook the seats and caused the floor to quake; and the audience drowned it in rapt cheering.

Looking about, I let myself wonder if Hitler Youth rallies had been at all like this



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HEAVY METAL

— an analogy commonly conjured up by heavy metal's denouncers. Of course not; the comparison was a ridiculous one. I remembered that Sandy Pearlman, who as Blue Oyster Cult's manager had concocted the group's controversial image, was really a nice Jewish boy from Smithtown, Long Island, New York who listened to classical music and took more vitamins than anyone else I have ever known. "I'm not in business to make sense" is what he used to say.

As for the kids themselves, many of them are not even truly aware of what Nazism is. The heavy metal kids embrace Nazi regalia only for shock value, not for any ideological reasons. *Swastikas* serve much the same purpose that peace symbols did in the late Sixties: they upset adults.

The same is true of the music's "devil worship", which has so aroused the wrath of publicity-hungry Christian groups. From the pentagrams used by Black Sabbath and Motley Crue to songs like Iron Maiden's "The Number of the Beast" and Judas Priest's "Devil's Child" ("You cut my flesh/ And drank my blood that poured in streams"), the satanism that pervades heavy metal is mostly gibberish lifted from horror movies. Black Sabbath, the fathers of heavy metal satanism, took their name from a 1964 Italian movie starring Boris Karloff. Iron Maiden's bass player, Steve Harris, was inspired to write "The Number Of The Beast" not by Revelation 13:18 but by *Damien — Omen II*.

While ministers rail and protest against the purported satanism of heavy metal, insiders take it far less seriously. "Ah, the devil worship bit," said Iron Maiden's vocalist Bruce Dickinson. "We're not angels. We don't go to church every Sunday. On the other hand, we don't spend time messing around worshipping the devil. The funny thing is, the fans know that. None of the fans think we're devil worshippers. They think it's a real laugh."

But every so often, along comes some weirdo who takes all this fun and gibberish far too literally. In Newport, on New York's Long Island a few months ago, Richard Kasso, 17, and James Troiano, 18, were arrested for the murder of 17-year-old Gary Lauwers. The killing was connected to both heavy metal and black magic. Kasso had formed a black magic coven, drawing inspiration from his own interpretations of such AC/DC songs as "Highway To Hell" and "If You Want Blood (You've Got It)." It was Satan himself, Kasso told police proudly, who'd ordered him to sacrifice Lauwers. Troiano held the victim down while Kasso gouged out his eyes and delivered the death blow upon hearing the cawing of a crow. A few

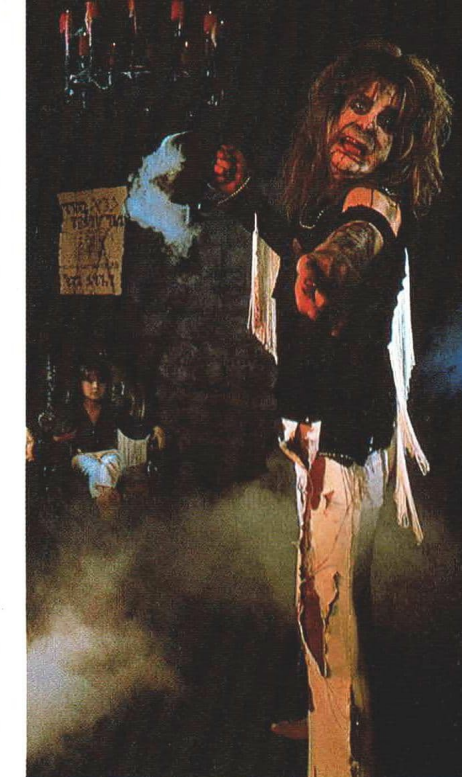
days later Kasso was found hanged in the jail cell. This is by no means a typical heavy metal case history (indeed, AC/DC's lyrical contact with black magic matters is negligible), but something went wrong somewhere and heavy metal was once again cast as the corrupting influence.

What heavy metal fans do take quite seriously are the shows they pay to see. Knowing that the sound of heavy metal is in some ways secondary to the spectacle of it, bands spare few expenses in their never-ending quests for bigger and better shows. Lasers and fireworks are already old hat. Iron Maiden performs beneath an immense inflated brain and shares the stage with a giant monster called Eddie. On a recent tour, Judas Priest employed a huge, multilevel stage incorporating hundreds of lights and assorted hydraulic and pyrotechnic contraptions. At the close of every show, Rob Halford returned to the stage for his encore on a Harley-Davidson lowrider. Blue Oyster Cult's latest shows feature the eerie billowings of a fog machine and the sudden appearance of an extravagant model dinosaur. From the simplest flashpot to the most sophisticated technical marvel, these special effects elicit from the audiences the plain and open *oohs* and *ahs* of kids who have never been to the circus before. For them, heavy metal is a circus. Women in chains! Gladiators from hell! Monsters and mayhem! And enough thunder and lightning to scare away every teacher, mother, minister and over-the-hill rock critic within hearing range.

In Australia though, the best heavy metal special effects are in the video game parlours. When it comes to live music the preference is for a no-nonsense mix of volume and lights. This no-frills policy is partly due to the size of the nation's touring circuit. There are no grand-scale stadium tours for local groups; instead, there's an endless round of pubs and clubs where the crowd capacity rarely exceeds a few thousand. Perhaps more importantly, in Australia fancy gear and elaborate stage effects still mean just one thing — another puffer pop band. A case in point was Heaven, a Sydney band that wasn't afraid to wear studded bracelets, chains and black leather. They had their fans but mostly they languished on the suburban rock circuit. The last straw was being banned from the Manzil Room in Sydney for playing too loud. Heaven promptly packed up and flew to America, where they currently rank as a hot prospect for heavy metal stardom.

THUS SPAKE OZZY

If there is a high priest of heavy metal, it is John Michael Osbourne, better known as Ozzy. Though Led Zeppelin (the cataclysmically loud English band



Ozzy Osbourne, playing up the "bad boy" image.

formed by guitarist Jimmy Page after the dissolution of the Yardbirds in 1968) are often credited as the prototypical heavy metal group, they are undeniably sophisticated musicians with backgrounds, however hidden, in electric blues. It was the group Black Sabbath, made up of four Birmingham boys in their young twenties, who took the great, drastic step away from bluesy roots to all-out lurid assault. That was in 1970, before the phrase "heavy metal" had begun to be heard.

On Sabbath's first album, which was released in the summer of 1970, it was Ozzy Osbourne's maniacal voice that went on to become the voice of heavy metal. Throughout the Seventies, Ozzy and Sabbath ruled the metal heap. Drunk, drugged, and disorderly, Osbourne was easily the most infamous figure in rock and roll, as execrated as he was idolised. At the end of the decade, he quit Black Sabbath and went out on his own. In 1980, after signing a deal with Epic Records, Ozzy was introduced to the company's executive staff. He threw them all into a state of pandemonium by pulling a live dove out of a bag and biting off its head. This incident created such a public stir that Ozzy has since been demonstrated against by humane societies and religious groups. The situation was not enhanced when, at a Des Moines, Iowa concert in 1982, someone threw a dead bat onstage and Ozzy bit off its head. A series of painful rabies shots ensued, along with all manner of outrageous rumors. It reached the point where alarmists were declaring that Ozzy sacrificed goats to Satan as part of his show. In Odessa, Texas, a group called Odessans for Decency gave a

HEAVY METAL

warning that Ozzy's music encouraged the use of drugs and the practice of witchcraft. One decent Odessan declaimed, "We're not talking about rock and roll. We're talking about a maniac!" Of course, none of this hurt Ozzy's career. His 1982 album, *Speak Of The Devil*, quickly went gold.

When I visited this elusive gentleman on the eve of his recent performance at Madison Square Garden, New York, I found him to be much more serene than the reputation that had preceded him. Ulcers, a new marriage, and a new child had put an end to his drug days and had considerably reduced his drinking. Chain-smoking cigarettes as he raked his mind for the right words, he was, I thought, the least conceited and friendliest rock and roll star I had ever encountered. I asked him if he had ever seen the movie *Nightmare Alley*. He said that he had not, and I told him about it — about how Tyrone Power played a geek who bit chickens' heads off.

"Jesus, these people act like I invented it. I don't think I'll ever be allowed to get away from that. It would be nice to be remembered for making 17 LPs that have all gone gold. But, inevitably, it's gonna be Ozzy Osbourne, the guy who bit the head off a bat.

"I don't deny it happened. I just wish people would just get on with it. In all those bizarre situations, I've always been three-parts drunk. It just happened, that's all. I mean, I like animals.

"It's my own fault. I've let people think I'm a madman. If I'm not screaming or diving through windows or throwing glasses at walls, people think I'm ill. If I sit in a bar and try to have a quiet drink by myself, people come up to me and ask me what's wrong. I can't complain about it because that's the image I've put across to people. They think I'm a fuckin' lunatic."

TURN IT UP

"In America," says Lemmy of Motorhead, an English heavy metal outfit that set new standards for volume distortion on their recent tour of Australia, "the heavy rock bands all want to make a single that will get played on radio, so their music is bland. In England you just do what you want, because if you're not pop there's no way you're going to get played on radio. So you take your music to people, you've got to play every fuckin' night."

These days, making it big in heavy metal means headlining status on the American stadium circuit. It's as clear cut as that, and the traditional method of getting there is to tour relentlessly. That's how everyone from Deep Purple in the Sixties to Led Zeppelin, Van Halen and

Ted Nugent in the Seventies and AC/DC in the Eighties made it. Accumulating a live following of several million inevitably leads to hit albums, and somewhere along the way, mainstream radio is forced to play a single or two.

But the advent of MTV (America's 24-hour stereo rock cable TV network) has created a new genre — the heavy metal video pop single. An example was Quiet Riot's "Cum Feel The Noise", which sold over a million copies last year. The song had been released before — pre-MTV — with very little public response, by the English group Slade. Ironically, after bombing out a decade ago as leading lights of England's Glitter Rock brigade (fellow travellers included T-Rex, Gary Glitter and believe it or not, David Bowie) Slade are now successful Stateside — on the heavy metal circuit.

MTV (and other American stereo cable-TV rock stations) have proved to be

Heavy metal acts know what Hitler and Mel Brooks knew before them: audiences are fascinated by the trappings of fascism

heavy metal's most potent ally over the past three years. Television of course can't convey the volume delirium of a real heavy metal concert, but heavy metal's visual content transfers ideally.

Now Ozzy Osbourne can make videos featuring demonic resurrections and graveyard cavortings while Quiet Riot demonstrate their political awareness with footage of South American revolutionaries been routed by a barrage of power chords. Meanwhile, another group, Twisted Sister, march into a suburban American home and beat up the dad who dared berate his son for meddling with heavy metal. Ted Nugent can feature a woman in chains writhing with bliss as he assaults her with feedback and Van Halen singer David Lee Roth managed to get in just about every one of his patented, sweat-slicked crotch flexes in the video for "Jump."

"I'm glad you call what goes down on MTV 'pop heavy metal,'" says Judas Priest guitarist Glenn Halford, "because there's a very big difference between the younger bands like Quiet Riot and Motley Crue and people like us who've been

around for 10 years and are still building. Firstly, very few of those new bands are real heavy metal — in fact I'd say there are only a few real heavy metal bands in the world today and mostly they're bands like us who've been able to build a solid following of fans who'll buy the albums and pay money to see us even when heavy metal albums aren't making the charts and radio won't play the music. Most of the new bands who've come out and sold say three million albums in their first year are pretty much in the same danger as a pop group like Culture Club — they have to keep on getting hits, otherwise it will be all over for them overnight."

Heavy metal on MTV also helps attract the previously uninitiated to the next show in town, while bypassing mainstream radio's reluctance to play the records. And so the horde increases and heavy metal's dominion in rock and roll grows stronger.

Iron Maiden, Def Leppard, Van Halen, Judas Priest, Ozzy Osbourne, Motley Crue, AC/DC, Blue Oyster Cult and Black Sabbath accounted for at least 25 million record sales last financial year, while concert earnings can range from \$100,000 to \$250,000 for one night's work. AC/DC have come within 3000 tickets of breaking Frank Sinatra's all-time attendance record at Meadowlands, and a heavy metal day headed by Van Halen outdrew David Bowie nearly two-to-one at the 1983 US rock festival.

The megabucks don't stop with records and concert tickets. American heavy metal album packages include merchandising catalogues offering everything from Iron Maiden wallets and key-chains to Judas Priest sleeveless T-shirts and leather wristbands. On one recent tour, US band Journey actually grossed more from their merchandising stands than from ticket sales — their audience forked out over \$12.50 per head for Journey brandname tour shirts and fashion accessories. The Australian merchandising record is held by Culture Club — at a mere \$4.50 per concert-goer. Never has rock and roll capitalism triumphed as gloriously in the mass marketing of imagery as in heavy metal.

And in this is an object lesson for Australian bands: gross out on volume, go over the top with dry ice and lights, take pointers from horror movies and be not afraid of S&M. And if you think of something that genuinely shocks polite society, make it the highlight of your show. Then move to America.

Long after Boy George has proved a fad and Michael Jackson has retired to devote himself to Good Works, heavy metal will still be rock and roll's most fail-safe sensory impact. As a wise man once said: "I have seen the future of rock and roll — and it will be louder." 



POLAROID PLEASURES

Erotica, unlike beauty, is in the mind rather than the eye of the beholder. So says photographer Graeme Davey, who has combined a portfolio of Polaroid photos that to him combine some of the key elements of erotica. Davey is attracted to what he sees as the eroticism inherent in nature — in its lines, textures, tones, energy and colors. He makes use of rich primary colors in his erotic portraits, contrasting the tranquility of the various shades of blue to the bold sexuality of the reds.

"I love the way you can capture the mood of the moment with Polaroid," says Davey. For him, the instant results form an immediate bond between photographer and subject — something that conventional cameras can't do. As far as Davey is concerned, "Polaroid is a dream come true."

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Polachrome
35mm Instant
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all of the people all
of the time

CONNED

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They watched over the ship's side as the man strapped to the stretcher was bundled down into the rocking launch. They didn't speak until the cargo was aboard and the launch started to pull away.

"Rather him than me," Gerry said, shaking his head.

"I suppose so," the other assented grudgingly.

Gerry added, "They reckon he'll be all right if they get him to hospital in time." The other man said nothing. "Look John, I feel very bad about the way this whole thing has turned out."

It was obvious that John felt pretty bad about something too. Gerry put his hand inside his coat and withdrew his wallet. He appeared to study the leather of the closed wallet for some time, and then opened it. John's eyes involuntarily flashed interest. "I'll tell you what I'm going to do with you, John. I've enjoyed meeting you and your lovely wife, and I've enjoyed playing cards with you. I was only interested in a bit of fun to pass the time on board. If you remember correctly, it was you who suggested we put up some money to make it more interesting." John winced at the painful memory. "But I never expected things to turn out this way. Especially this business with Monty and everything. What say" — he withdrew a cheque from the wallet — "what say we scrub the whole thing, call it quits. Just remember the fun we had and not let a thing like this spoil a friendship." He tore the cheque in half, in quarters and thence into tiny bits. He scattered the bits over the side.

"That's bloody decent of you, Gerry. It really is," John said with sincerity. "I . . . I hardly know what to say." Through eyes that were not entirely dry, he watched the descent of the small paper scraps until they hit the green water below.

Gerry was looking away into the distance. John followed his gaze and saw the disappearing silhouette of the launch.

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS PAYNE



CONNED

"Appendicitis, wasn't it?" he asked.
 "So they seemed to think," Gerry said.
 "Can be very nasty. The wife's uncle . . . still, not to worry. He'll be in a hospital bed inside a couple of hours, getting the best of care."
 "Hopefully."
 "Particularly close friend, was he?"
 "Only met him on the voyage."
 "That's right. But he was the type of bloke, though, that you'd felt you'd known all your life, wasn't he?"
 "Yeah, I guess you could say that," Gerry agreed.
 "Listen, why don't I rustle up Dottie," John suggested, "and you join us in the lounge for drinks in, say, 10 minutes? As our guest, of course."
 "That's bloody decent of you," Gerry said.

"Did they go for it?"
 "Of course," Gerry said. "Why not?"
 "You're learning, boy, you're learning."
 "Did you cash the cheque is the more important question."
 "First in line at the window this morning. They paid out to the last penny with a smile. Shit, is that clown going to get a shock when he opens his next bank statement! I'd love to be there to see it."
 "Don't talk about me old mate like that. He stood me a lot of drinks last night."
 "I hope you said thank you."
 "Yeah, and I said we might see them somewhere at the Coronation."
 They both laughed.

"I reckon he was on the verge of calling a copper too, the weasel-faced little bastard. I could smell it," Monty said.
 "Lucky we gave him the old tear-up treatment."

"We'll never know now. We got the dough — that's the main thing."
 "Teach him to play cards with strangers."

"Did you have much trouble with the hospital?"

"Nah. Had a miraculous recovery — told 'em it must have been acute indigestion. I had the Customs and Immigration sniffing around for a while, but I sent 'em packing empty-handed."

"You had the quack on the ship convinced."

"Hell, nothing to it. You learned to fake appendicitis out our way before you could siphon petrol."

Monty flagged down a taxi. "Territorial Arms Hotel, mate," he told the cabbie as they got in.

Gerry couldn't help craning his neck to stare at all the flowers, flags, tinsel and tape decorating the London streets. "Red, white and blue, the girls love you," he said after a couple of streets of it. "Bit different from home."

"Bit different to the last time I saw this

dump too," Monty said.

The cabbie pulled up at the front of the Territorial Arms Hotel. He told them, upon receiving correct change for the fare, that it was the custom to tip for service in this country.

"Write that down, Gerald," Monty said. "My mate collects quaint customs of foreign countries, don't you? Now if by chance we should ever encounter anything resembling service in this shithheap, we'll know what to do." The driver abused them succinctly and drove off. "He should count his blessings instead of his change," Monty said. "It's only because I'm in a benevolent mood from cashing the cheque this morning that he got paid anything."

"Bit of a fleapit, isn't it?" Gerry asked, turning his nose up at the crumbling damp exterior of the Territorial Arms.

"Wait till you see the inside," Monty said. "Still, if I hadn't cabled ahead we wouldn't have even got this joint. More than the

They had the remaining case loads of cobblestones brought up to their room and then relaxed for an hour or so over a bottle of whisky

whole population of Australia is trying to cram into this town for the shindig. We would have ended up sleeping in the park, and it's a bit hard to cut a dignified figure with horseshit and lawn clippings coming out of your ears."

They went through the double glass doors and made their way straight to the reception desk. "Room for Mr Massey and Mr Ferguson," Monty said.

"Mr Massey and Mr Ferguson?" Gerry whispered, nudging him in the ribs. "You trying to . . ."

"Relax. This mob wouldn't wake up if a crateload of alarm clocks fell on them."

"Yes sir, room 21," the clerk said. The clerk was a sallow, shifty, balding lump in his late 30s or early 40s, smelling of stale tobacco. He looked like he might be a procurer on the side (or more probably a hotel clerk on the side), though not one that would have given you much confidence in your continued good health if you'd utilised his services. A large color photograph of the uncrowned Queen Elizabeth, apparently torn from a newspaper supplement, was scotch-taped to the wall behind him.

"Well, who am I — Massey or Ferguson?" Gerry inquired of Monty's closest ear.

"Hush, Mr Ferguson," Monty said. "I'm talking to the desk clerk. There's been some mix-up at the docks about the rest of our luggage. It'll probably be arriving this afternoon."

"Yes sir," the clerk said dubiously.

After they'd signed the book and had a look at the room, Monty took Gerry shopping. They walked to a large department store nearby and hunted up the travelware department. "This is the stuff to buy," Monty explained while regarding a matched set of luggage. "It looks just as good as the expensive stuff but it's shit. It gets knocked to pieces in no amount of travelling. Only this stuff isn't going anywhere." They purchased one matched set.

Some time later they took the bags back to the hotel. Monty got the manager to put a small handbag, part of the set, into the hotel safe. "You put some valuables in the safe and they're less likely to suspect you of doing a bunk," he explained as they were climbing the stairs.

"What did you tell him was in it?" Gerry asked.

"Part of the heritage of the British Empire," Gerry started to laugh. "Well, if London cobblestones aren't part of the heritage of the British Empire," Monty added, "I don't know what is."

They had the remaining case loads of cobblestones brought up to their room and then relaxed for an hour or so over a bottle of whisky. "Did you pick up the tickets?" Gerry asked after taking a swig and then wiping the top of the bottle with the flat of his hand.

"Of course I did. While you were busy perving," smiled Monty. He produced a brown paper packet and tapped it affectionately. "I suppose," he said, yawning and untying the string on the parcel, "we'd better get off our arses soon and start singing for our supper. You got your story down pat? You're the private secretary . . ."

"I've got it! All right?" Gerry was offended.

"Sure, sure. Just checking . . . you can't be too careful in this game. I'll meet you downstairs in the vomitorium for tea at about six."

Monty was the first one back. He was halfway through his second drink when Gerry came in. "How'd you go?" asked Monty.

"Two."

"Two, you bastard? I only off-loaded one. You deserve a drink." When they both had a drink in front of them Monty raised his glass and said, "God bless America!"

"I never said it was Yanks I unloaded 'em to."

"Who else would pay 100 quid for the privilege of sitting up the back of Westminster Abbey, staring at the backs

of a couple of thousand other empty heads?" Monty asked rhetorically.

"What do you reckon would happen if any of them did turn up at the Abbey?"

"That's something I'd dearly love to know myself," declared Monty with a laugh. "You wouldn't get a seat in a London public convenience with one of them tickets."

"As it happens, they were both Yanks," confessed Gerry after a couple of gulps of truth drug.

They both had a laugh at that, and feeling elated and somewhat adventurous, ordered a Territorial meal. The management had gone to some trouble to make the dining room festive. They'd installed an artificial palm in a large pot, a palm court trio was playing background music and some paper streamers that appeared to double as flypaper were festooned from the ceiling.

"They've got a peculiar idea of what constitutes a steak in this place," commented Gerry after some gymnastics with a blunt knife.

"That's the perils of a working holiday in the mother country lad. If you say anything they'd blame it on the war — nobody's told 'em it's over yet. Plus they reckon they were the only ones in it, with minor allowances to the Germans."

"I'll remember not to ask."

"Cop," Monty whispered behind his hand, "the hillbillies who just walked in."

Gerald looked up to see a trio even more out of place than the palm court orchestra: a middle-aged man with a full head of white hair and wearing a broad-checked suit, a corpulent flashy woman of about the same age and a girl of around 20, obviously their daughter. The older woman was squeezed into a tight, backless evening gown, while the younger one was draped in a dowdy brown frock; it looked like they'd dressed in the dark and put on each other's clothes. The family looked forlornly about for a table and the man fidgeted with his collar. "Cop the daughter," Monty continued. "I've seen better heads on a slab at the fishmarket."

The daughter indeed had a pathetic look about her, like that of a stray dog trotting hopefully along at the couple's heels.

"Shit, they're coming over here!" said Monty. They had discovered that the only empty places were at Monty and Gerald's table, and were heading straight for them.

"Tell them to piss off," said Gerry, his aesthetic sensibilities affronted by the ugly girl.

"Can't," replied Monty. "Customs of a foreign country and all that. Besides, they're in a following wind and I smell money."

"You going to hit 'em for some tickets?"

"Nah. Not yet anyway. Never shit in your own nest — not until you're ready to fly. It's just the principle of the thing: it goes right against my grain to turn it away."

"Excuse me, gentlemen." The accent

was hoarse, American — possibly from the Midwest. "Are these places vacant? I'm afraid we've left it rather late to come down to dinner."

Monty gestured towards the empty chairs.

"Very obliged indeed," the American said. In the fallout of things Monty ended up opposite the old man and alongside the wife. The daughter ended up beside Gerry. "I'm Harry Norris," the stranger began when they were seated. "This is my wife Myra and this young lady is our daughter Constance."

"Pleased to meet you," said Gerry, moving his chair as far away as he could.

"Monty Ferguson and Gerald Massey," Monty said. Gerry kicked him under the table because he'd been led to believe that he was Ferguson.

The Norrises said they were glad to know them. "Not . . . not English gentlemen?" Harry advanced rather hesitantly.

"No, Australians," Monty asserted.

"Ah, I didn't think you were English. Over for the big event? Isn't it wonderful?"

"Wouldn't miss it for anything," replied Monty. "We're with the Australian delegation."

"I somehow can't help thinking we lost something when we got rid of the monarchy," Harry said.

Monty turned on the philosophy. "There's gains and losses in most things,"

he said, and then stuffed his mouth full of hotel cooking.

Harry looked left and right and then leaned across the table. "Frankly gents," he confided in a loud whisper, "this hotel . . . I don't mean to run it down . . ."

"No, no," Monty agreed although he always hated being addressed as a "gent", as though he was a public shithouse.

"It's not quite . . . what we're used to back home. But we had to take it or miss out altogether."

"Know what you mean," Monty said between mouthfuls.

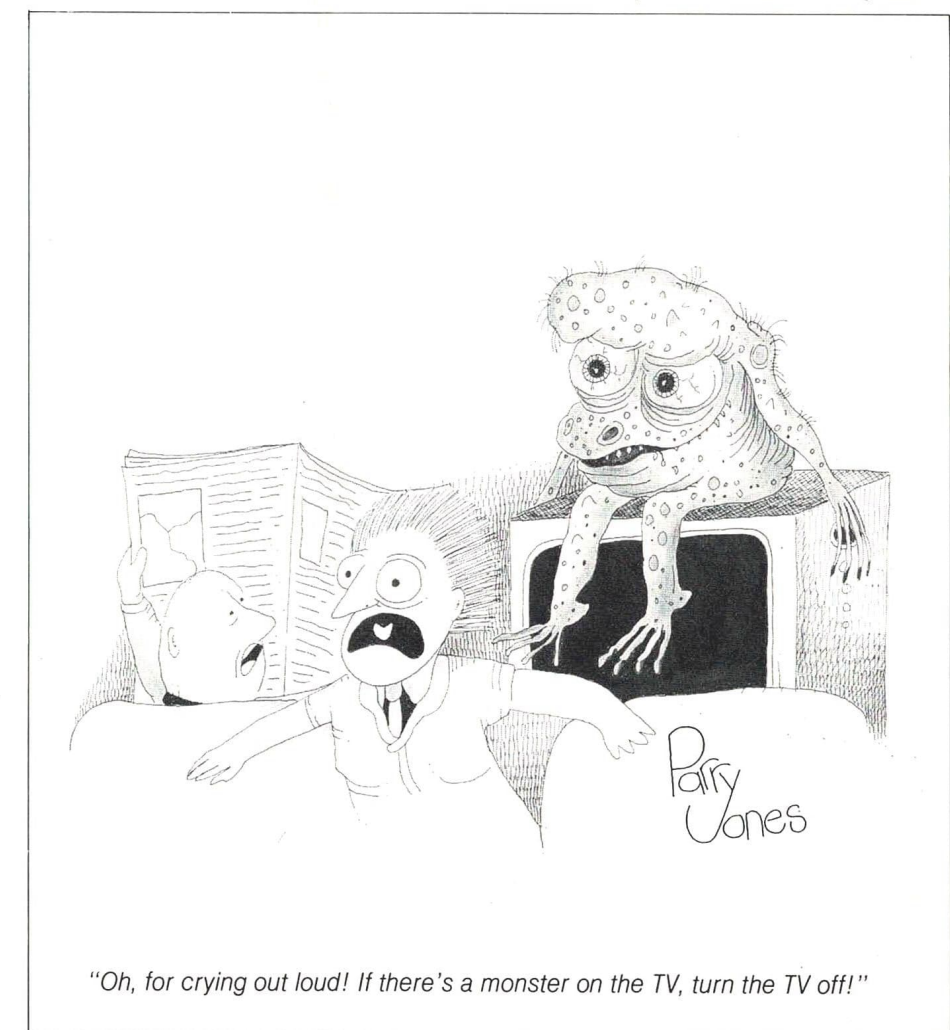
At the end of the meal Harry Norris said because the boys had been so nice about everything he wanted to pay the bill. "Wouldn't hear of it," Monty responded. But the American insisted and clumsily pulled out a roll of banknotes that the directors of the Bank of England would have been glad to lay their hands on. "Can't get used to this British money, boys," Harry said. "Don't seem real."

Monty and Gerry excused themselves, half-promising to meet the Norrises downstairs for drinks later.

"Did you get a load of that bankroll?" Monty asked. "You could have choked a bloody draught horse with it."

"Don't mention that species just at the moment," Gerry pleaded. "My dinner hasn't settled yet."

"And did you notice all the bangles and



"Oh, for crying out loud! If there's a monster on the TV, turn the TV off!"



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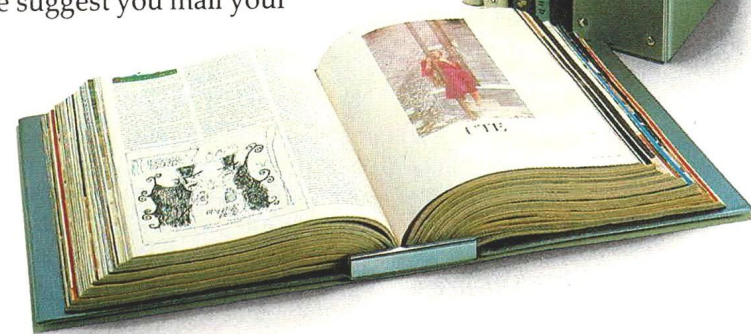
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sparklers on the old girl?"

"I thought they were there to stop the fat from exploding."

"This family definitely warrants further investigation."

"The daughter's a bit of a wallflower."

"I doubt if the wall'd have her, but that's beside the point. I think we'd better go down for drinks and see what develops."

"You can. I'm not going. Tell 'em I'm crook or something. It's only the bloody truth," said Gerry clutching his stomach.

"Good thinking, Gerald. We don't want to appear too eager. I'll go down by myself and size 'em up."

"Well?" Gerry asked later that night.

"I still smell money," said Monty. "You can make the next lot of inquiries. You're taking the daughter out tomorrow night."

"I'm what?"

"Taking the daughter out. I asked for you. I told them how shy you were on account of the limp."

"What bloody limp?"

"That bloody limp," Monty said, kicking him in the shin. "Don't forget to bung it on now and again."

The boys both got back from ticket selling early the next day, to get ready for the big night.

"Do I have to do this?" Gerry asked irritably while Monty stood over him, making sure he was properly shaved and presentable for Constance.

"Yeah, mate. I'm afraid you do. Old Harry's all right but that Myra's a tough old biddy. She looks like she cut her teeth biting into silver dollars to see if they were duds. Young Constance is her one weak spot; I reckon she'd lease out her arsehole for an ashtray if she thought she could palm off that daughter of hers on a husband."

"Where do I take her?"

"Anywhere."

"What will you be doing all this time?"

"Playing cards with the old folks."

"Having fun while I'm . . ."

"I've told you before, Gerald. Playing cards is only fun for mugs. I'll be hard at work. You can find out a lot about a person by playing cards with them."

They went up together to the Norrises' room. Constance was waiting and looking about as radiant as a cashbox and a *coururier* could possibly make her.

"Now young man," Harry said to Gerry, who grimaced. Concerned father horseshit always gave him a pain. "I want you and young Con here to go out and have a whale of a good time." So saying he stuffed a large denomination banknote into Gerry's hand, which eased his pain somewhat.

It was just after 11.30, and Monty was 50 pounds down. "I think I'll call it a night

if it's all right with you Harry," he said, stretching. "Would a cheque be okay? Just say if it isn't — I realise you don't know me or anything. I've got the cash but it'll run me a bit short until I can get to the bank."

"A cheque'll be fine. Don't think another word about it! I pride myself on being able to size a man up as soon as I meet him."

"Sure it won't inconvenience you?"

"Not in the least."

Monty had been back in his room about 10 minutes when Gerry came in. "How'd it go?" Monty asked him.

"All right," Gerry said, flopping on to his bed.

"What happened?"

"Nothin'."

"Where'd you go?"

"The pictures. I suppose you want to know what was on as well, do you?"

"Did you slip her one?"

"No, I didn't slip her one. You dumped

"Cop the daughter," Monty continued. "I've seen better heads on a slab at the fishmarket"

this one on me, so let me handle it my way. I know her kind — she's lonely. I doubt if she's ever had a bloke and I'm certain she's never had a poke."

"Does she like you? That's all I'm worried about."

"I reckon so. They all do, don't they?" he shrugged.

"You're a one, Gerald," Monty said, smirking and shaking his head.

"Yeah, What did you do all night — practise your card tricks?"

"I lost 50 quid and he took a cheque."

"So we skip hotels for a lousy 50 quid?"

"Skip hell. You're gonna skip down to the bank first thing in the morning and bung 51 quid into a cheque account for me. He trusts us, and we're half way there on a big one, Gerald — one big hit and we're on our way. Mind you, he's a rotten bloody card player. It took me all I could do to get the bastard to come out in front. I think we can forget the tickets from here on in — flush them down the pan or something to get rid of them. On the way back from the bank tomorrow pick me up a stencil, too, will you? They should have one where we got the luggage. You know, one

of those letter things you paint over . . ."

"I know what they are," said Gerry.

"Guess what line of business our mate Harry is in? You wouldn't think it to look at him. Rubber wares and novelties. The old bloke is in the Frenchie business! He must be really rolling in it. He wanted to know how I thought a branch office in Australia would do."

"What did you tell him?"

"I said I thought it'd get by."

"Do the right thing and you might get the agency."

"Could do," Monty laughed. "He showed me — while the wife was out powdering her whatever — the sample case he brought over with him. He says if we ever need any precautions just to ask him. Don't you for Christ's sake . . . not just yet anyway."

"I suppose the old tart tells everyone they're in the meat wrapping business. How are you getting along with her?"

"Pretty good . . . depends what sort of a report young Con turns in on you."

"I think that'll be all right."

"Get the dough in the bank okay?"

"Yep."

"And the stencil?"

Gerry tossed him the metal alphabet stencil. Monty took a small tin of paint and a paintbrush out of a paper bag and proceeded to letter his half of the "luggage" RGM and Gerry's HVE. Gerry stood watching him with his hands in his pockets. "There," Monty said when he was finished. "Now, tonight we invite them down here for cards."

"Gerry's shrug suggested that he didn't violently object.

"Aren't you gonna ask me what I'm doing?" Monty inquired.

"No," was the quiet reply.

"Do you know how to play gin rummy?" asked Harry, shuffling the deck. A couple of hours of socialising, drinks and cards had already passed. The card playing had been mostly between Harry and Monty. Monty was down 20 pounds.

"I think so," Monty said.

Harry started dealing. "You know," Harry said as he began to deal, "this reminds me of Sir Winston Churchill when he was visiting our country and he was introduced to gin rummy. He said he'd had a lot to do with gin in his time, likewise rum, but he was hanged if he could see much of either in this!"

"That was a good one . . . a beauty," laughed Monty.

They played for half an hour and then broke for a rest. Despite his best efforts, Monty was now only 10 pounds down.

"I . . . uh . . . I hope you don't mind me asking this . . ." Harry began falteringly, when he was on his feet with a drink in his hand.

"No, what?" Monty said. "Anything."

"The initials on the luggage . . . and your

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names. The M and the Massey *might* match up . . ."

About bloody time you stupid old twerp, Monty thought. Another five minutes and I was going to rub your nose in it. "I'm afraid you've tumbled on our little secret," he said out loud. Harry coughed self-consciously, Monty shuffled his feet, but otherwise an uneasy silence prevailed.

"You know how I said we were with the Australian delegation to the Coronation?" Monty said when he decided it was time to break the sound barrier. "Well . . . we are the delegation. I'm Robert Menzies, Prime Minister of Australia and this is my deputy, Herbert Evatt." Gerry half-choked on his drink and Constance had to slap him on the back. Monty continued: "I don't know how much you know about the political affairs of Australia . . ."

"Not a great deal," said Harry blankly.

"Things aren't too hot on the economic front at the moment, I'm afraid," Monty explained.

"Hence the hotel . . ." Harry started.

"I thought," a shy voice piped up from the corner — Constance's. "I thought it said in the paper that Commonwealth delegations were guests of Her Majesty."

Monty shot a quick look in her direction. "A mere euphemism I'm afraid, love. The Palace expects each country to foot its own bills and frankly our small country just isn't up to any big stuff at the moment."

"Hence the hotel . . ." Harry ventured again.

"Right," Monty said. "And the names. We'd really appreciate it if you didn't say anything to anyone. If this got around it could be quite humiliating to our country at a time like this."

"You're the first Prime Minister I've ever met," whined Mrs Norris, "and it would seem a terrible shame never to be able to tell my friends about it."

"Oh, that'd be all right when you get home, dear, no problems. Only here . . ."

"I'm with you," Harry said. "Monty? Robert? Bob? What do we call you?"

"Go on with the Monty, if you don't mind."

"I've never met a Prime Minister before either, let alone beat one at cards," Harry declared. "Oh look, about the winnings. If you can't meet the . . . I can scrub it off. It'd be my pleasure."

"No, no. Wouldn't hear of it," Monty said. "That's a purely private obligation of honor."

"There was me talking my head off about Churchill and you probably know him!" Harry realised out loud. "What's he like in real life?"

"Who?"

"Churchill. Sir Winston."

"Oh pretty much the same. You know . . . witty."

"You have met him?" asked the wife.

"Oh yeah, sure," Monty affirmed. "The other day at the Commonwealth what-saname."

"Say," said Harry, an idea of some kind dawning in his head, "why don't you two kids go out for a walk? Get some fresh air." When Constance and Gerry had obeyed and were out of the room Harry turned to Monty. "Do you mind if I ask you something straight — man to man?"

"No," said Monty.

"What with the false names and stuff — I appreciate the reason for all that — but what you told me about Gerry or Herbert or whatever his name is, about not being married, was that on the level?"

"Absolutely. I suppose the limp had something to do with it but Bertie — Gerry — never seemed to worry much about girls; he threw himself into his work instead. That's how he's achieved such success while still so young."

"He wouldn't trifle with our little girl's

"Mind you,
he's a rotten card
player. It took me all
I could do to let
the bastard come
out in front"

emotions, would he?"

"In 10 years of association I've never known him to trifle with any lady's affections. If you knew this man's reputation back home . . . I don't know what, if anything, has transpired between him and your daughter but I can personally assure you it'll be on the up and up."

"I would appreciate you saying that. Are you a father yourself?"

"Boy and a girl," Monty said without ruffling an eyelash.

"Then you'll know how relieved we are to hear what you've just said," Mrs Norris chimed in.

"Frankly," said Harry, "we were beginning to think that Constance would never . . . well, you know what I mean. She's getting too old to be tagging around behind us all the time." Monty nodded sagely.

Gerry returned a few minutes after the Norrises had taken their leave. "Nice walk?" Monty asked him.

"So-so. Nice talk?"

"Couldn't have been better. The old doll's creaming her crimsons at the thought of having a Deputy Prime Minister as a son-

in-law. Things couldn't be better."

"Yeah."

"You're taking her out again tomorrow night . . . all right?"

"All right."

Next morning Monty had Gerry up early. "You better come with me on this one," he told him. "Some good contacts for you."

It took them over two hours to get to the dingy pawnshop. Monty led Gerald in and said, "Hullo Rosie," to the old man picking his teeth with his fingernail. "You don't exactly know me but I'm a friend of Red Davies — Albert Davies."

"That must be real nice for him," the shopkeeper said and went on picking his teeth. The noise he made was clearly audible across the empty shop.

Monty let him have his fun for a while and then went on: "He told me to look you up if I was ever passing. Said you were a man who knew your rocks."

"Geologist was he, your friend?"

"You know what I'm talking about," said Monty, fanning himself with a sheaf of banknotes.

"Could be I do, could be I don't. You'd better come through to the back."

They followed him into an even dingier room cluttered with junk. Once in there Monty further established his *mala fides* and then outlined his objective clearly and concisely. He wanted to hire, for one week, the classiest looking diamond Rosie could lay his hands on. Rosie said he believed he might have something in stock, and scraped a blue and white Rajah's ransom out of the shit and seeds in the bottom of a rusty birdcage on the floor.

"Holy Christ!" whistled Monty.

"Bugger me," echoed a dazzled Gerald.

"Seven days, boys," Rosie said, briskly cutting a number seven into the glass of a cracked dressing table mirror with the diamond for additional emphasis. "After that our terms are one broken limb per day. You can work out a roster between yourselves."

"We've invested nearly everything we've got with that thieving tight-arsed bastard, but it was worth it for this," a glowing Monty said, tapping his pocket, as they came out of the shop.

Outside it was dark and uninviting. Monty was up in the Norrises' room, and Gerry had sneaked back to his own room with Constance. "They won't find us, will they?" she whispered.

"No. The door's locked. They think we're at the pictures. Monty won't be back till late."

"One more movie and I think my eyes'd fall out," Constance said, sitting herself in a girlishly innocent way on Gerald's bed.

Gerry advanced towards her in a far from boyishly innocent way. He put his arms on her shoulders and pushed her gently on to her back. "Come on, love,"



Bursting with full flavour.

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he said. "I can't wait another bloody day."

She tried to fight herself back to an upright position. "No, Gerry, no."

"You said you loved me," Gerry said.

"It's just that I've had a very religious upbringing."

"Don't worry. I won't let it bother me."

"But what about Jesus? He died for our sins, you know, and..."

"Well you wouldn't want the poor bloke to have died for nothin' then, would you?" Gerry cooed into her ear.

"I'm sorry it wasn't very good," she was saying some minutes later. "I haven't had much experience, you know. You can teach me."

"It was good," Gerry said.

"Was that," she giggled, "was that one of daddy's thingies you were wearing in me?"

"Kids seem to be getting on great together," Harry was saying to Monty, one flight of stairs up.

"Yes," Monty agreed somewhat absently.

"Everything all right, mate?" Harry asked in his newly acquired "Ossie" accent.

"Eh? Oh, sorry — miles away. Affairs of state."

"That bad? Anything we could do to help?"

"No, no. That's very kind of you to ask. I — uh — I suppose you *might* be able to give me some advice, being a businessman yourself. Would you know anyone, perhaps some of your business acquaintances, who would be in a position to negotiate a private loan of 25,000 English pounds with the Australian Government? It's got to be strictly private."

Monty watched while Harry and Myrna simultaneously did a mental conversion from sterling to dollars and then exchanged a meaningful glance. "Why not us?" Harry asked.

"I beg your pardon?" Monty said.

"Us. We could afford it. We'd be proud to, wouldn't we?" Myra agreed that they would.

"I couldn't hear of it — we've imposed too much on your friendship already," Monty protested.

"Monty, if friendship means anything to you, we'd be offended if you went elsewhere for the loan," Myra said.

"Well, it will pay five percent interest and it should be redeemed in nine to 12 months — it's just to help us over a bad bump. If we went through any of the regular financial channels we'd probably get skinned at the next election."

"I see," Harry grinned knowingly.

"The security," Monty said, "is downstairs in the hotel safe... the Australian Crown Jewels." While Harry and Myra gaped, Monty ducked out of the

room. "Be back in a minute," he called.

He sauntered downstairs and asked the night clerk if there were any mail for him. Without looking up from his copy of *Titbits*, the clerk said there wasn't. Monty went to the bathroom, urinated, combed his hair with water and blew kisses to himself in the darkened image of the de-silvering mirror. On the way back upstairs he stopped in front of his own room, listened at the door for a while, smiled, and continued on his way.

"The Star of Adelaide," he said, producing the rock from his coat pocket with a flourish. "It's the only one I could fit in my pocket."

"Oh my blessed God! Myra exclaimed. "Harry, it's beautiful."

"It'll take me a couple of days to get the money through from the States," Harry said, forcing himself to take his eyes from the diamond and get back to mundane realities.

"That's okay, Harry, perfectly okay. And in the meantime I want you to take the Star and have its authenticity checked or tested or verified or whatever you want."

"Oh we..." Myra started to protest.

Monty held up his arm. "I'm going to insist on that friendship again," he said. "Take it. When it checks out, you can hold the entire collection as security until the money is redeemed. Of course, no-one's to know they've left Australia."

Harry and Myra were tongue-tied. Myra held the Star on the flat of her hand and there was moisture in the couple's eyes. "Better put it away somewhere safe, honey," Harry said. She decided it would be best to lock it in a dresser drawer for the time being, and did so.

Then the door opened and Constance came in. She could hardly repress her smile. Monty sympathised with her.

"Good evening?" Monty asked Gerry. "I've had worse. You?"

"They took it hook, line and sinker, and half the bloody rod. And then came back screaming for more. We're there, mate, the big killing." He lit himself a cigarette. "What, ah, gives with little Con? She just came in grinning like a Cheshire cat."

"Leave it," Gerry said irritably.

"What, what, what?" Monty's alerted instincts cried. "You're not falling for her are you?"

"Piss off."

"Well, feeling sorry for her — that's just as bad. You'll never make it in this game if you start feeling sorry for the likes of her. I've seen it happen, mate. Promising careers ruined. She's on the shelf, and that's not your bloody fault. With all her parents' dough they can't give her away. Just look at it this way: you're doing her a favor, giving her a nice memory to finger herself to in the declining years of her old maidenhood."

Monty thought for one charged moment that Gerry was going to swing a punch at

him. But Gerry flopped down on the bed instead and said, "Who's arguing with you? You wanted it realistic."

"As long as you remember there's a difference between realistic and real. And that difference is what we make our living out of." Monty flopped on to his bed too. "Yeah, I think you're going to make it, boy," he said. "I think you've got what it takes. Now we just sit back and relax for a couple of days. If we both keep our heads nothing can go wrong."

One full day passed uneventfully. On the afternoon of the following day Monty and Gerry were lazing in their room. "That reminds me of the time," Monty was saying, "we fixed the last race of the Bundagooi Picnic Race Carnival just before the war. The bookies had been winning all day and their money bags were overflowing. There were five nags in the race. Three of them were donkeys — couldn't have got the bread van back to the bakery before lights out — so it was out of the other two. The owner of the favorite — Midnight something or other — was in on it. We pumped his poor nag so full of water, the only way he could have won was to swim in. Then we threw everything we had on the other thing to win at four to one."

"Did you collect?" Gerry asked, the same way he asked every time Monty told the story.

"We could have if bloody Midnight Britches hadn't stopped for six pisses on the home stretch."

"Speaking of which," Gerry excused himself to go to the bathroom down the hall.

He'd only been gone about a minute when there was a knock at the door. Monty put down his bottle and answered it.

A tall man in a rain-spotted overcoat was at the door. "Could I step inside for a minute, sir?" he asked Monty.

"What is the nature of the business, pal?" Monty said. "I was just about to have my afternoon nap."

"Private."

Instinctively reacting to the visitor's authoritative tone, Monty stepped back into the room and allowed him to enter. He presented an identification card and said, "My name is Detective Inspector Woodhall of Scotland Yard." He licked his lips. "Fraud Squad."

Monty swallowed once; his throat got progressively drier as he studied the ID. He saw Gerry approaching silently behind the inspector. "Would you mind repeating that, sport?" Monty found voice enough to say. The inspector repeated what he'd said. Gerry came crashing down on the back of his neck and the inspector hit the floor.

"Christ, you didn't have to rabbit punch him so hard, did you?" Monty demanded.

"What did you want me to do — ask him to shut his eyes while we jumped out the window? How the hell did they...?"

"What does it matter now?" Monty drop-

ped to his knees at the the flattened man's side. "At least he's still alive," he announced. A quick search located the inspector's wallet which Monty immediately appropriated. The same search also turned up his handcuffs. For a fraction of a second Monty considered using them, but decided against it and instead dragged the unconscious body into a wardrobe and locked it.

"Grab your coat and hat and follow me like your life depended on it," he ordered Gerry.

"What are we doing?"

"We're getting out — of the country."

"Can we take Con? I know she'd come. She wouldn't..."

"Jesus bloody Christ! I knew it! You crazy... get down those stairs and grab us a cab before I rabbit punch you. I'll sort you out later. It's a long way to come from bloody Jerktown, USA every month for visiting day at Dartmoor. Don't forget that."

"The security,"
Monty said, "is
downstairs in the
hotel safe... the
Australian Crown
Jewels"

Monty physically helped Gerry on his way down the stairs and clambered upstairs himself to the Norrises' room. Only Myra was in. "The diamond — the Star — is it here?" he panted.

"But you..." she said a little startled.

"I've got to have it. An... er... emergency meeting at Australia House — with Churchill. You can have it back tonight."

She went to her handbag, took out a small box and handed it to him. He flicked it open and the blue-white sparkle caught the light. He hurtled towards the door. "Tonight," he shouted back, "we'll play some cards." He nearly knocked Constance over on his way out the doorway. He didn't stop for any apologies or explanations.

Gerry was standing in a drizzle, holding open the door of a taxi. "Did you see Con...?" he started.

"Shut up and get in," Monty lamented as they drove through the crowded streets. "The biggest collection of suckers ever assembled in one place and we've got to miss out on it."

At the airport Monty suggested to the

cabbie that if he waited out the front for them they might be able to extend his fare considerably. "I think we're early for our flight after all. If we are, I'll get you to take us back to my club. I'll leave my briefcase and papers as security."

"I don't think so, mates," the cabbie drawled airily, looking into space. "Last time I let an Australian bend down to tie up his shoelace in my cab I never saw him or the fare again." Monty opened his mouth to say something but the cabbie got in first: "Nor do I take cheques, letters of credit, promissory notes, solemn declarations, Egyptian government bonds or Monopoly money."

Monty threw the money at him. "Come on," he said to Gerry, "we haven't got time..."

"Oi, where's me tip?" the cabbie shouted out the window.

"I'll give you a tip. Don't ever show that ugly unwashed neck of yours south of the equator or I'll personally wring it for you," Monty shouted back at him.

"You're gonna miss the Coronation, gents," he yelled just as they were going out of earshot.

"Stuff the bloody Coronation," Monty said, bundling Gerry into the terminal.

"Where we going?" Gerry wanted to know.

"Wherever the first flight we can afford to get on is going. Preferably somewhere without an extradition treaty."

At about the time the Archbishop of Canterbury was placing responsibility for the great Commonwealth of Nations on the brow of the new Queen, the two refugees cleared the English Channel and caught their first glimpse of the sun for that day. "By the living Jesus, mate," Monty swore, "may we be torn to pieces by wild animals if we ever set foot near that dump again."

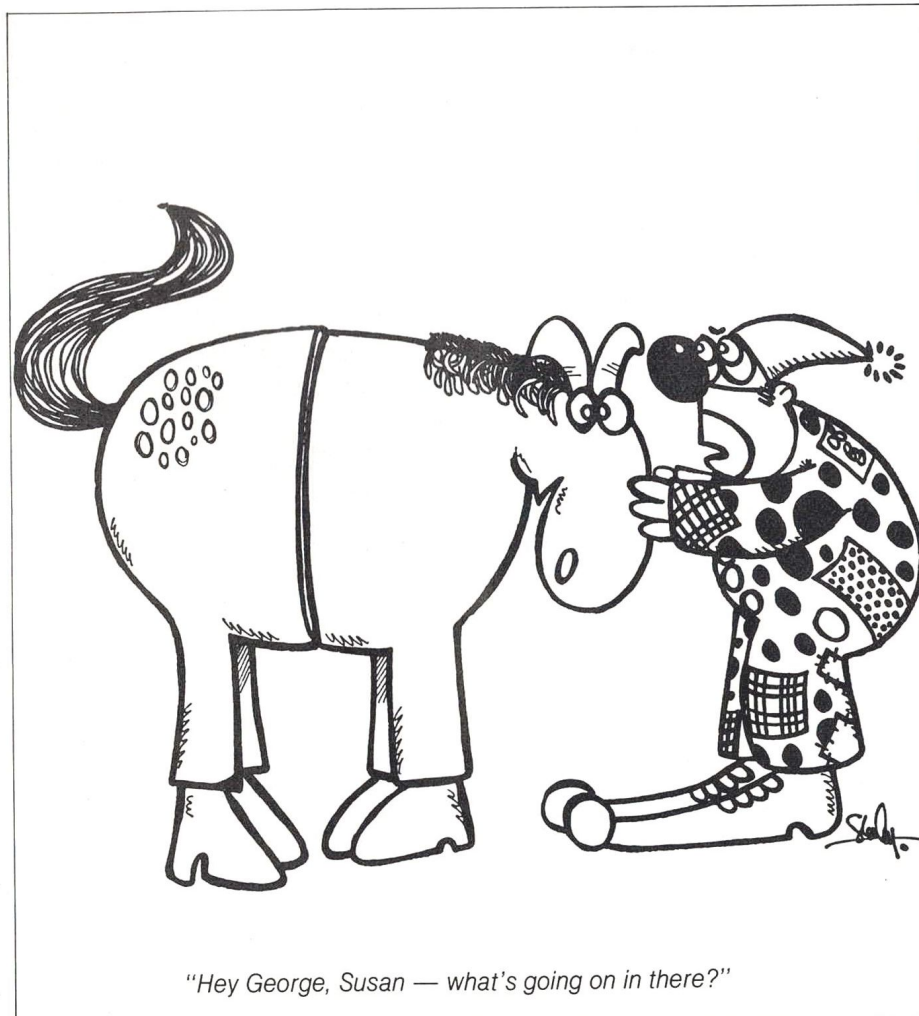
"We probably would be," Gerry said.

"The next sigh of relief they allowed themselves was when they stepped off the plane in Morocco. They went immediately to the airport toilets where Monty shoved his hand down into the front of his underpants and withdrew a small box. "We're absolutely flat skint broke," he said, "until we find a fence for this, somewhere in this den of thieves. Then home and civilization at long last."

In his eagerness he tried to open the box wrong side up, and the gem fell on to his foot, rolled along the floor till it hit a stone wall, and broke.

The inspector was by this time fit to be interviewed in the hospital. "What in God's name happened to you, Woodie?" a keen-eyed fellow inspector from the Yard asked him.

"I'm fucked if I know," the injured and puzzled man said. "I went down to the hotel like I was supposed to, to warn those fellows they were associating with a notorious gang of American swindlers, when the bleeding roof fell in." 



"Hey George, Susan — what's going on in there?"

WINNING WAYS

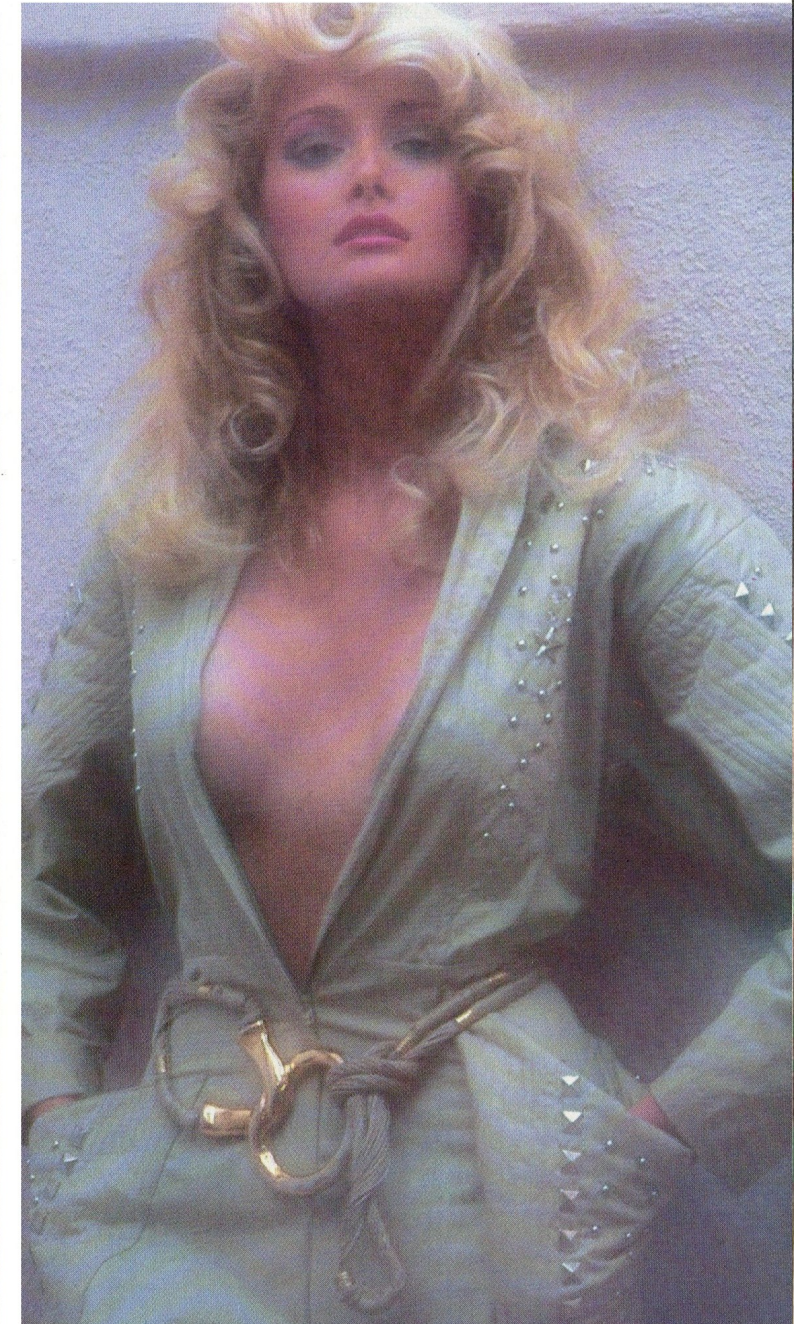
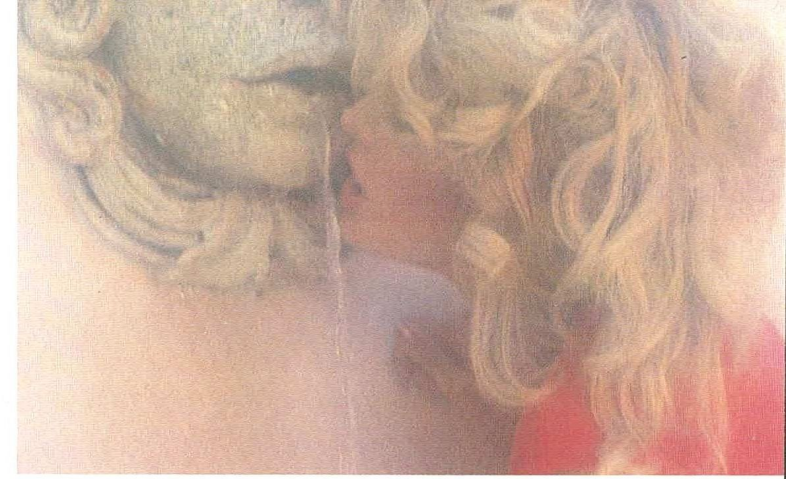
Linda

Kenton is living proof that Americans' taste is not solely in their mouths. Leggy Linda was recently voted 1985 US Pet Of The Year and for the next 12 months the Ohio beauty will be touring the States and the world as a part of her prize. She'll be well equipped to be a moving target — among other winnings she takes home two cars and three motorbikes of various makes.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB GUCCIONE



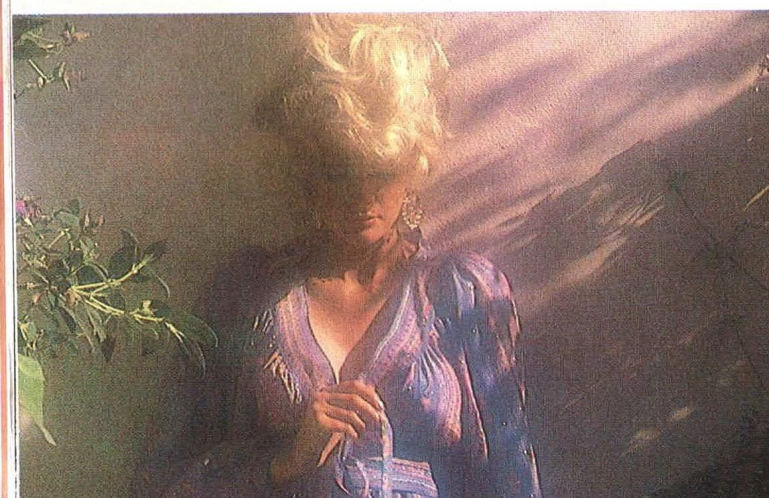
Linda says she
feels like she's
stepped from
the pages of
one of those
fairytales where
the girl from
humble
beginnings
grows up to be
a princess.





A romantic notion, from a lady who says that at the moment she's in love with no-one or nothing but her flourishing career. But then again, Linda says she's become very selective about the sexual company she keeps.





"In high school, the novelty of sex makes having lots of partners exciting. Now, though, the only worthwhile novelty for me is making love with a man that I'm really in love with."



When her current responsibilities are over, Linda hopes to make her mark in the movies. She's done a fair bit of television and movie work and now she wants to get cracking on a full-time acting career. Considering the mould in which she's cast, getting there shouldn't be all that tough.



LOLA

THE LADY IS A VAMP

Meet Lola. In 1982 and '83 she was the fastest mother on Mulsanne Straight, the nightmarish strip of car-killing bitumen at Le Mans. Quicker than the Porsches and Lancias, she was timed at close to 375 km/h. And now Lola is living at a new address Down Under, a toss of a beachball away from the sand at Noosa. She is first of what is likely to be a flock of migratory birds to these parts.

Australian motor racing is going international. We're aligning with the big league. The old parochial isolationist policies are being dispatched into history. Which is why Australia will become home to an increasing number of racing exotics like Terry Hook's Lola T610.

Melbourne's Sandown racing circuit was recently revamped expressly to host World Endurance Championship events for earth-shakers from Europe and the United States: the whispering all-conquering Porsche 956s, the lightning swift but temperamental Lancia turbos, the Jaguars with their symphonic V12s, and prototypes like the T610.

BY PETER MCKAY PHOTOS BY PETER SIMONS



Down to its shrunken wheel, the interior of Hook's Lola resembles the cockpit of a small aircraft.

THE LADY

Sandown's new status provided the impetus for Hook, who went to Europe on a car shopping expedition early in 1984 on the strength of Melbourne getting the nod for a championship race.

Lola is one of the great names in racecar design and construction. The British-based factory has successfully spawned a myriad of four-wheeled speedsters ranging from humble Formula Fords through to angry and potent Formula 5000s. Lola is also heavily into sports racing cars. In 1982, Lola's Eric Broadley whipped up a telling potion for the annual 24 Hours of Le Mans, a one-off he tagged T610. It was this car, the boss of Mulsanne in '82 and again in '83, that the man from Noosa tipped into his shopping trolley.

Hook bought the Lola sans engine. In Europe it raced with a Ford Cosworth stuffed in its tail, but the new owner wanted a less costly, simpler powerplant — something like the 5.0 litre Chevrolet V8 he was familiar with after years of driving Formula 5000 cars in the Seventies. The decision to go for the torquey 530 horsepower Chevy was made in the belief that such an engine would suit the twisting new Sandown layout. Coming out of those slow corners it would pull like a kid at boarding school.

Switching from Cosworth to Chev hasn't meant any loss of power and the torque gain more than compensates for the extra weight of the Detroit muscle. On the drawing board is a plan to switch the iron-block Chev for an all-alloy Donovan 5.8 litre V8, similar to those employed in those brutish

clay-tossing oval-track sprintcars. Such a move provides the Lola with another 100 neddies and brings the car down to the 800-kilogram minimum allowed by the rule makers. The extensive use of high tech weight-saving materials such as carbon fibre and Kevlar means the Lola has never carried much extra flab. Its tub or chassis is constructed from honeycomb aluminium and carbon fibre, both materials noted for strength and lightness.

Not even Eric Broadley could dare suggest the Lola is a vision of unquestioned loveliness. That huge shovel of a front aerofoil, the beady bug-eyed headlamps, the cumbersome rear wing, and abrupt, chunky coachwork confirm that this is an engineering exercise designed to win races and not beauty contests. And topping the terminal speed chart on Mulsanne is testimony to the effectiveness of the Lola's slippery shape.

Hook, a genial caravan park proprietor and property developer, is no high-profile race driver. Only regular motor sports followers and the good citizens of Noosa are aware that he dons the fireproof suit and all-enveloping Darth Vader helmet — the armor of the warrior who dares. Now 35, Hook has been grappling with steering wheels for half his life. He has paid his motor racing dues. Twice those malevolent Formula 5000 animals have tried to maul him. The first occasion, in 1979 at Surfers Paradise Raceway, he crashed and was trapped in his broken and misshapen car — a Lola, incidentally — for 30 minutes while rescuers frantically hacked a path through the metal to free him. Two years later, at Lakeside, the dice rolled the wrong way again. He now has no movement in

his left ankle — jogging and a hit on the squash court are definitely out. Still the pain and permanent disability hasn't diluted this man's passion for driving a thoroughbred at the limit.

Getting the Lola to accept the different powerplant was both simple and hard. Simple because in ordinary circumstances the engineering would not be difficult; hard because lazy, idyllic Noosa is not exactly a hotbed of racecar development. In the end the engine transplant was accomplished with no real trauma.

More of a poser was to dial in the aerodynamics and suspension to suit local race circuits. The T610 landed here in bits — an outsize Meccano set for men. It was not accompanied by an instruction manual, so Hook and his crew emptied the container, laid all the parts on the workshop floor and began to piece the thing together like a giant puzzle. But there were choices of springs and two very different body shapes: one was for long, sweeping circuits, and the other for the smaller, twisting tracks like those found in this country.

The first time Hook drove the car, at Surfers Paradise, it showed an unnerving penchant for wishing to leave the bitumen. The Hook phone bill soared as the line between Noosa and Lola headquarters at Huntington ran hot. From 25,000 kilometres away, Lola's Broadley instructed Hook to make specific changes to the suspension. Immediately, the T610 assumed a more passive attitude. Its self-destructive bent disappeared and Hook began to feel more of a master than a servant.

The Lola is what the motor racing technocrats call a "ground effect" car. It's



Taste the
Classic Aussie beer

THE LADY

a car with special aerodynamics and body features that draw it closer to the racing surface it travels. The result is cornering speeds unheard of before the late Seventies, when this radical design first emerged on the Lotus Formula One cars. Since then just about every form of purpose-built racecar has adopted all or some of the ground effect qualities. What happens is the adjustable oversize front wing on the Lola splits the airflow, directing some over the top of the car and the rest underneath where it is channelled into venturis — large tunnels. And while the regulations partly restrict the downforce effect, the Lola reassuringly hugs the turns with affection. The Lola's ability to cling to the track in the corners is naturally a major factor in achieving slick lap times. Determining optimum ground effect, however, is a very lengthy process of adjust, try, fiddle, try, vary, try...

Kevin Bartlett and his experienced sports car crewman Phil Harris provided a valuable input at a Surfers race meeting, with both men suggesting the front wing should be adjusted upwards to allow more air under the car. The change made, Hook headed on to the circuit and tore a large lump from his best lap time. That's how progress comes in racing — through trial and error. As much as the wiseheads disagree, setting up a racecar remains 75 percent know-how and 25 percent

guesswork and experimentation.

The doors swing up and forward, but entry into the hip-high racer is still a slow and difficult operation. There are the side pods to cautiously straddle; stuffing a big size nine through the coachwork would be an embarrassment.

The cockpit is all aluminium sheeting, glass and instruments. It could almost be a small aircraft, right down to the shrunken steering wheel. The dials and gauges including a huge oil pressure light are directly ahead, where the eye can quickly pounce on these monitors of the engine's continuing good health. To the left, towards the front of the flimsy passenger seat that's there only to meet regulations, is a row of identified switches: hazard flashers, high beam, fog lamps, windscreen wipers/washers. Le Mans ancillaries. There is no air conditioning, however, as the flow-through ventilations works fine at 300 km/h plus.

Three levers are also within reach of the driver. They control front-to-rear brake bias, and the front and rear anti-roll bars. All can be adjusted on the move. All are handy features, particularly in long-distance racing where changing circuit conditions and tyre wear are just two variables that can alter the car's handling. An experienced competitor would make a number of subtle alterations during the course of a race. To the right of the steering wheel is a gear lever not much bigger than a clothes peg. The gearbox itself is a Hewland five speeder, a special racing unit designed to

withstand the onslaught of 600 horsepower and thousands of lightning fast shifts per race.

"Excuse the dirt," says Hook. "There's no way we can keep it out of the cockpit." The reason is simple: so effective is the ground effect on the Lola that it sucks tiny bits of track debris from the circuit through small gaps in the bodywork. The driver inevitably finishes a race with a layer of muck on his belly.

The Chevy requires a certain knack to coax into life. There is no starter motor — it's usually a clutch start with a handful of helpers providing the muscle. The instructions are to keep blipping the throttle: "It won't idle under about four grand." The fuel-injected V8 belches and pops. The whole car shakes and vibrates — race engines are cantankerous beasts that dislike low revs. "It starts working at 5800 revs all the way to a peak of 7500," explains Hook.

The clutch is heavy, damned heavy. The Hewland makes terrible grating noises when first gear is sought, and all the time the right foot is on half throttle in a valiant effort to keep 4000 revs dialled up.

There's an inevitable lurch and the T610 staggers away. The sun is beating down at Surfers Paradise Raceway and it's already more than warm inside that little glasshouse. The gearbox, a bitch to use when stationary, becomes pleasantly compliant at speed. It requires firm, positive, brisk movements. The steering is direct, without being too sensitive. Hook puts a big wrap on the brakes; perhaps he is not as demanding as others.

A driver must have respect for a racecar. It is a potentially lethal weapon. But he must not be afraid of it. The Lola never intimidates, never threatens. It has all bases covered. Cornering grip is spectacular. Fire the car into a tight one and it will give no hint of agitation — not a flutter. The power does not come hither like a bolt from the blue in a paroxysm of smoking rubber and crazed deviations from a planned path. There's no sneak assault on a wide-eyed, fear-stricken driver.

Rather there's a firm thrust as the V8 utilises its renowned torque to lift the T610 out of the turns. A pervading calm suggests no there's need for concern. Make no mistake, the speed is certainly there, but without the anxiety.

The car goes faster every time Terry Hook takes to a racetrack, and he is now beginning to extend his own driving skills, something he was reluctant to do while the Lola was prone to misbehavior. The design integrity was always there. The car merely needed its potential in this configuration to be exposed. It is now, finally, a predictable machine, a car to leave a driver infatuated after even a brief dalliance.

It is not an easy car to climb into, and even harder to leave. A relationship begins with some trepidation and ends reluctantly. That's the kind of motor car the Lola is. A seductress. 

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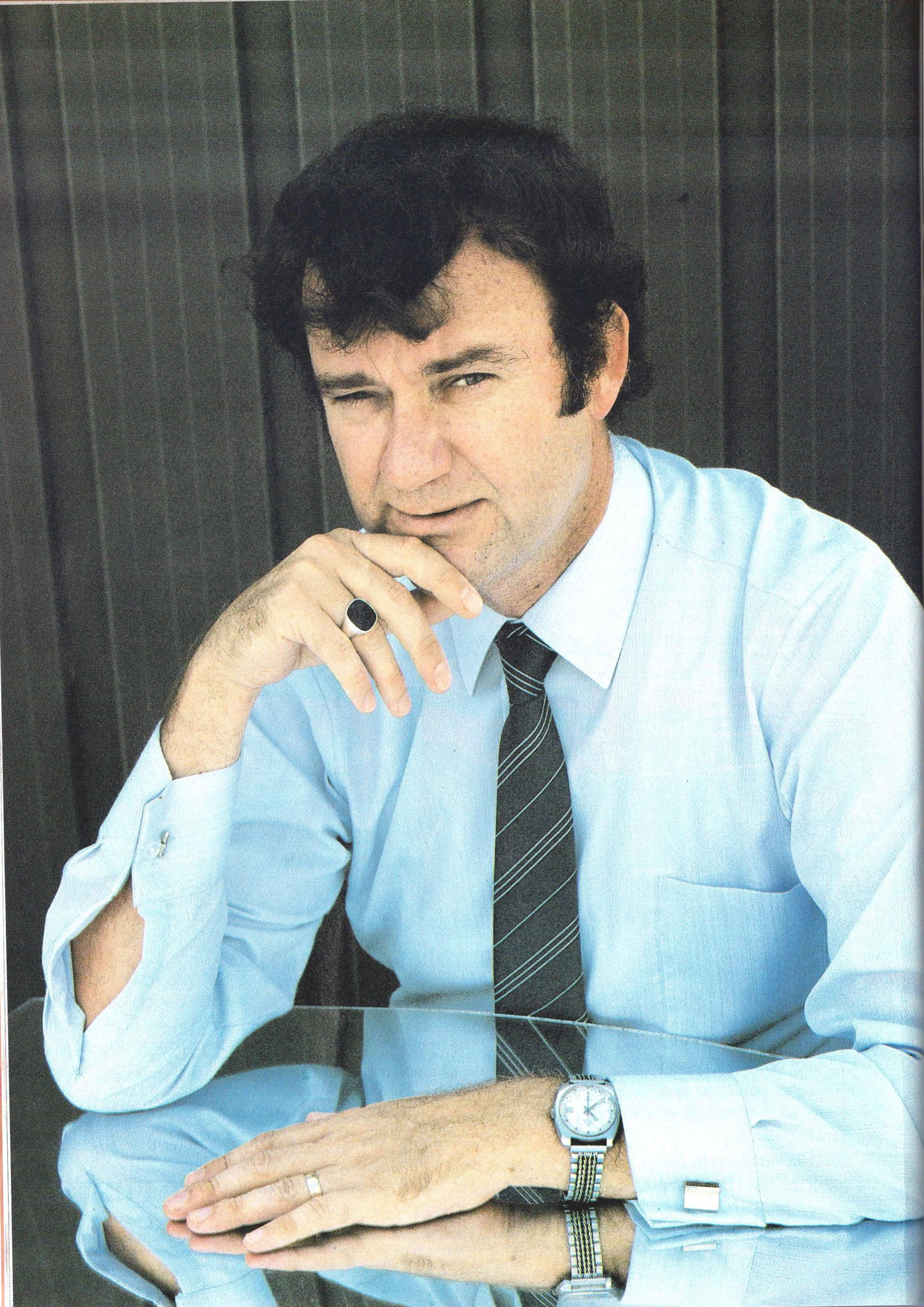
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PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

BOB BOTTOM

● Wherever I go in Australia, and no matter what I say, the question everyone always comes back to is: "Why are you still alive?" ●

Bob Bottom is Australia's leading investigative crime journalist. During the past two decades he has conducted a tireless crusade against the development of organised crime in this country, particularly in NSW. He has, in his own words, "shaken up the underworld as it was never shaken up before." He has also weathered intense political pressure, numerous death threats and a series of attempts to destroy his credibility. At no time has the pressure been more great than in the past 12 months, as a result of Bottom's action in releasing to *The National Times* and later to the *Melbourne Age* a number of cassette recordings and transcripts of telephone conversations tapped by the NSW police. The so-called "Age Tapes Affair" has dominated newspaper headlines since late 1983, and if Bob Bottom's name was not a household word prior to that time, it certainly is now.

Bottom's arrival in Sydney in July 1968 coincided with the transformation of many of that city's vice and illegal gambling operations from an ad hoc, laissez faire arrangement into a highly organised, officially protected system of institutionalised criminal activity in NSW. The scale of organised crime would reach a previously unimagined level. The shakeout within the mob brought on by the tolerance of the Askin years presented the young crime investigator with a unique opportunity to observe the dawning of a new era at first hand. He found himself reporting, among other things, on the systematic "take-over" by criminals of several wealthy Sydney clubs.

After a series of stories highlighting what was then termed "the arrival of the Mafia in NSW", Premier Askin was forced to establish a Royal Commission, under Justice Moffitt, to look into such allegations. Bottom became a star witness and, in an unprecedented move, the Commonwealth Police provided a round-the-clock

armed guard for Bottom and fellow journalist Tony Reeves. When it was all over, Justice Moffitt found the substance of Bottom's newspaper revelations had been established. And Bottom emerged as something of a national identity.

In 1976, NSW Country Party leader Leon Punch coaxed Bottom into taking on a job as his press secretary. From this platform Bottom quickly enhanced his reputation, becoming a particularly potent force in NSW politics after the disappearance of Donald Mackay in July 1977. Bottom's investigations provided Punch with numerous questions and speeches in State Parliament which embarrassed the ALP Government on the issue, and on other matters associated with organised crime.

In March 1978, the astute Neville Wran appointed Bottom to the government ranks — as Special Adviser on Organised Crime. He became a repository for information on the subject, compiling details of the complex web of contacts between Sydney hoodlums and their associates in the USA, Hong Kong and France. Much of his work went on behind the scenes. But he hit the headlines once again in September 1978 following the sensational naming — under the parliamentary privilege of the NSW Upper House — of two men Bottom had described to a Select Committee as leading figures in the Sydney underworld, George Freeman and Stan Smith. Both vigorously denied the allegations. Bottom resigned soon afterwards, following a telephone call which he said came from Freeman at 11.30am on a Sunday, immediately after the ALP Government's October 1978 re-election. Bottom said that although Freeman did not make any direct threats, he told Bottom that he believed in "an eye for an eye" and that he was sure Bottom could "read between the lines." Bottom told the media the call confirmed his decision to

PHOTO BY GRAHAM MONRO

INTERVIEW

leave the government job after only six months.

That same month, Sydney identity Lenny McPherson, who'd been named as a man commonly referred to as "Mr Big" during the Moffitt Royal Commission, appeared on the John Laws radio program and stated that as a young teenager Bottom had been involved in the taking of a roll of linen from a tailor's shop in Broken Hill, and had been charged with carnal knowledge (of a girl who later became his wife of many years). The revelation caused yet another public furore, and Bottom told the media he blamed "certain police who have a vested interest in organised crime" for providing this information. Bottom then released copies of a long memorandum he'd sent to Premier Wran the day after the warning call from Freeman.

Upon his departure from the government offices Bottom revealed that his phone had been tapped and his mail opened during his short period in the job. He said he'd also faced intense political pressure from both sides of Parliament and from outside the government. He added that certain police had led a smear campaign to have him sacked. "From what I already knew was going on in political and police circles, the (Freeman) phone call was the last straw," he explained. "For all the hard work, I wasn't prepared to wait around for a political stab in the back."

In recent years Bottom has worked as a journalist in various fields and further enhanced his reputation as Australia's foremost investigative journalist in the crime world. The path, however, has been far from smooth. In November 1983 he told a television audience that the Federal Police had information that criminals had arranged with a NSW magistrate for the discharge of a defendant. Later, during the ensuing Cross Special Commission of Inquiry, Bottom admitted that an allegation that magistrate Susan Schreiner lunched with a crime figure, and that as a result a gaming charge against jockey Malcolm Johnston was dismissed by her, was, on the evidence presented, unfounded. Justice Cross later criticised Bottom for "impetuosity bordering on irresponsibility."

Penthouse: You once said: "I started working on newspapers in Broken Hill when I was 16. It was my first experience of power and corruption, and it absolutely fascinated me. Broken Hill was probably the most complete microcosm of total abuse of power that you could find anywhere in the world."

Bottom: The illegalities disturbed me, as other journalists get disturbed by large-scale abuses of power. You had the

autocratic, all-powerful Barrier Industrial Council and through its power structure you had illegalities or immunities prevailing. Keeping in mind that I was, at the time, a young impressionable journalist, Broken Hill was then categorised as Australia's Las Vegas, the so-called "City of Sin", Australia's Seventh State, a state within a state, and all that.

Penthouse: The last Great Wild West Show?

Bottom: That's it. And it used to be something of a Mecca in the sense that journalists from the capital cities regularly went to Broken Hill and they'd look at this strange set-up. Although it was in NSW, it didn't abide by any NSW laws. It had open go for SP bookies, a two-up school, and probably one of NSW's first casinos with sophisticated card games and the like. And hotels able to open late at night and on Sundays.

Penthouse: No licensing laws, no gamb-

Because of
the institutionalised
nature of corruption in
NSW, both sides have
been infected
by it

ling rules, and so on?

Bottom: Right. But the reason it was able to exist was because of the nexus between the operators, the bookies and others, and those in power. In Broken Hill that was the BIC, which was like a de facto government. . . . The first time I really got into strife was when I wrote a piece about the Broken Hill two-up school. Just a simple story for the Melbourne *Sun* recording the fact that a bloke had been found hanging from a drainpipe outside the door. And in Broken Hill, of course, it was not recorded at all. But once it appeared in the Melbourne *Sun* there was a national embarrassment, and it was the first time they ever shut down the two-up. As a result the unions weren't too pleased with me and I was given a few warnings. But the first big blow-up occurred when I wrote a large piece for the *Bulletin* entitled "Behind The Barrier." I covered the whole scene at Broken Hill, in part dealing with the immunities under the protection of the unions.

Penthouse: You said later: "But when I came to Sydney I found that as far as crime and abuse of power were

concerned, Broken Hill wasn't in the same league."

Bottom: Well, that's true. When I sought to get to know Sydney in 1968, it was a time when there was a great shakeout in the underworld. Things were all changing, and coming in on the ground floor I could see that this wasn't just happening accidentally, that they did have protection and patronage and the like. And what I'd seen on a microscale at Broken Hill — here it was on a macroscale. But whereas at Broken Hill it was run under the aegis of trade union power, in Sydney it was under the umbrella of the political power of the Askin regime. It is a universal fact of life that in every country where organised crime flourishes, it depends on protection and corruption. And in Sydney terms that's exactly what happened. From the outset, some of the police were not only giving protection; Ray Kelly, especially, was in fact virtually the boss of the mob himself.

Penthouse: And a favorite of the afternoon papers?

Bottom: Yes he was, and in his police duties I think he'd shot four people. But he was something of a folk hero in the media, and he used that to promote himself. At the same time he was one of the main factors in allowing the growth of the mob. Kelly was regarded as the boss of the mob, or at least the revered figure at the top, and it was only after he bowed out that the leadership really went into outright criminal hands. But until then, Ray Kelly was the de facto boss of organised crime in Sydney.

Penthouse: Following your investigations with Tony Reeves into the club rackets in the early Seventies, your joint story "The Night The Mafia Came To Australia" triggered the Moffitt Royal Commission into Organised Crime in NSW clubs. How did you come to write that story?

Bottom: I'd written a story in July 1971 in the *Sunday Telegraph* under a banner headline, "Crims Grab Clubs." Eighteen days later, Lenny McPherson rang me up for what became a famous chat. I wrote a number of other articles after that. Then in 1972 Sir Frank Packer sold the *Telegraph* to News Ltd. So the staffs of the *Telegraph* joined up with the staff of the *Sunday Australian*, and when we arrived we found that Tony Reeves had been working for nearly six months on his own, investigating the club scene, and he'd done a very thorough job. He'd actually prepared a card index — and co-incidentally, that was exactly what some journalists had done in America during the Al Capone era. So we combined and wrote the fateful piece, "The Night The Mafia Came To Australia."

Penthouse: Looking back now, it was a very significant story.

Bottom: It was, and we battled to get it in

the paper. But once it appeared it had a tremendous impact, events fairly quickly led on, and the Royal Commission was forced upon Askin.

Penthouse: It also thrust you into the limelight, and suddenly you had a police guard around-the-clock. Do the threats and the sort of life that you've committed yourself to make you worry about how your wife and daughters may be affected?

Bottom: It makes it all very real. Wherever I go in Australia, and no matter what I say, the one question everyone always comes back to is: "Why are you still alive?" I've been threatened many times, and it does affect your life. Some people may think that at times I appear to be paranoid, but I always indicate to other people who get into this field that a bit of healthy paranoia could keep you alive.

Penthouse: Do you ever start to wonder, at times, which other journalists you can trust?

Bottom: I said it recently and I'll repeat it forevermore: I left Sydney with more respect, in a sense, for Lenny McPherson — the so-called "Mr Big" — than I had in the end for some sections of the Sydney media. At least I knew where I stood with McPherson. . . . I remember running into a former Premier in the bar of NSW Parliament House, and he said: "It's a funny business, all this," and referred by name to a major Australian tycoon who'd told the former Premier that he could now afford to be honest. Later that same day, in the same company, another parliamentarian popped up and said, "Yes, some of these Sydney blokes who get involved in all the criminality, they're rather disarming," and he recalled how an illegal casino boss had come to Parliament House for lunch, and had a pearl-handled pistol, which he was flashing in the parliamentary dining room. And he remembered that one of his parliamentary colleagues had noted, "Gee, he's a hell of a nice guy for a crook." And this is the attitude that some people have to many of these crims. They're being promoted as "colorful" personalities. Some have formed alliances with people in the media, who go out of their way to promote them when a public furore breaks. There are people in the Sydney media who are readily prepared to whack them up on the screen or put them on the public airwaves to attack myself or others. They've had far easier access to some media people than, say, John Hatton or John Dowd or the Phillip Arantzes of this world. When Percy Galea died, one of the afternoon papers gave him an obituary which an Australian professor or scientist could never command in a paper. They painted him up as such a benevolent, colorful character that it was a joke. And of course he'd received a Papal Knighthood, and had photographs taken with Prime Minister Menzies.

Penthouse: And Cardinal Sir Norman Gilroy was in that photo as well.

Bottom: Yes, and it makes you wonder about the morality of Sydney. I think much of the fault in Sydney revolves around the press, in the sense that sections of the press have tended to portray these people as colorful characters and. . .

Penthouse: The Ned Kelly syndrome?

Bottom: Yes. But in other states, crims are crims. Some may emerge in social circles, but certainly they're not feted by the press. In Melbourne, there are major criminals just like in NSW, but none of them appear on television.

Penthouse: They're not "colorful racing identities" or "prominent Sydney businessmen?"

Bottom: No. And as far as I know, you don't have too much of this nexus whereby, in Sydney, major commentators and some journalists and the like are talking to them on the phone each week

If I was pushed
too far I'd probably
release something that
would make the *Age*
tapes look like a
Sunday barbeque

getting racing tips. In one classic case in Sydney one byline writer, on his days off, has often trotted around the countryside in their company. . . . Sydney has always had an underworld of some sort. But by the time the Sixties came, and with the election of Askin, out went backroom baccarat and in came the shopfront casinos. And using the moneypot available from SP and illegal gambling, the criminals got into drugs — because before the late Sixties Sydney never really had much of a drug trade. When I appeared before the Moffitt Royal Commission it used to bemuse me, because it was concentrating on organised crime's infiltration of clubs and in doing so it had to unravel some characters in the Sydney underworld. But the Commission invariably kept running across other tracks — even allegations of murder, drug trafficking, vice and other gambling activities — and because of the narrow terms of reference Moffitt couldn't proceed on any of those matters. He had to stick to his limited terms of reference. And that was particularly unfortunate, because most of the characters who

have been proved to be dominant, in the drug trade for instance, were named during the Moffitt Royal Commission.

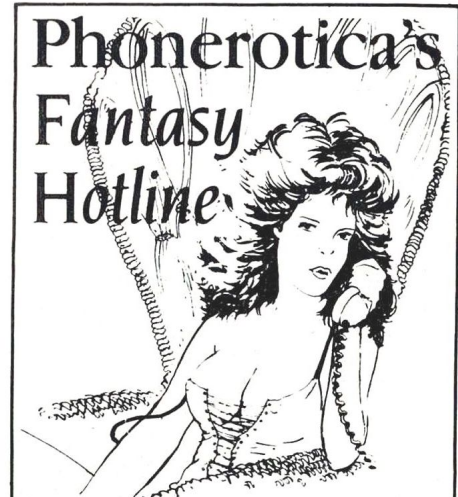
Penthouse: In September 1978, you denied you'd been offered the job with Wran because of the embarrassment caused by some of the disclosures the opposition had been making, but during 1984 you told the *Sydney Morning Herald* that you thought you were appointed by Wran because of your activities in and around Parliament House as a member of the staff of Leon Punch. Is that change of heart because you view things more realistically now?

Bottom: I think I was more polite then, and I've tried to be as polite as possible since. In my book (*Without Fear Or Favor*) I allude to some of the realities. But let me say this: in a nutshell, the only reason I got that job was because Neville Wran wanted to win the 1978 election.

Penthouse: The drugs thing was bubbling, wasn't it?

Bottom: Well, it was in the wake of the disappearance of Donald Mackay from Griffith the previous July. And there'd been the forced shutdown of casinos at the end of 1977. And one of the keys to the lot of it was *The National Times'* disclosures about the Farquhar Affair. The government at that stage was still clinging to power by the one seat by which it had won the 1976 election. And at the same time the government wanted to be seen to be fair dinkum about crime. And I was offered a sort of *carte blanche* approach to get in and do something about it. It was an avenue which I don't regret having pursued. But of course some people weren't too keen about me.

Penthouse: You've said you got out before you were set up to be backstabbed; that while you had good access to Wran, politicians on both sides were setting out to discredit you. Can you elaborate?



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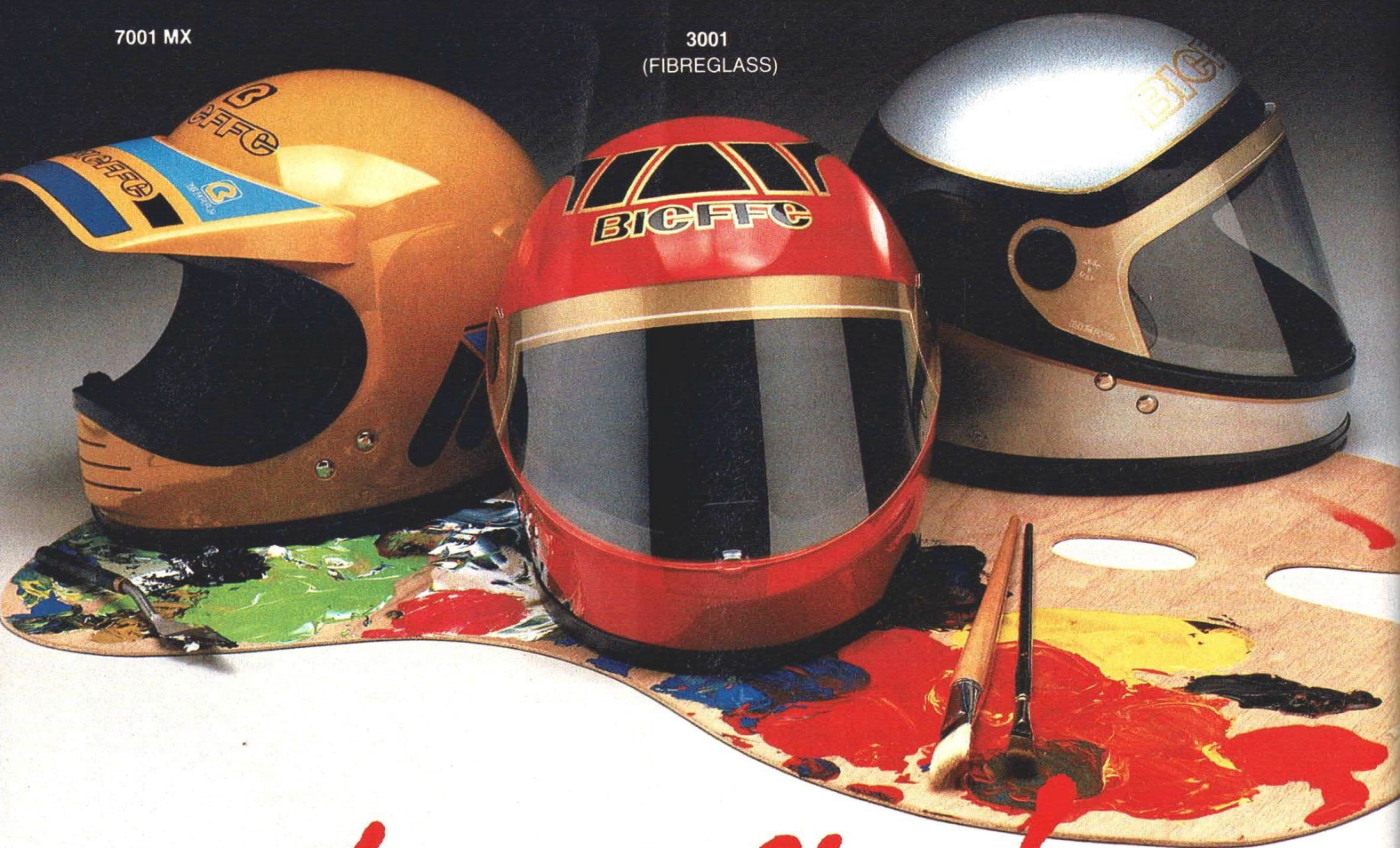
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INTERVIEW

Bottom: There was quite a conspiracy among a number of people. The funny thing is that the details from my youth were originally disseminated by a former magistrate in concert with a journalist (who, by the way, took a free trip to Chicago paid for by crime interests). The journalist went to Broken Hill and dug it out of the courthouse records. That material was then brought back and given to various criminals and media people. Although some people thought it was a big factor in my quitting the government job, it wasn't. The reality was — and it's a very interesting untold story of Sydney — that the first person who tried to use it, before I actually started working for the government, was the ALP Member for Broken Hill, Lew Johnstone. He went to the then Attorney-General Frank Walker and tried to stop me being appointed. I later confronted Johnstone about it, long before it was raised by Lenny McPherson on the John Laws radio program, in the Wentworth Hotel one night. Johnstone partly defended himself, and then went on to tell me one of the most interesting stories about Sydney. It was that Johnstone, who came to Sydney at the same time Askin was elected, claimed credit for introducing Bob Askin at the races to Joe Taylor, and later to Percy Galea [both illegal casino bosses]. Johnstone told me he'd previously been introduced to Taylor by a bookie from Griffith at the races. He made no bones about the fact that Askin tended to form an alliance with the casinos run by Galea and Taylor. Some other casinos also tended to have Liberal alliances. Those which tended to have ALP alliances were the one at Rozelle and the one down at Wollongong. Johnstone was quite well known in Parliament House for his close links with the Rozelle casino especially.

Penthouse: So what was the actual catalyst that led you to leave the job?

Bottom: There was a meeting of underworld people at the Edinburgh Castle Hotel, about five or six weeks before the 1978 election, and I was told that they would try and get rid of me — that there would be pressure put on some people to have me sacked or transferred or muzzled or something.

Penthouse: Who exactly was at this meeting?

Bottom: Mainly out-and-out underworld people. Real underworld. Not necessarily casino owners, but those who provide the protection. Because after all, no-one can open a casino in Sydney without organised protection, and the Age tapes are more graphic on this — where you have, for instance, people talking about the mob, saying that it's all right paying the coppers but it's the mob you've got to

worry about. Well, it was those people who met, and I was tipped off about some of the things that were said, among them a comment that if they couldn't do anything else, I was to be bumped off. So it wasn't very comforting.

Penthouse: About six months after you'd left the NSW Government job, you said that a police officer had deliberately tried to sabotage your investigations, and had approached overseas and interstate agents to prevent you from receiving information. What was that about?

Bottom: That was done by Reg Stevenson, who was then the boss of the Crime Intelligence Unit in NSW. He didn't like the FBI sending out photos and everything to me. He went to desperate lengths to cut off the communication. For example, one of the most important packets of all that was sent to me by the Chief Commissioner of Police in San Francisco was sent by special mail — but after four months it hadn't arrived. In the mean time, to safely get a duplicate I'd arranged via American authorities to have it personally delivered by police to an aircraft and taken by the pilot, for which the Foreign Affairs Department gave a dispensation, and it was delivered to Sydney, picked up by a police car and delivered to me direct. Once that arrived I informed people in government, of course. And the day after, funnily enough, the missing packet suddenly appeared under my door. Scribbled across it, in a childish style of letters, was "By Boat, By Boat", as if to explain that it had come by boat. And I mentioned to someone, "That looks like a kid's writing," and they indicated that wasn't so, that they knew whose handwriting it was... Also there were other problems with mail and the phones. I called in a bloke who'd been a former top investigator for Telecom. He did over the home, found signs that there'd been some interference, but couldn't determine how it was happening. He rang me at my government office around 9.30am on a Friday morning, told me and asked if there'd be any problem if he climbed up the pole across the road. I said no, and he said to leave it to him and I thought no more about it. He rang me on the Monday morning and said, sure enough, the phone was tapped and he'd found the evidence up the pole. They'd had what was called a "loop" off the line. It usually provides a permanent tap, where a recorder is set up and replaced every couple of days. But, he told me, someone had pulled it off. So that night I went home and told my wife that the phone had indeed been tapped, but it had been taken off. And I said how my mate had found the signs up the pole. "Oh, that's funny," she said. "About 11am last Friday morning a red van pulled up over there with a great screech of brakes and three guys got up the pole

and then took off again." Now, because we have patrols on the house, we always keep note of car registrations, and in this case my wife did get the number. So I checked it through the police and they came back and said, "That's one of your numbers!" And I said, "What do you mean? I remember my own car number." And they said, "No, can't you tell? The preface was DPW." And I said, "What's that?" They told me it meant the Department of Public Works. It makes you wonder.

Penthouse: What are the allegations that have got you into trouble? For example, the Schreiner matter...

Bottom: That certainly got me into trouble, and I think that as a result of it my credibility suffered. I don't doubt that, in a sense, the circumstances that led to it were designed for that. In simple terms, one of the most revealing things about the whole episode was that I basically said there were tapes, which were one and the same set of tapes as the Jackson tapes, the NSW prisoner early release tapes. And I was really pilloried for two months, before the inquiry got under way, on the basis that Federal Parliament was told there were no such tapes. Well, in fact there were tapes; they were produced to the inquiry and indeed they did disclose, as Justice Cross initially acknowledged, what pointed to or gave an impression of judicial impropriety. So there was an

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studies from leading Australian companies are included to document the TQC methods being used to achieve productivity, profits and good industrial relations. The planning and organisational factors explained are equally applicable to large corporations, small business, government and trade unions.

INTERVIEW

inquiry, and there was no evidence produced ultimately indicating that the magistrate had gone to lunch with crime figures — which was the issue that grabbed the headlines. But the fact was that seven people were tapped, six of whom did give evidence, but in secret without any acknowledgment in the press. When the Cross Report itself came out, all the material which related to the phone taps was cut out with razorblades. So I was left up in the air with the impression in the press that there were no such tapes.

Penthouse: That nothing had been revealed which was at all sinister?

Bottom: Yes, and so it was all designed really to discredit me. But the fact is that one of the key witnesses was on there too, and I'd love to show some of them — I've got all the tapes — he's on there, and apart from many other conversations, in one part he's on there boasting how they knew it was going to be fixed. He wasn't even called as a witness. The whole thing was just laughable. So I think that ultimately, whereas in retrospect maybe I was proved wrong on one point, once the existence of the tapes was known and once authorities knew what was on them, they themselves should have instituted an inquiry. And the question still remains in my mind — and it's one that I will probably pursue further some time — that there are people on those tapes who perhaps ought to have been charged with conspiracy for attempting to pervert the course of justice. That's not including the magistrate. So I'm not totally satisfied with that inquiry. But that doesn't mean to say that I haven't made mistakes. By and large, however, in raising public allegations — and I've been attacked many times — I've mostly been proved right in one way or another.

Penthouse: Well, of course the Cross Inquiry left Wran making such colorful quotes as "Bottom is a pricked balloon" and "Bottom is the investigator with the biggest imagination in the world, and I think he might get his before the day is out."

Bottom: Well, put it this way: I'm probably in a better position than anyone else to say to Neville Wran that maybe he might get his one day. But I'm not that way inclined and I try to play it fair. And as for being a "pricked balloon" — he was forced into an election over material I've since disclosed and, in fact, both NSW and Federal politics have been dominated by issues I've raised, with up to a dozen inquiries. So it's not a bad effort for a "pricked balloon."

Penthouse: Why did you decide to release the Age tapes at that particular time?

Bottom: It was a combination of factors.

Firstly, the initial production of tapes by me was to the Stewart Royal Commission on July 15, 1983, and that was over a cover-up involving Bob Trimbole. The Trimbole tapes had been instituted by NSW police. They were pulled off on May 5, 1981, and on those tapes there were people giving some warnings about pending investigations and tipping him off. But with the actual release of the tapes publicly, there were two significant developments. Before *The National Times* ran its first account of some of the tapes there'd been an announcement that there was to be a Police Board set up in NSW. What wasn't publicised to any great extent was that it was given power to seize any and all police records on pain of very tough penalties. So the police saw that as an avenue through which the Board could seize any of their phone tap records, which were all stored at that stage at the old Five Dock Police Station.

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might get his

Subsequently, just before I came down to Melbourne to the Age, I'd been contemplating releasing some in Sydney. But I got a call at home on a Friday night about 9pm, tipping me off that the government was about to announce new measures, including fines of up to \$50,000 and five years jail, for possession of this sort of material.

Penthouse: The way events then fell — was that ideally how you would have liked them to occur?

Bottom: Well, it forced the issue. If it had been done at a time of my choosing, I probably would have become more involved in analysing and writing up some of the material — putting together the whole jigsaw more thoroughly, which I never had an opportunity to do. Because I was under a fair bit of pressure, I left it to *The National Times* to make its own assessment and, in turn, the Age. But there is so much more involved in those tapes, things that go far beyond the matters which have received the headlines. The Trimbole tapes are just one example. One of the unfortunate sidelights of the Age tapes affair was that

there was too much preoccupation with the political side of it. For instance, you've not only got your race fixing there, but you've got the heads of organised crime talking about bumping people off and the whole gamut of organised crime. There should have been more concentration on the substance of the tapes — that is, an attempt to come to grips with the realities of organised crime that they disclose... I believe there are people who are fair dinkum, even in the ALP government in NSW, and would like to get something done.

Penthouse: But they're beating their heads against a brick wall, aren't they?

Bottom: Well, they are in NSW. Because of the institutionalised nature of corruption there, both sides have been infected by it. But that's not to say that you don't have people at the top on both sides now who would like to get into it.

Penthouse: Looking back on how your crusading has affected your life and family, there have been references to your wife confronting intruders; your feeling that you may have been followed by Kings Cross gunmen; attempts to set fire to your cat with petrol; cement boots being left at your front door; formal underworld meetings to discuss the possibility of assassinating you; and even bizarre plans to inject heroin into your milk deliveries...

Bottom: I've learned two lessons in life which probably underpin my approach to it all. When I first left school I worked as a telegram boy at Broken Hill. I used to ride a bike on Saturday mornings delivering the telegrams, and I used to be terrified of the dogs. The postmaster called me in one day and said, "Look, I've been in the PMG for many years and there's one thing I must tell you about dogs. If you show them you're frightened of them, they'll bite or have a go at you. What you've got to do is walk in as if you're not

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INTERVIEW

afraid, even if you are, and they'll tend not to worry you." So I did that and I never got bitten...

Penthouse: Have the criminals, especially the Sydney "heavies", now accepted you as a fact of life?

Bottom: Well, criminals do have minds like elephants — they never forget. So I won't be forgotten. But at least I think they know they can't bribe me. They obviously can't frighten me. And probably now more than ever, they know that if anything happens to me, material is going to come out... I was speaking at a public meeting in Adelaide recently, and someone popped up from the audience and asked, "Aren't you worried that someone's going to really push you?" And I replied that if I was pushed too far, of course, I'd probably release something that would make the *Age* tapes look like a Sunday barbeque. What does make it easy for me to be a bit blasé about it all is that I know, and I know they've got a fair inkling, that I do have other material and it's not in anyone's interest — well, certainly not in their interest — that it come out. So I think they keep at bay.

Penthouse: Keeping in mind the national outrage over the murder of Mackay?

Bottom: One of the most shameful episodes that I've ever been privy to happened in the weeks following Mackay's disappearance, when people — not only in police forces, but even in the media and among press secretaries with the NSW Government and up into the highest realms of the government — were actually going about Sydney deliberately suggesting that Mackay had gone off with another woman. Now that was fostered principally by people in power or advising the government in NSW. It was scandalous. You'd be surprised if I named who did it. That was an absolutely shameful episode because some of those people, and two of them in particular, who spread that story had become confidants of journalists and others trying to do something about it. Of course, I wasn't surprised when one ended up becoming identified in police material with running around the brothels

at night and fixing up various other government things for a corrupt policeman. One could say a lot... What I'm illustrating is that some people think organised crime figures are simply the gunmen of Kings Cross or the marijuana growers of Griffith. But the fact is that today, some of the people they are in league with — businessmen as well as accountants, bankers, lawyers and the like — can be just as dangerous. And you're more likely to be shot these days as a result of their influence than that of the crims themselves.

Penthouse: Indeed, one of the things you've said is that you've had more trouble from the people at the top in Sydney — the allegedly respectable people — than from any of the known criminals.

Bottom: Criminals are funny, in a sense, in that they're very deadly, but there's an old cliché about "honor among thieves."

In Victoria I've got faith in the police. Not that there aren't some crooks there too, but the Victorian police are pretty good overall

And the crims regard themselves as being a bit separate from mainstream society. They almost traditionally do not interfere with people outside their old milieu, and most murders are among themselves.

Penthouse: Outsiders are often intrigued by the question: "Where does he get his information?"

Bottom: The difference between myself and some others, I suppose, is that because I've been upfront, more people have come to me. I get calls 24 hours a day from Cooktown to Perth. When I was at NSW Parliament House it was acknowledged by the switch girls that my phone was busier than the Premier's. And at one stage when I was at *The Bulletin*, it used to just about wipe out the switch at times after my name appeared in some splash story in the magazine. So I've been flooded with information. And running alongside that, because of the trust I've gained, I've got access to official circles and sources who do distrust some journalists. What happens now in Australia is that if a journalist gets on to a crime intelligence section of a police

force, they'll usually ring me to see if I will vouch for him. And it's a well-known fact around the place that some people just don't get to first base. So it's largely a matter of trust, and a journalist in the investigative field is only as good as his sources — just as a detective is only as good as his informants.

Penthouse: As Ray Kelly and Fred Krahe may have proved?

Bottom: Except that in their case, of course, their informants became their employees.

Penthouse: Why did you leave NSW?

Bottom: The Cross Inquiry was over, and once the *Age* tapes affair broke there were immense political pressures and a lot of people would love to stop that. But there were two main factors. One was that NSW authorities wanted to move very early and charge me. They were saying the tapes were phonies, which was nonsense — I mean, they've had possession of them for years. But they were seeking to charge me if they could... And on top of that, people upon whom I've depended for my life in the NSW police had been adamant that I should get out of NSW. There were fears that someone could try something. And some of the police we've dealt with in a rather clandestine way had themselves been rather terrified. There is so much at stake in all this.

Penthouse: Now that you're out of NSW, what is the scene like elsewhere?

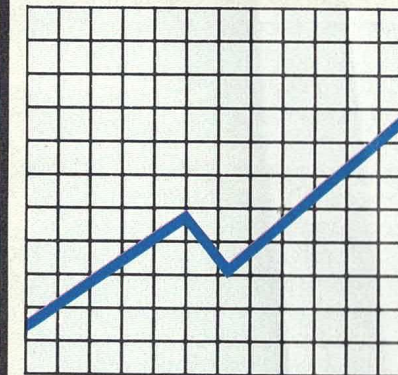
Bottom: It can be just as bad in other states, but fortunately in Victoria, for example, I've got faith in the police. Not that there aren't some crooks there too, but the Victorian police are pretty good overall. All the things that are going on in NSW also happen in Victoria, but some of the criminals in Victoria are being arrested, they are being put through the courts, and they are in jail. Similarly in South Australia. Unfortunately though, in Western Australia and Queensland sections of the police seem to be following in the footsteps of the NSW force. So Victoria seems to be the place to be, for me anyway.

Penthouse: So what are your plans for the future?

Bottom: I hope there'll be a chance for me to withdraw a bit from the public arena, and probably act more in an advisory role behind the scenes. And have time to do what I can to help other journalists to pursue matters, too — you know, spread the load a bit. I'll be advising the *Age* newspaper, and doing some stories for them. But I'll also be working on a series of books on organised crime. I think that from a public interest point of view, a lot of what's happened should be recorded and exposed. I'll try to do as much of that as I can through the books. But I'd hope not to be continuing from controversy to controversy every week. 

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

CAN YOU SAY GOODBYE?



have any use for?

- (a) yes
- (b) some
- (c) no

3. Do you like nightlife — partying, going to clubs, dancing, etc?

- (a) yes, very much
- (b) quite a bit
- (c) sometimes, but not often
- (c) no

4. If you have to choose, would you prefer to:

- (a) buy something you've wanted for a long time?
- (b) spend the same amount of money on a trip?

5. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree:

- (a) My ideal would be to have sex with as many different women as possible and to always try new sexual variations.
- (b) I prefer to have sex only with women I know well; that means having long-term relationships.

6. Have you actually had sex with many different women?

- (a) yes
- (b) quite a few
- (c) a few
- (d) no

7. If the pay was the same, would you

Parting, said Shakespeare, is "sweet sorrow." Our personalities, however, play a large part in determining which of those two words we emphasise when it comes to saying goodbye.

Some men say goodbye easily. They love to leave. For them almost every parting is sweet. When faced with a major separation — from parents, friends, a job, a marriage — they walk off into the sunset with hardly a backward glance.

Other men dread saying goodbye to the people and places they know best. For them, leave-taking is a traumatic event. They'll do almost anything to avoid separating themselves from what's familiar and comfortable.

This psychograph examines your feelings about separation. It tests how good you are at saying goodbye.

Traditional psychoanalysts consider one's leave-taking style a key guide to personality. How we go about bidding farewell to familiar people and places says a lot about who we are. All separations force us to deal with some of our most basic fears.

Every leave-taking means swapping the known for the unknown. It's a form of abandonment that, subconsciously at least, makes us relive the terror that every infant feels when he's first separated from the nurturing mother. How well we say goodbye as adults usually depends on how successfully we navigated those earliest psychological separations.

The British psychiatrist Michael Balint has defined two types of leave-takers: "on-cophiles", those who cling to what they know, and "philobats", those without roots who can't wait to get away. Of course, the most psychologically healthy people generally blend both tendencies. They are not afraid to move on to new phases of their lives, but neither do they give up the past without some regret.

That's the ideal. To see how close you come to it, answer the following questions honestly. You should find out if parting, for you, is more likely to be sweet... or sorrowful.

1. Do you have any sort of collection (antiques, records, postcards, etc) that you prize?

- (a) yes
- (b) no

2. Do you have trouble throwing things out, even when you know deep down that most of it is garbage you'll never

prefer to be:

- (a) a high-powered MBA who hops from job to job as he climbs the corporate ladder?
- (b) a corporate executive who stays with one company and rises gradually, but steadily, toward the top?
- (c) a self-employed entrepreneur
- (d) a high level public servant?

8. Would you say your mother was the possessive type who babied you when you were a kid?

- (a) Yes, and she still does.
- (b) Yes, but we have a good relationship now; she doesn't try to act that way with me anymore.
- (c) somewhat
- (d) no

9. Do you have any contemporary tastes in music?

- (a) yes
- (b) I like some new music, but it's not my predominant choice.
- (c) no

10. When you're having sex, do you generally prefer:

- (a) to postpone your orgasm for a substantial period of time so you can have a long session of foreplay?
- (b) to come as soon as you're ready?

11. Once you've had an orgasm during sex, are you generally most likely to:

- (a) roll over and go to sleep?
- (b) have a smoke?
- (c) get up and do something?
- (d) continue to fondle and embrace your partner for a considerable amount of time?

12. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree:

- (a) It's very important for me to have at least one person in my life that I'm extremely close to.
- (b) I like intimacy as well as the next guy, but it's not really important to me. I'm pretty self-sufficient emotionally, and I can get along fine by myself when I have to.

13. How do you feel about "romantic touching" with a woman (kissing, holding hands, putting your arm around her while you're sitting on the

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Does saying ta-ta
leave you in tatters?

- couch, etc) when you know it will *not* lead to intercourse?
- (a) I enjoy that sort of thing as an end in itself; I like gentle physical contact even when it doesn't lead to intercourse.
- (b) Sometimes it's all right.
- (c) I find it frustrating to have romantic physical contact with a woman unless we're going to continue on to intercourse. I don't like it.
14. Do you think the world is a dangerous place?
- (a) yes
- (b) somewhat
- (c) not really
15. Would you prefer to take a holiday in a place where:
- (a) the language and customs are similar to your own?
- (b) the language and customs are different from your own?
16. How do you feel about big cities?
- (a) I love them.
- (b) I think most of them are crime-ridden and unsafe.
17. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree:
- (a) You have to be very careful in dealing with strangers. Most people who are not your friends will take advantage of you if they can.
- (b) I can handle strangers; it's friends and acquaintances you have to watch out for. They're the ones who'll usually stab you in the back.
18. When thinking about a job or career, how important to you are the pension plan and benefits?
- (a) very important
- (b) quite important
- (c) somewhat important
- (d) not important at all
19. Do you think luck or ability is more important for success?
- (a) Ability is everything. If I have the talent, I can make my own breaks.
- (b) Success depends almost entirely on luck. You can have all the talent in the world, but you'll never get anywhere without getting the right breaks and knowing the right people.
- (c) Both are about equally important.
20. How do you feel about this statement: "I don't like compromising with a woman who's supposed to be in love with me. If she doesn't like the way I do things that's her problem. Either she does most of the compromising or we break up. This may not be right, but it's the way I am."
- (a) agree strongly
- (b) agree moderately
- (c) disagree moderately
- (d) disagree strongly
21. How are you more likely to act when you attend a party where you don't know most of the other guests?
- (a) I'll probably stand off to the side and watch. Even when I do know most of the people at a social gathering, I prefer to be an observer rather than an active participant.
- (b) I'll plunge in and meet people. Like anyone else, I'll have to overcome some shyness to do it. But I figure why go to a party if you're not going to participate and converse with people?
22. How would you feel about being a bachelor all your life?
- (a) I'd like it.
- (b) I'd hate it. I'd feel terrible if I knew I would never have a wife and family.

SCORING

All possible answers have been assigned point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you have chosen. The highest possible score is 110 points; the lowest, 22.

1. a-1, b-5
2. a-1, b-3, c-5
3. a-5, b-4, c-2, d-1
4. a-1, b-5
5. a-5, b-1
6. a-5, b-4, c-2, d-1
7. a-5, b-2, c-4, d-1
8. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-5
9. a-5, b-3, c-1
10. a-1, b-5
11. a-5, b-5, c-4, d-1
12. a-1, b-5
13. a-1, b-3, c-5

14. a-1, b-3, c-5
15. a-1, b-5
16. a-5, b-1
17. a-1, b-5
18. a-1, b-2, c-4, d-5
19. a-5, b-1, c-3
20. a-5, b-4, c-2, d-1
21. a-5, b-1
22. a-5, b-1

If you scored 81 to 110 points:

You love to leave. When any situation becomes even the slightest bit uncomfortable or boring you're likely to leave immediately in search of greener pastures. Men like this usually have enormous confidence. They feel they can handle anything fate throws their way, so they aren't afraid to leave what they have in order to face the unfamiliar. These are the men who make great pioneers (and corporate gunslingers), but they're often poor bets as husbands and fathers since they fear anything that resembles intimacy and stability.

52 to 80 points:

You have a moderate and realistic approach to leave-taking. You don't relish leaving the people and things you know best, but you're not afraid to call it quits when circumstances demand it. You're well-balanced when it comes to saying goodbye. You won't run out on a serious relationship without giving it several chances to succeed. On the other hand, you won't remain forever in an intolerable situation. People like this probably lead the most emotionally satisfying and mature lives.

22 to 51 points:

When you have to say goodbye you become a basket case. To other people you probably look like a masochist because you'll endure all sorts of indignities — from lovers, friends, bosses — rather than walk away from a relationship. But it's not that you love the pain; you simply find it less painful to stay than to rupture the ties that bind you. Because of their reluctance to break up any relationship, people like this are often taken advantage of. On the other hand, people like this are among the world's best lovers, friends, husbands, fathers, and employees because of their incredibly close attachment to those around them. 

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bout this time of year, most people are wishing they had an endless supply of award-winning wines on hand to keep the party rocking into 1985. For one lucky entrant in the Rosemount Super Cellar Competition, any worries about meeting the bill for this year's Christmas cheer will fade into oblivion. In fact, the winner of the Super Cellar consisting of just under \$6000 worth of fine Rosemount Estate reds, whites, ports and champagnes will probably need all the help he can get to consume the goodies by Christmas 1990. We couldn't picture the complete prize here, but check out the list overleaf and you'll see what's in-store. While you're there, simply fill in the required details on the coupon and send your entry to *Penthouse*. You could be on your way to a cellar fit for a king from Rosemount Estate vineyards, producers of some of Australia's most sought-after wines.



Pictured above are six Rosemount Estate wine and port labels. On three of the six labels one word has been deleted. Study the labels carefully, discover what the missing words are, and write them in the spaces provided on the coupon below. Fill in the details and get your entry in pronto. The first correct entry drawn by the editor of *Australian Penthouse* will win the Rosemount Super Cellar.

Clip and send your completed coupon to Rosemount Super Cellar Competition, PO Box 42, Cammeray NSW 2062.

The three words deleted from the Rosemount labels are:

- 1) _____
- 2) _____
- 3) _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

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24 cases White Wine

- 2 x Chardonnay 1984
- 2 x Coonawarra Rhine Riesling 1982
- 2 x Traminer Riesling 1984
- 2 x Wood Matured Semillon 1983
- 2 x Pinot Riesling 1984
- 2 x White Burgundy 1984
- 2 x Chablis 1984
- 2 x Gerwurztraminer 1984
- 2 x Spatlese
- 2 x Newport Classic Riesling 1984
- 2 x Semillon Chardonnay 1984

16 cases Red Wines

- 2 x 1981 Cabernet Sauvignon
- 2 x 1981 Shiraz
- 2 x 1981 Cabernet Shiraz
- 2 x Rose
- 2 x 1982 Cabernet Malbec
- 2 x 1984 Beaujolais
- 2 x 1982 Coonawarra Cabernet Sauvignon
- 2 x 1983 Coonawarra Shiraz

5 cases of "Bin" and "Show Reserve" Wines

- 1 x 1984 Show Reserve Chardonnay
- 1 x 1982 Pinot Noir
- 1 x 1984 Show Reserve Semillon
- 1 x Fume Blanc
- 1 x Trockenbeerenauslese

5 cases Champagne

- 5 cases Rosemount Brut (Black Label) Champagne

5 cases Port

- 3 cases Tawny Port
- 2 cases 10-year-old Tawny

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Your entry must be on the official entry form or a facsimile of that form. Only one entry per person is allowed.

The Rosemount Super Cellar prize is not transferable or redeemable for cash.

Entry and participation in the competition is completely free and open to all residents of Australia other than employees of *Australian Penthouse* and their families and Rosemount Estates Pty Ltd and their families. All participants must be 18 years of age or over.

The winner of the Rosemount Super Cellar Competition will be the first correct entry drawn by the editor of *Australian Penthouse* from all entries received.

Closing date for competition entries will be last mail on Thursday, January 31, 1985. Results will be published in the May issue of *Australian Penthouse* in the Loose Ends section. All entries become the property of *Australian Penthouse*.

The winning entrant, by entering this competition, shall be deemed to agree to accept public acknowledgement of his winning entry in person, and further to the making of such public appearances as the promoters may reasonably require.

On all questions, disputes or matters arising in relation to the contest, the judges' decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry in the competition indicates acceptance of all rules and conditions.

This competition is brought to you by Rosemount Estate Pty Ltd and *Australian Penthouse* magazine.

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The new Toyota 4 Runner is *all* new. Inside, you'll find it's sedan comfort, with good space for five adults, front reclining seats, excellent stereo, power rear window and power steering.

The only clues as to what you do on week-ends are the two gear-sticks and the dashboard altimeter and clinometer that read-off your height

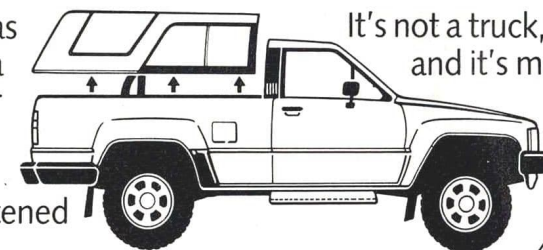


and angle of climb. 4 Runner has the Toyota HiLux pedigree of a true 4WD, with a Toyota Super Responsive Engine — petrol or diesel. And the whole back canopy is detachable, for a heightened sense of freedom.

So if you set off to the milk bar and end up at Marble Bar, it isn't because you're lost.

It's because you've found the only vehicle that truly leaves the options up to you.

The 4 Runner won't let you down in public, and won't quit on you in the bush.

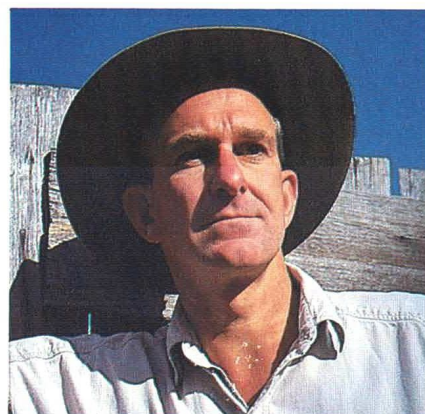


It's not a truck, and it's not just a city sedan, and it's more than a 4WD.

The 4 Runner is all of those, in a very individual blend. And incidentally, the escapist won't care, but 4 Runner's price will be of considerable interest to the realist in you!

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Oh what a feeling!





WARREN FAHEY

Pardon me if my Republicanism is showing," says Warren Fahey, explaining his long-standing dedication to promoting traditional Australian culture to Australians. He's joking, of course. If ever there was a proud patriot and a tireless promoter of our unique cultural identity — a Southern Cross-waving Republican — it's 38-year-old Fahey. Sydney-born Fahey is credited with engineering the enormous popularity Australian traditional music now enjoys, largely through his Larrikin record label, the largest independent label in the country. He "discovered" the likes of The Bushwackers, Eric Bogle, Redgum and Robyn Archer — an honor roll of musical talent. Fahey says he's always enjoyed belting out a song, but it wasn't until he was in his 20s that he turned his energies to exploring and reviving our musical heritage. In the Sixties, fresh out of school and a regular on the folk music scene, he noticed that none of the songs the duffle coat brigade were getting off on were Australian; all were imports of American or English traditional music. In the early Seventies he went bush for two years with a tape recorder to capture the yarns and the songs of the land before they died out. It was a fruitful expedition and soon the material he had gathered was reaching wide audiences through his band The Larrikins and the many radio series he prepared for the ABC. In 1974 he opened Folkways, a shop dealing in folk music, poetry and literature, and he started the Larrikin label a year later. Both businesses are booming today. His third book *Eureka*, a compilation of more than a hundred songs, was published late last year and he's working on at least half a dozen more, including a major work of collected folklore to be titled *Beating Around The Bush*. As well as that there's a 13-part radio series in the pipeline and his 15-year association with a "raggedy-arsed bunch of mates", The Larrikins, is to be rekindled once or twice for festival appearances through the year. After rattling off that agenda, Fahey refuses to accept the "workaholic" tag. "This isn't work, this is fun," he says.



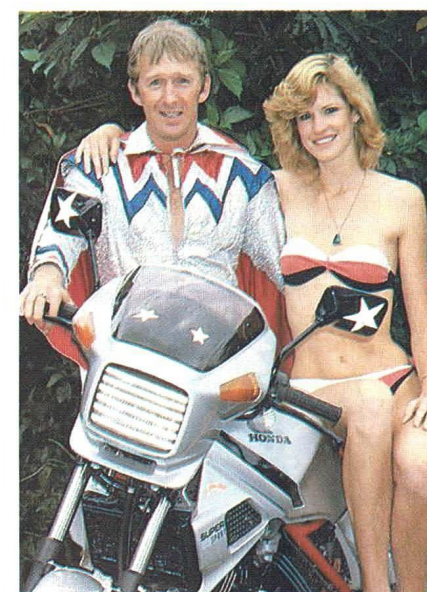
JOSEPHINE SMULDERS

The *Coolangatta Gold* looks like being a summer cinema smash. It's got all the ingredients of a film hit: young love, family conflict, an exciting sporting contest and a beautiful and charming new leading lady, Josephine Smulders. In her first film, Josephine plays the part of a young ballerina with "The Gold Coast Ballet Company." The 20-year-old brunette was picked for the role from the ranks of the Australian Ballet Company, where she has been a professional dancer for more than two years. *Coolangatta Gold* director Igor Auzins saw Josephine practising her pirouettes and immediately recognised that she was right for the part, despite her lack of acting experience. It was a great opportunity for the young dancer and she grabbed it. Josephine says she found acting tough — "three times as hard as ballet" — but she did enjoy the more relaxed atmosphere of film-making: "In ballet you get yelled at a lot." There was never any doubt that she'd handle the role transition with ease. Aside from her natural talent, she's blessed with determination that's been strong enough to overcome all the hurdles erected in her career path. She'd been learning ballet since she was three, and at the age of 14 Josephine realised that if she was to reach the top she'd have to leave her home in Western Australia for Melbourne's Victorian College of the Arts. She made that move, boarding in various places around Melbourne for five years while she devoted all her time to ballet and HSC studies. She then joined the Australian Ballet Company in July, 1982 — quite an honor considering very few dancers are accepted into the company without first graduating from the Australian Ballet School. Since then she's toured the country many times, appearing in such productions as *Swan Lake* and *The Nutcracker*. With *Coolangatta Gold* now out of the way, Josephine is back with the ballet. Her future there is assured, but don't be at all surprised to see her back on the wide screen.



CRAIG THOMAS

When author Craig Thomas typed *The End* at the finish of his bestseller *Firefox*, the story of the hijacking of Russia's most lethally sophisticated warplane, it was actually just the beginning of a whole new ball game for the former British tech school teacher. *Firefox* sold millions of copies world-wide and was transformed into an equally successful film by Clint Eastwood. It also transformed Thomas into a rich and renowned full-time thriller writer. He attributes the book's success to two factors. Firstly, he asserts that most people's natural fascination with flight and aeroplanes prompted them to buy the book. *Firefox*, with its array of gadgets like the anti-radar device, thought controls and sophisticated weaponry, is certainly a marvellous vehicle for the imagination. Secondly, he says his novel was one of the first thrillers ever to be set inside the Soviet Union. "I suppose that helped to distinguish it from the typical spy thriller at that time," adds the author. After the fuss surrounding *Firefox* died down, Thomas began working on another novel set in Russia. "I'd got to chapter three on that one, and I was sitting at my desk one day and suddenly the complete first chapter for a sequel to *Firefox* came into my head. I suppose it was the result of the fact that I'd seen the film of the book four times in the previous three weeks." He completed a storyline over a period of weeks and the result was *Firefox Down*, the story of the warplane's next flight in which it is forced to crash-land on a frozen lake which then opens up and entombs the *Firefox*. Thomas, his publishers and the critics are all pleased with the sequel. Unlike many of his colleagues, the author insists that he actually enjoys the process of writing. "I am a compulsive writer. I get withdrawal symptoms when I'm not working on a book." He has just finished his latest novel, *The Bear's Tears*, a story set in Russia and Afghanistan, and no doubt the growing legion of Craig Thomas fans will be waiting for its appearance on Australian bookstands.



JOHNNY FOGWELL

Johnny Fogwell, by being alive and in one piece, can add another record of sorts to the many he has gathered during a stylish career in the art of taunting death. Based on what has befallen most of his former competitors in the lonely world of motorcycle stunts, Fogwell at 32 should be dead, crippled or at the very least as crazy as a loon. Happily, the blue-eyed boy from the Queensland outback is not only still with us — and still teasing the grim reaper — but also blissfully in love. Dubbed "Johnny Wonder" in America ("Man," they kept telling him, "it's a wonder you're still living!"), Fogwell, with most of his world records intact, today shares an elegant old home beside the lazy Brisbane River with a couple of cats and his girlfriend-cum-publicist Michelle Tate. Before leaping over things on motorcycles became passe, the Wonder from Down Under cleared 32 cars (1979), 15 buses (1980), 14 prime movers (1981) and 10 cars while blindfolded. Fogwell learnt the hard way that Aussie daredevils may achieve fleeting fame but never riches; despite all those widely televised records, he earned less during the period when he set them than would have come his way on the dole. Conceding that pride had a lot to do with his motivation — "You couldn't jump my ego on a motorbike" — Fogwell now makes a quid from more sedate performances at country shows. He also has a motorcycle clown routine and a remote-control "Wonder Cycle" — tricks Fogwell insists he can perform "at least until I'm 60." But how did he survive all those years of death-defying with no more than a few bumps and bruises, when Evel Knievel (to use an extreme example) set a record for broken bones — 433 fractures, or every bone twice? "Careful preparation before stunts and a little help from the fellow upstairs," Fogwell confides. "Put another way — I may be a bit crazy, but I'm not a fool."



LINDA CABLE

Take a three-octave voice range, an impressive talent for arranging and an explorative attitude towards music, and, as Satchmo and Bing would sing: "Now you has jazz." These qualities come together in the person of Melbourne chanteuse Linda Cable, a rising star on the Australian jazz scene. And in a scene where trad jazz, straw boaters and endlessly recycled New Orleans sound predominate, she shines out like a beacon of originality. Linda came into jazz from the world of blues, where she started as a bass player in a band and progressed to the frontline when their lead warbler quit suddenly. "She left without notice, so I was talked into stepping into the breach," Linda recalls. "I knew virtually nothing about singing. I didn't think I could do it, but I just went for it and yelled." But it's a long way from moaning the blues to the precision and style needed to sing jazz. "I continued singing and playing blues for a while, then I put the bass down and decided to learn how to sing properly." To that end, Linda studied intensively with a voice coach and discovered underneath her blues growl a jazz voice of astounding quality. She began singing with groups around Melbourne, and was soon offered a tour of Australia with the Daly-Wilson Big Band. Just last year she began to sing with her own group in Melbourne and to make forays into the other state capitals to test the waters. The waters were fine — rave reviews after her first Sydney season lead to offers of further dates at prestigious jazz clubs. Now she is being tipped as potentially one of the best jazz singers in Australia, in the class of artists like Ricky May and Kerrie Biddell. As well as working on her voice, Linda works on the music — great jazz arrangements don't write themselves, so Linda involves herself with that side of the music. "Jazz isn't static, it should be progressive. That's why a lot of trad jazz can be boring. And that suits me because I've always felt the need to progress too," she says.



Luscious Christie Rowlands has a thing about Sting. Fantasising about rock's top cop is the 19-year-old cosmetician's favorite pastime. She has even written to him a few times and once when someone told her that Sting had a foot fetish she sent him one of her silver spike-heeled sandals with a note attached. Christie says she's always been the kind of girl who throws her heart and sole into all her endeavors.

PHOTOS BY KEN FALLOON

In the case of 28-year-old Lotta Schaeffer, the name is the promise. She's 1.8 metres of taut, firm female flesh — there's certainly a whole lotta Lotta. This Aryan Amazon works as a gym instructor in Bonn. Not surprisingly, she conducts body building classes. A body like hers is fine inspiration for anyone to pump up to.

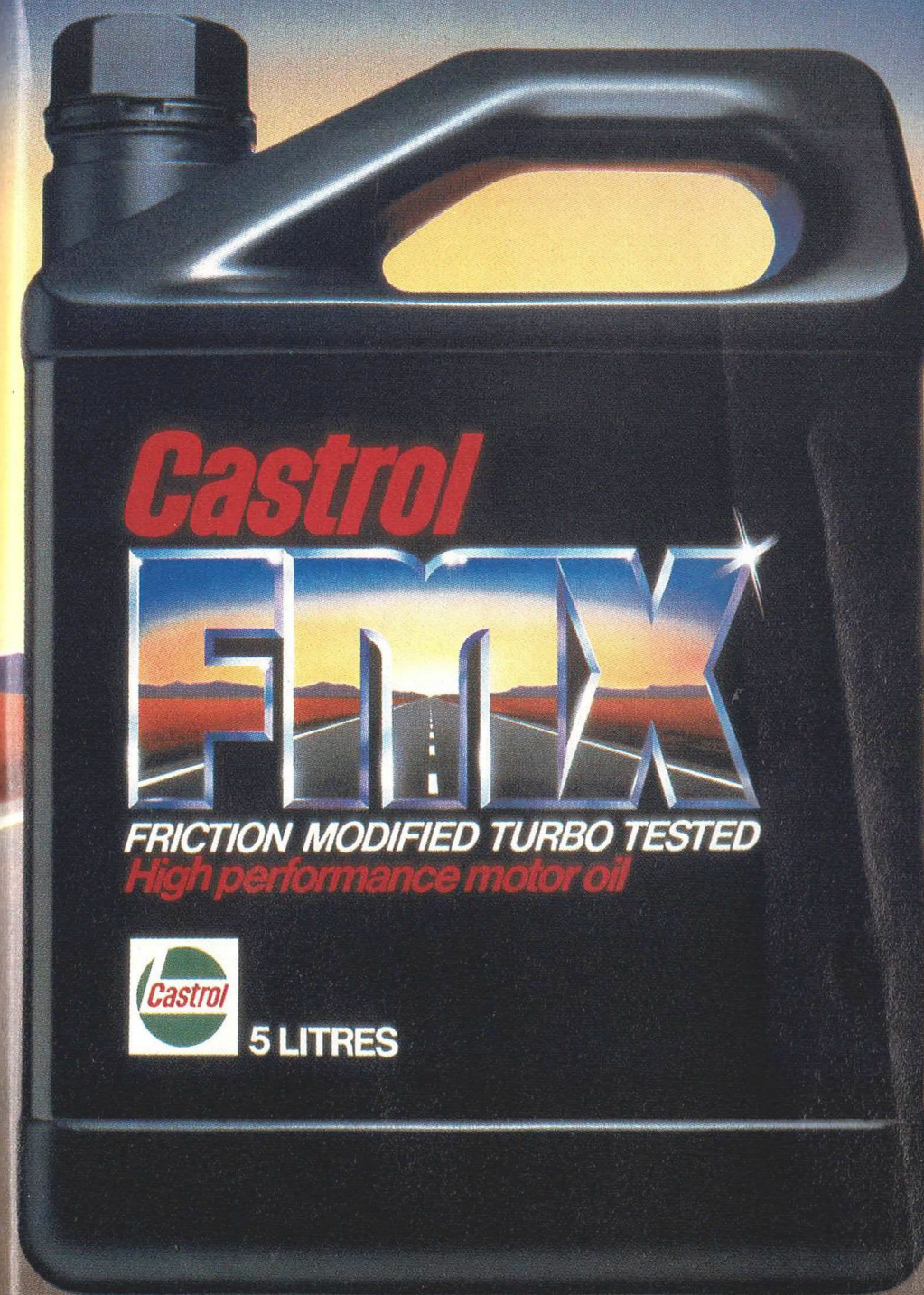
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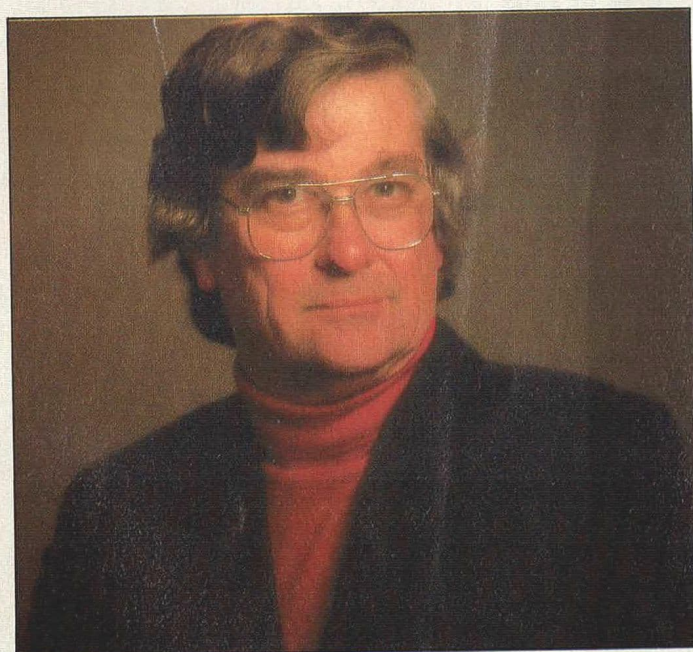
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Australian
PENTHOUSE 

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION



BY DR GEOFFREY CALDWELL

The author is a senior lecturer at the Centre for Continuing Education at the Australian National University. He has been studying and observing the sociology of leisure and gambling since 1968. He is President of the Arts Council of the ACT, Chairman of the Council of the Canberra School of Art, and a director of the Queanbeyan Leagues Club and the Canberra Raiders Rugby League team.

IN DEFENCE OF GAMBLING

As a lad in my early teens I once attended a Catholic church fete and was stunned and disturbed at the amount of gambling taking place there. Being a Protestant, I had been taught that gambling was a sinful activity, and certainly not a pastime to be indulged in by good Christians or solid citizens.

That day has long gone, as has my suspicion of gambling. And it's not because I've plunged into gambling with gusto, emerging as a committed punter. I am a sociologist interested in leisure, and have become aware of the ways in which the gaming instinct and practice have become thoroughly integrated into the Australian way of life.

Most of what is written about gambling takes a negative view of the subject. I want to balance that negative view by showing that social gambling (as opposed to compulsive gambling) may serve positive functions for individuals and the society. But it remains an issue upon which there is much debate. In fact, my early adolescent reaction to the goings-on at the Catholic fete indicates differences in attitude between Catholics and Protestants towards gambling. Generally, Catholics have accepted it as a normal and acceptable activity in human affairs, while Protestants have viewed it as attacking basic values of the Christian faith and the foundation of the society in which we live. Thus there are widely differing attitudes about the character of gambling. Some of these viewpoints hold that gambling is:

- an activity that leads to addiction, creating problems for individuals, employers and families.
- a social disease which not only makes many individuals vulnerable but challenges society's rules.
- an activity that inevitably attracts criminals.
- an industry from which potentially high profits are derived — a fact recognised by governments, businessmen and organised crime.
- a means of achieving substantial wealth or fortune that cannot possibly be achieved in any other way by many individuals, especially those on low incomes.

These are attitudes that most of us have about other people's gambling. But why does the individual gamble? Although social gamblers probably don't articulate their motives for gambling terribly well, there is in fact a multitude of reasons why some get so involved. These are the more familiar reasons:

Escape From Boredom And Frustrations. Gambling provides an escape from the routine, predictable nature of modern life. For men and women on whom the weight of daily work and/or domestic chores is heavy, gambling may provide welcome relief;

it offers the promise of hope, excitement and pleasure. Gambling may offer a way of escaping from frustrations at work and home, or even sublimating sexual drives.

The Opportunity For Alternative Personal Success. The fierce competition of the business world produces a small number of successful individuals, but many who do not achieve much distinction. The professionals, executives, entrepreneurs and people in interesting, demanding jobs have in their daily jobs many opportunities in which their work is acclaimed and recognised. But what about the worker on the assembly line? The process worker? The cleaner? The housewife? Who acclaims and recognises their work? It is not surprising that many working class people turn to outlets such as gambling, which may offer rewards and the promise of a lifestyle that successful individuals experience every day.

The dramatically different factor about gambling, as opposed to competition in ordinary life, is that it is *chance* and not *merit* (or manipulation) that determines who are the successful individuals. In gambling games such as lotteries, poker machines, bingo, etc, all participants are put on an equal footing to await the blind verdict of chance. Gambling makes a mockery of hard work, patience, worldly success, qualifications and training and is a supreme insult to merit.

It is easy to see why gambling is regarded with such hostility by some sections of society. Gambling, where *chance* and not *merit* determines who are the winners and losers, attacks the Protestant ethic at its heart. In the ordinary competitive activity of daily life it is the industrious and deserving who are in theory rewarded. It's no wonder then that there are groups who are vehemently opposed to gambling, where rewards are randomly distributed by chance to participants.

Another reason for the existence of gambling is our personal need to test ourselves. The vast majority of us will never contest a Wimbledon final, the US Open Golf Tournament or an Olympic event. While these highly exciting contests are closed to us, gambling is not. Gambling offers excitement and the opportunity to test our judgement, our will and how kindly luck looks upon us.

One of the earliest American sociologists, W.I. Thomas, wrote early in this century that all social classes and both sexes had passionate interests in all forms of contest involving skill and chance, especially where the danger or risk was great. He argued that in business and professional life activity is regular, recurring and routine. Unlike man in nomadic societies, who followed his instincts in roving, fighting, hunting and wooing, industrial pursuits lacked the spice of conflict and emotional charge.

Thomas therefore regarded gambling as a means of maintain-

ing all the pleasure/pain sensations of conflict, not only with little effort or drudgery, but with the additional incentive of securing money. Gambling is activity marked by risk, attention and strong emotions, and Thomas believed that the gambling instinct was in-born, from a powerful reflex fixed far back in animal experience.

Intellectual Gratification. Some individuals may derive pleasure from participating in and observing gambling. In roulette, watching the patterns of numbers that occur may stimulate intellectual curiosity. In poker and other card games, many skills are employed to beat opponents, including memory, intuition, knowledge of odds, judgements about opposing players, etc.

Fantasy And Role Playing. Some individuals wish to cast aside their traditional function and adopt a more glamorous, fantasy role. Gambling permits individuals to act differently from their usual behavior. For example, gambling allows them to be decisive, aggressive, dominant, stoical when losing, or magnanimous when winning.

These individual reasons for gambling are perfectly normal, human impulses. Perhaps the least attractive reason for gambling is the individual desire to acquire money or valued objects without working hard for them. But materialism provides the energy which drives the capitalist system. Remove people's lust for money and the desire to own goods and the capitalist system's foundations will disintegrate.

It would be a mistake to assume that the gambling spirit is confined to activities like racing, lotteries and bingo. The gambling spirit is thriving at the stock exchange and in business activities. Like punters, businessmen are interested in acquiring assets (winings) by making investments (the stakes). The higher the risks (the odds), the larger the returns, presuming the venture is successful.

Finally, in endeavoring to see some of the more positive purposes of gambling, I do not wish to ignore the very real problem of compulsive gambling. For individuals who have lost control of their gambling, it is an overwhelming blight upon their lives. State governments in Australia, which depend significantly upon gambling receipts, ought to devote portions of these receipts for programs aimed at helping compulsives to overcome their addiction.

Gambling in Western societies is an interesting complement to the meritocratic system, where the rich, the competent and educated score the bulk of society's rewards. At least gambling is more democratic; at least all who enter have a real chance, long though the odds may be. And it does offer an alternative system of rewards and income distribution. 



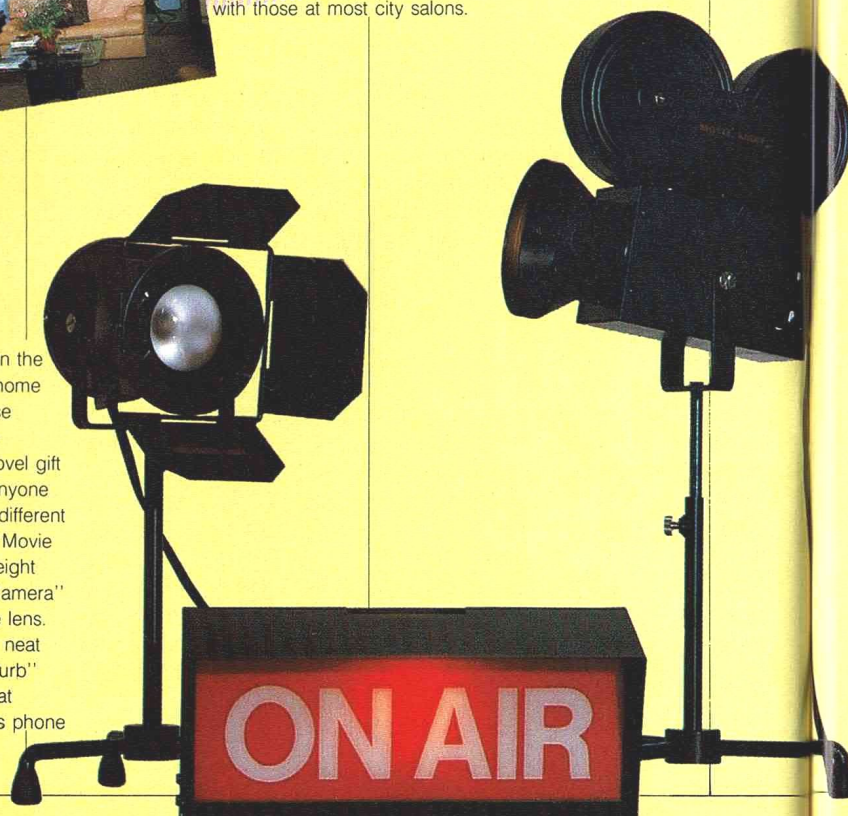
Well, Penthouse can count on eight dyed-in-the-wool fans as a result of the Peter Stuyvesant Mazda RX7 competition in the October '84 issue. Winning entries came from Faye Setter of Bundoora in Victoria, Margaret Bennett of Seven Hills in Queensland, Russell Laurence of Kingscliff in NSW and Freddy Lim of Lyneham in ACT. With their partners the winners were wined, dined and accommodated at the Sydney Regent before being flown to Bathurst to watch the James Hardie 1000 and join in the after-race champagne-up. Russell and Karen Laurence went home with a Mazda RX7 each and Margaret Bennett was the winner of the third sporty Mazda.



Some barbers still perch tousle-headed kids up on a board to ensure a good snip behind the ears. The Barber Shop at 261 George St, Sydney has taken that old idea a giant step further. This mob make their customers feel like the chairman of the board. As the girls snip, you sip on a champagne, a claret, a port or a coffee. Catch up on business or stockmarket details over the phone during your massage or manicure, or just laze back to gentle music. The Barber Shop is more short black and sighs than short back and sides... and the kindest cut of all is that the prices are comparable with those at most city salons.



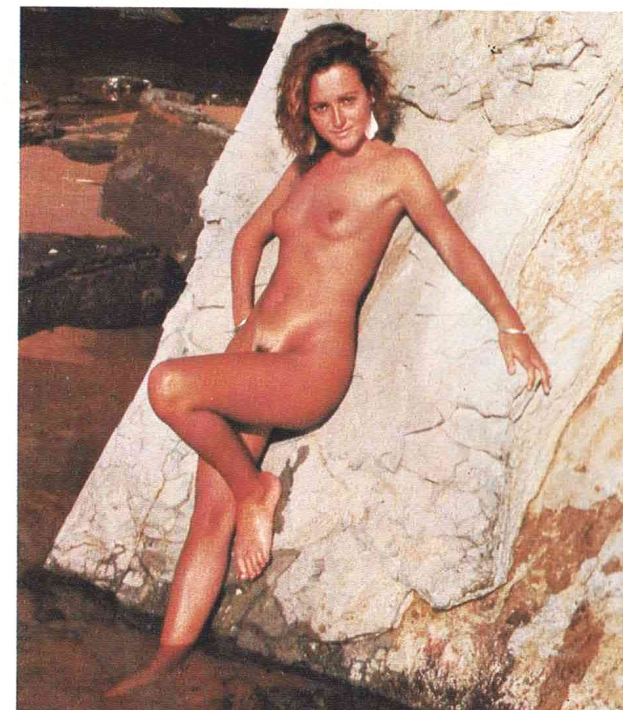
Play Cecil B. De Mille in the comfort of your own home with Hollywood Lights. These miniature updates on movie cameras and lights make novel gift ideas for movie buffs and anyone who likes something a little different in the way of lighting. The "Movie Spot" features adjustable height and flaps and the "Movie Camera" throws its beam through the lens. The "On Air" light makes a neat update on the "Do Not Disturb" sign. Priced at around \$65 at selected stores. For stockists phone (03) 690 5373.



If you thought penicillin was the ideal gift for the man who has everything, check out The Toy Shop in North Sydney and think again. Run by former computer whiz Paul Halstead, TTS is a hedonist's heaven catering for the man who's made his mark — and his pile — and wants to flaunt it. Stock includes exclusive watches, Italian leatherwear, Momo accessories and a cornucopia of indulgences like this \$75,000 De Tomaso Pantera. A Christmas shopping stop or a whistle stop to the tune of "When I Win The Lottery."



A spot of bicycling in the park? Perhaps a smidgin of skiing at Smiggins? Or anyone for sailboarding? Roof racks are *de rigueur* for anyone who plays with toys that are bigger than a breadbox. One company has just introduced a very classy rig that looks the bee's knees on any car. There's no shake or rattle with Rola roof racks. They're made from aerofoiled aluminium and finished in matt black. They're also non-corrosive and have protective rubber buffer strips and anti-theft fittings. Priced at \$118 a pair. Stockists from (02) 522 6001.



PENTHOUSE POLAROID PHOTO COMPETITION

Summertime, and the living looks easy for beach girl Lee Edgar, the subject of this month's winning Polaroid photo. Peter Draeger from the Sydney beachside suburb of Narrabeen was the photographer. Peter has a choice of two Polaroid prizes for his effort. He may take either the Polaroid SLR 680 AutoFocus/AutoStrobe Camera or the handy Polaroid 35mm AutoProcess System. This package comprises and AutoProcessor, Cutter/Mounter and a pack of Polachrome 12-exposure film and slide mounts. With that lot he can process his own transparencies in minutes at home.

Keep the entries rolling in and you're in the running for a Polaroid prize. We're after revealing examples of your photographic talent with some of the extraordinary female talent Australia is renowned for. Use any film and send as many photos as you like to *Australian Penthouse*, attaching the completed coupon below.

Please fill in this confidential form and return with your entry to:
Australian Penthouse, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062.

Name of photographer: _____

Address of photographer: _____

Telephone number of photographer: _____

Name of subject: _____ Telephone number of subject: _____

(the subject)..... of.....
I am aware that my photograph has been submitted as an entry in the Polaroid SLR 680 competition. If my entry should win, I have no objection to it being published in *Australian Penthouse* I am 18 years old or over:

Signature of subject: _____ Date: _____

Signature of witness: _____ Date: _____

Our Bacardi competition was a tough one to judge. So damn tough that it took all night. However, perseverance resulted in two winners from the hundreds of Bacardi cocktail recipes received. Nicol Robertshaw of Nunawading in Victoria wins a three-week Tasmanian Adventure holiday for his entry "Bacardi Bliss", a heady combo of 30ml Bacardi, 15ml Cointreau, 10ml Midori, lemon juice and Gomme syrup. Greg De Battista of Kiama Downs in NSW is off for three weeks in the Northern Territory for his effort, "Camel Walk." That's half Bacardi Rum, half orange juice and a dash of grenadine and bitters.





Sydney's Sophie Jeanne

COMING IN FEBRUARY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Lonely Hearts — An expose of the rip-offs used by unscrupulous operators in Australia's introduction agency industry. *Penthouse* investigates the tactics used to separate lonely people from their money.

Inside the BLF — The maverick Builders Laborers Federation has developed more of a reputation for destruction than construction in the building industry. *Penthouse* looks at the allegations of violence, intimidation and sabotage which have been levelled against the BLF.

Geoff Brabham Profile — The son of Australia's most renowned racing driver took a different route to the top than his old man Jack. Brabham junior sought fame and fortune behind the wheel in the USA rather than in Europe, where he's established himself as a winner on the tough Indianapolis track. *Penthouse* profiles a quiet achiever.

Sound Advice — *Penthouse* offers some intelligent advice on how to buy, install, maintain and enjoy the latest hi-fi equipment.

Pet Of The Month — She's just 21 now, but French-born Sophie Jeanne has had the key to the door for quite some time. It's let her into some pretty wild adventures both abroad and here in Australia. She makes a clean breast of her past in February *Penthouse*.

FIGHTER

Continued from page 56

thing, and he's good," reflects Missingham. "And there are people who can train in the best martial arts system for 30 years and still be bloody hopeless in a fight situation. The ideal is not to adapt an individual to a technique, but the technique to the individual.

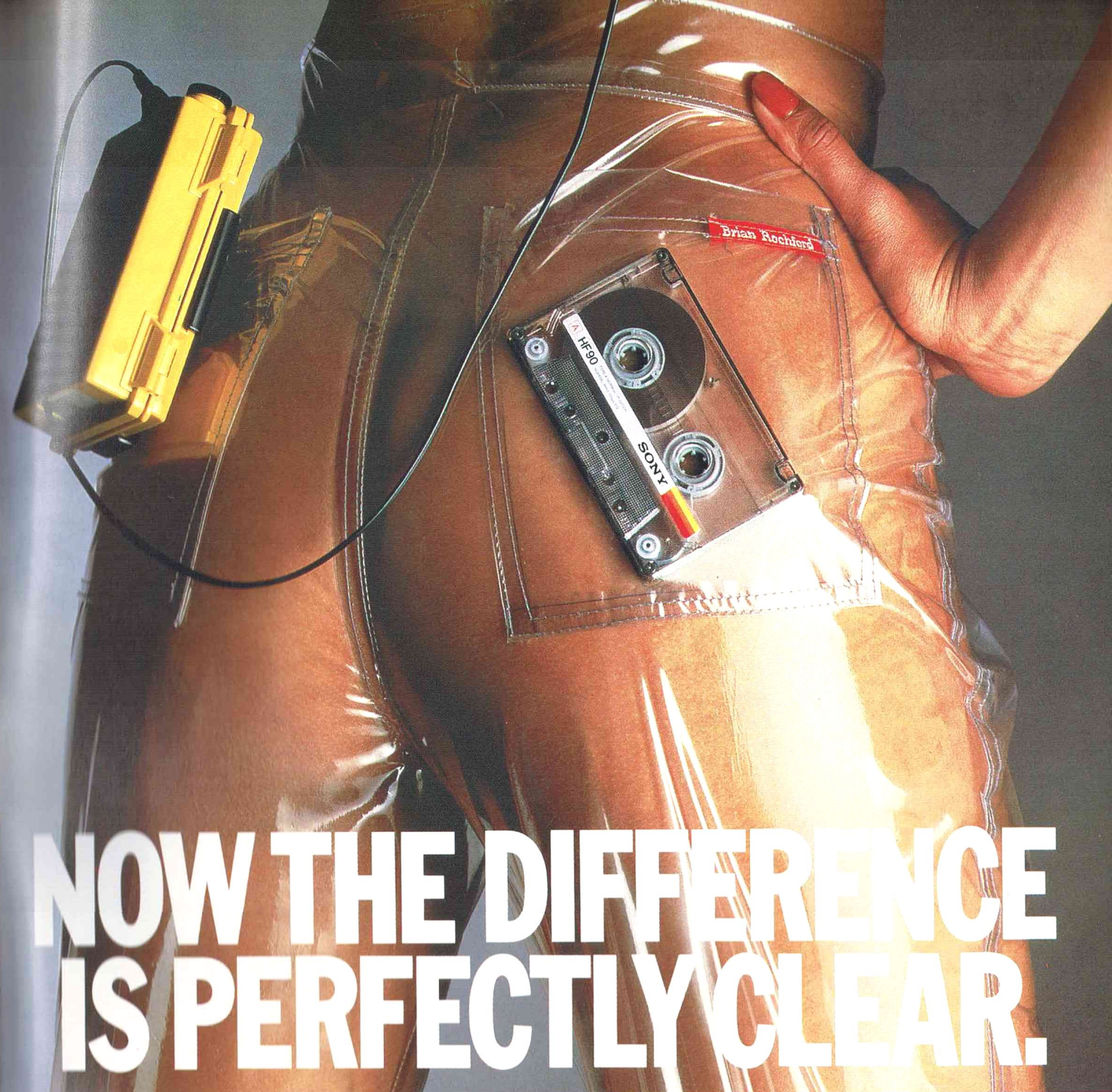
"The most troublesome are those guys who don't care if they get hurt. You can break a bloke's nose and he'll say, 'Fine, now I'll break yours.' I've seen guys like that. I've seen them fight with broken arms, jaws, ribs — you name it — they still keep coming. And that's where it gets very dangerous because it makes you think: 'Hell, if I hit this guy once more, I might kill him.'"

As Missingham says, there's nothing romantic about it. It's survival. You never get involved unless there is no alternative, you never throw one more punch than is absolutely necessary, and sometimes it doesn't pay to wait around for the cops to arrive to help clean up the mess.

Perhaps you're thinking this is all very nice, but you're not the kind of guy who needs that sort of thing. You pride yourself on having the diplomatic cool to avoid any confrontation that might lead to violence. Then try this on for size. You've just left your favorite restaurant at an hour that coincides with closing time at the pub across the road. You're walking towards the car and the love of your life is on your arm when you're confronted by a young, aggressive, drunk young man who tells you that he wants to screw the living day-lights out of your lady and then beat her brains out when he's finished. Nice bloke. You'd love to sidestep the situation, but you can't. You'd also love to call "time out" and calmly inform him that the law is on your side, but something tells you he wouldn't listen. He's already got hold of your girl's arm and is beyond pleading with. And you were the guy who thought that anyone who got involved in a fight had to have been looking for it in the first place. You're going to have to get tough, and for the sake of yourself and your lady, you'd better know how.

That scenario, says Missingham, happens all the time. It's partly the reason why the percentage of older enrollees is on the increase. Nobody wants to be put in that situation and end up with, at the very least, a bloody nose and a bruised ego. But it happens, and you can bet that next Friday and Saturday night it will happen again and again in different locales around Australia.

The law might be on the spot to save somebody's bacon, but the figures suggest you'll be on your own. You just might have to resolve the situation yourself — in the non-classical but very effective street fighting way. 



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**“Isn’t it time
we made a move?”**

**“What a
Sterling idea.”**